Collier's

TEN CENTS

FEBRUARY 2, 1946

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Beginning **MOUNTAIN TIME**

THE STORY OF A DOCTOR'S ROMANCE

By Bernard DeVoto

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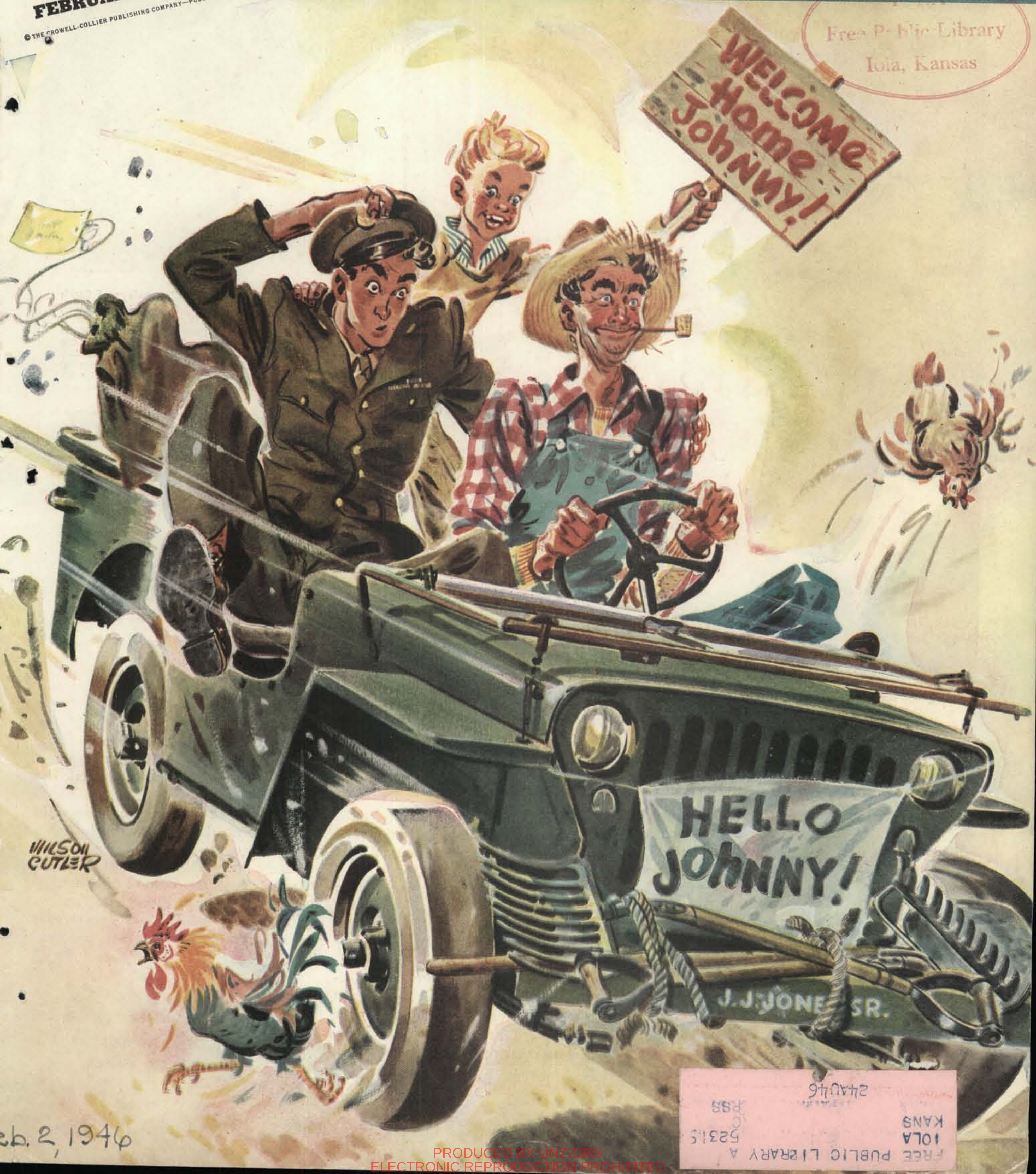

WELCOME Home Johnny!
HELLO JOHNNY!
J. J. JONES SR.
WILSON CUTLER

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Meet the Townsleys of South Bend—J. B. Townsley, the father, is 56. W. B. Townsley, the son, is 25. Their expert craftsmanship is the kind that puts extra miles of fine performance into every Studebaker. You never pay any premium for the plus value that Studebaker's painstaking manufacturing assures.

Back from the Army Air Forces to the Studebaker job of apprentice tool maker that he left 'way back in 1942, has come W. A. Smith, Jr. His proud father, W. A. Smith, tool supervisor, and a veteran of 26 Studebaker years, here takes time to give the young man some welcome suggestions.

They're "Mike" and "Bob" to the many friends and neighbors who are their fellow workers in the great, modern Studebaker automotive plants. Mike Milavecz, a gauge maker, has 28 notable years at Studebaker to his credit. His son, Bob, was a Navy Aviation Cadet before returning to his Studebaker job.

Unchanged in a changing world!

Studebaker's trustworthy father-and-son craftsmanship

CARS vary in appearance with the years. Mechanical improvements continually come along to add new zest and convenience to driving.

But there's one thing unchanging in the ever-changing automobile picture—and that's the quality of Studebaker's unique father-and-son craftsmanship.

That trustworthy craftsmanship is one of the best of many good reasons for buying a Studebaker today, just as it was back in the goggle-and-duster days of the early motor cars.

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For generations, the quality of Studebaker craftsmanship has been zealously maintained by responsible workmen who are not only friendly neighbors but solid citizens with their roots deep in South Bend's history.

Home-loving, home-owning family men themselves, these craftsmen have encouraged their own sons, through the years, to join with them in building Studebaker cars to the very highest standards of excellence.

Studebaker

South Bend 27, Indiana, U. S. A.

BUILDER OF CARS WORTHY
OF AMERICA'S HOMES

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Stunt driver tests new tire that

OUTWEARS PREWAR TIRES

It's the new B. F. Goodrich tire for passenger cars

HERE'S Jimmie Lynch, stunt driver, giving the new B. F. Goodrich Silvertown tire the beating of its life. The photo was taken at one-thousandth of a second. You can't see Jimmie, because he's crouching too low, but you can see that hub cap sent flying into the air by the jolting impact of the railroad ties.

What does it prove? It proves that the new tire will stand worse treatment than you're *ever* likely to give it. In laboratory tests it has resisted bruising better than prewar tires.

It definitely outwears prewar tires. Tests prove that, and most of these tests were made at high speeds. Altogether the new tire has had nearly 17 million miles of road tests on B. F. Goodrich test cars, by taxi fleets, and police cars. They were made in all kinds of weather, on all kinds of roads.

If you could get a closer look at the tire, you'd see that its tread is slightly wider and flatter than most tires. This new tread design spreads the wear over the whole face of the tire. Engineers had wished for years to make a tire with a flatter tread, but that shape always set up strains in the tire body, or "carcass," as it is called. B. F. Goodrich developed an entirely new and stronger cord, designed it into a carcass that stands these strains and permits the use of the flatter, longer-wearing tread.

We hope it will not be too many weeks before you are able to buy one of these new tires. Supplies are still very limited, of course, but we hope to have much larger quantities in the hands of most dealers within the next few months. *The B. F. Goodrich Company, Akron, Ohio.*

More miles with

B.F. Goodrich

FIRST IN RUBBER

INSIDE ★ Paramount

Published Here Every 4 Weeks

She's the Woo-Woo of the Year!

The cameraman on the picture hadn't been around to collect his check for three weeks running.

★ ★ ★

"Don't you want your money?" someone asked him. "What?" he said. "You mean Paramount lets me photograph Dorothy Lamour and pays me, too?"

★ ★ ★

So with that double incentive he cranked out 8000 wonderful feet of Lamour at her luscious loveliest in the danciest, romanciest screen treat of the year—

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★ ★ ★

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Paramount Pictures

Collier's

FOR FEBRUARY 2, 1946

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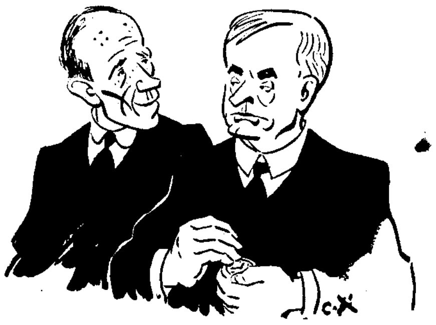
COVER By *WILSON CUTLER*

any week

AS FAR as we know, you may be wasting a lot of time wondering why such public servants as diplomats while in international huddles refuse to let you in on what they're doing—talk to the press for example. Our investigators report that actually they seldom confide in one another and never by any chance admit anything even to themselves. For instance we're told that one day before resigning from the State Department Mr. Hull met Lord Halifax for lunch and the British ambassador said: "Mr. Secretary, what time is it?" Mr. Hull looked at his watch, then he looked hard and solemnly at his Lordship and demanded cautiously, "What does yours say?"



A NUMBER of you have written in advocating that the President of the United States wear a uniform, alternating as Grand Admiral of the Fleet and the Army's Generalissimo. You argue that a uniform lends authority, promotes decision, marks the leader and gives pause to the rebellious. All of you agree that there's power in a uniform. But somehow we have quite a little trouble visualizing plain Harry Truman bespangled with stars and bright ribbons, gold buttons and shining sleeve bars, with several quarts of foliage on his hat. Not that he hasn't a nice figure for it. Mr. Al T. Hunticher of Albany, New York, has some trouble seeing it too. His letter includes the remarks of the small son of a man who in the course of the war rose from private to second lieutenant. The lad was asked how he liked having his father home again. "I like it okay," said the boy, "except he was easier to get along with before he was running the Army."

BUT we know a second lieutenant, now just another Mister, who was called in by Washington from the Pacific to work in Army Public Relations. He was attached for two weeks to a colonel's staff for indoctrination. Asked a few days later what he thought of the colonel he said that the colonel was a fine man but perhaps a bit tedious. "Tedious, indeed," cried the section head. "That colonel is the finest word mincer in the United States Army."

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Vol. 117, No. 5. Published weekly by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 250 Park Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Joseph P. Knapp, Chairman of the Board; Thomas H. Beck, President; Albert E. Winger, Executive Vice-President and Treasurer; John S. Brehm, T. L. Brantly, A. H. Motley, Peter J. Dennerlein, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary. Price 10 cents a copy in the United States and Canada; one year $3.00; two years $5.00; three years $7.00 in the United States and Possessions, Canada, Argentina, Bolivia, Brazil, Chile, Colombia, Costa Rica, Cuba, Dominican Republic, Ecuador, El Salvador, Guatemala, Haiti, Honduras, Labrador, Mexico, Newfoundland, Nicaragua, Panama, Paraguay, Peru, Spain and Colonies, Uruguay and Venezuela. Other foreign subscriptions including postage: $6.50 a year. Remit by postal or express money order or check in United States funds to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Co., Springfield, Ohio. Changes in address should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879, and at the Post Office, Toronto, Canada. Copyright, 1946, by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company in the United States, Canada and Great Britain. Manuscripts or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

"Boy, that's how to buy a car!"

"When I came out of the bank I wanted to kick up my heels like a colt. You see, I've found the only way to buy a car—and my friendly State Farm agent is the one I can thank.

"I got the idea when he told me about the State Farm Bank Plan. He and I dropped in on Pete Johnson at the bank. With my agent's help, the loan went through in a jiffy. I've got the cash. And I'm off to buy the car I want, at my own terms. Maybe I'll get Mary a new outfit with the money I save. She'll want to look pretty chipper when we drive to church Sunday."

Yes, Fred's found out the best way to buy a car. Any State Farm agent—and there are 6,000 of them from coast to coast—will gladly explain how you, too, may save three ways with the State Farm Bank Plan. First, by borrowing from a cooperating bank and avoiding high "finance charges"; second, by paying cash so that you may make a better deal for your car; third, by insisting on a new, low-cost, broad-coverage State Farm Mutual policy.

More than 1,100,000 State Farm Mutual policyholders have saved in excess of $55,000,000 in the cost of their insurance alone, and more than 100,000 have already saved money on car purchases through this plan.

IMPORTANT NOW! You may save 3 ways when you buy your next car! Through the STATE FARM BANK PLAN you (1) save on the purchase price; (2) save through lower cooperating bank-financing rates; (3) save on insurance. See your friendly State Farm Agent today or write State Farm Insurance Companies, Bloomington, Illinois, for address of agent near you. Also, secure *FREE BOOKLET* which describes this 3-way savings plan. It also gives you basic facts about life, fire, auto, personal and residence liability insurance.

See Your State Farm Agent ***Before*** *You Finance Your Next Car*

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oh-oh, Dry Scalp!

"... GOSH, LOOK AT BOB'S HAIR. It's all tangled and wild looking. And, hey, he's got loose dandruff, too. It's Dry Scalp, all right. If he'd just use 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic he could keep his hair combed and looking neat all day long. I wonder ..."

5 drops a day keep Dry Scalp away
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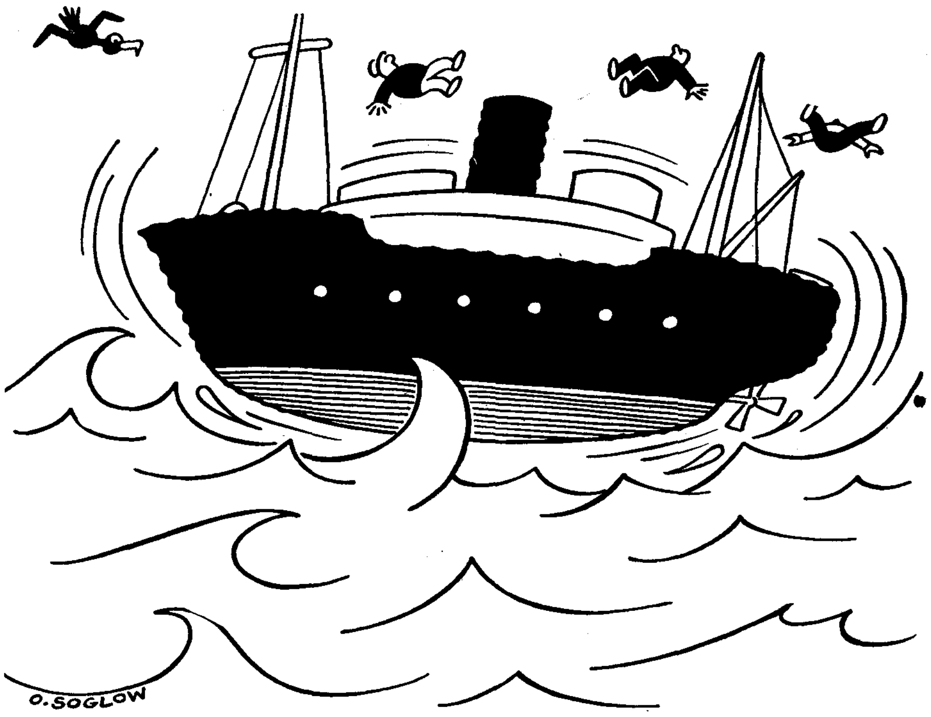

Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

Because vibrations of an earthquake travel through water with much the same intensity as through the earth, they may be felt as distinctly aboard a ship at sea as in a building on land.

In the Kingdom of Nepal in the Himalayas, the eyes of Buddha are painted as large as possible on each side of the tower of every temple as a constant reminder to the people that Buddha sees all and knows all.

The latest electric typewriter prints from changeable fonts of type of which more than 600 different faces and sizes are available in English and 52 other languages, including Bengali, Eskimo, Navajo, phonetic Chinese and even Assyrian cuneiform for archaeologists. Among the fonts of symbols obtainable are those used by astrologers, chemists, librarians and mathematicians. Unlike other typewriters, this machine prints by striking the paper against the type.

Owing to its fame, the Basilica of St. Peter is generally regarded as the only church in the Vatican. Actually, the little city contains a score of separate chapels and several other churches, including the Cappella Paolina, Santa Anna's and the Church of St. Stephen the Martyr. In fact, the Holy See does not consider St. Peter's to be a part of the Vatican except on the days when the Pope goes there to attend some solemn ceremony.

The most amazing example of co-operation in the animal world is the fishing expedition of the pelican. Upon finding a well-stocked bay or lake, a flock of these birds form a large half circle in the water facing the shore and then, moving a few feet apart, "fish" the narrowing area as thoroughly as men with a seine.

As leprosy is one of the least contagious of communicable diseases, it is not reportable in New York State, with the exception of New York City. Even there the only restriction on leprosy cases is that they may not be employed to handle food.

A recent Gallup poll discovered that 20 out of every 100 adult Americans believe cancer is "catching," like the common cold. . . . At least 600 kinds of crustaceans and insects, including mites and flies, are raised and domesticated as workers by ants. . . . For many years, the accidental discharge of firearms in or about the home has killed weekly an average of 50 Americans, ten of whom are children under 15 years of age.

In 1894, a group of American ladies organized the Anti-Women Stenographers Society to stop the growing practice of replacing men with girl stenographers, on the grounds that "the familiarity resulting from daily contact with men in offices would destroy the natural modesty and pretty reserve of women."

Of the five human senses, taste varies the most in different individuals, a fact easily demonstrated by having a number of persons taste a piece of paper treated with phenylthio-carbimide. To some it will be tasteless, to others it will be sweet, bitter, sour or salty.

The effect of temperature on the color of growing flowers is shown by the Chinese primrose, *Primula sinensis,* whose blossoms are red when grown at 60 degrees and white when grown at about 85 degrees.—*By Margaret Munoz, New York City.*

After blind persons are taught Grade 1 Braille, in which each letter is spelled out, they advance to Grade 2 Braille, which employs 185 contractions and abbreviations and, therefore, can be read in half the time and occupies half as much space in the many publications that now use it.—*By Thomas Gilmartin, Long Island City, N. Y.*

During the past 35 years, at least 100 bills providing for a Board of Motion Picture Censors have been introduced in our state legislatures but only six ever became active laws and they were passed before 1922.

An age-old custom of Oriental peoples is to associate colors with the cardinal points of the compass, white with the North, yellow with the East, red with the South and black with the West. In some parts of China, this color custom is still followed in the painting of city gates which face in these directions.

Although America's first indoor ice show, in which the entire cast performs on skates, was staged only ten years ago, this form of entertainment was presented in about 40 cities and did a gross business of approximately $10,000,000 during 1945.

Before Russian athletes engage in a field sport with a foreign team, either at home or abroad, they present each of their opponents with a large bouquet of flowers.

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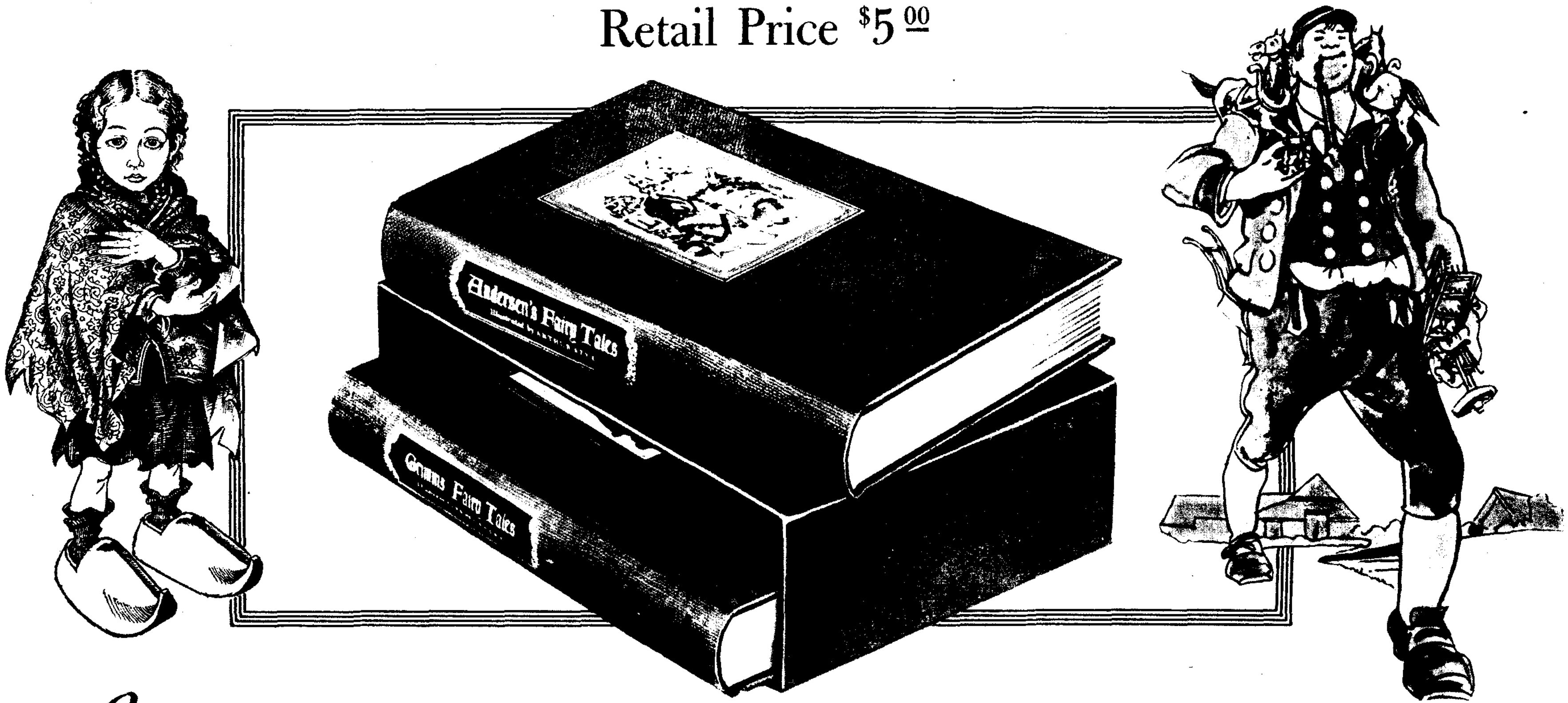

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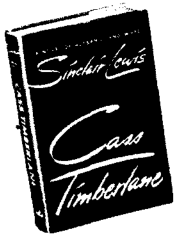

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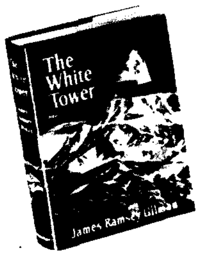

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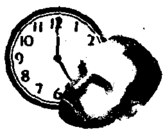

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EVERY TUESDAY EVENING OVER MUTUAL NETWORK

Jesse W. Lankford, chief accident analyst of the Civil Aeronautics Board, knows more than anyone about the cause of and cure for aircraft accidents

IN THIS department a year and a half ago, we reported that accidents to returned combat pilots flying low-powered civilian light planes had caused the Civil Aeronautics Board to ask you not to urge the returned hero to hop you around the field in a putt-putt until he had complied with a couple of familiarization check-flight formalities.

Both combat pilots and their adoring relatives and friends boiled over at the absurd belief that, after landing battle-damaged aircraft on a rolling carrier deck, or pulling fighters out of jungle air strips or pushing four-engined bombers through the flak- and fighter-infested skies of Berlin and Tokyo, they weren't able to fly a Grasshopper.

But the CAB's Safety Bureau, guardians of the flying public, had before it at that time several alarming accident reports which caused the experts to fear these accidents might reach epidemic proportions. Included were the details of a flight in which a proud father wanted to take a hop around the field with his bemedaled combat-pilot son on leave from the front. The military pilot, long accustomed to plenty of power to get him into the air in a hurry, didn't make quite the necessary allowances for the light plane's 65 horsepower. He stalled just as he pulled out of the field and in the resulting crash, his father was killed and he was seriously injured.

So the CAB ruled that before a "military pilot" could carry passengers in small civilian planes, he would have to make five take-offs and landings, if he had not had any time on that type in the preceding 90 days. And if he had never soloed the type, or at least not in the previous six months, he would have to take a check flight with an instructor.

In making this ruling, the CAB accident analysts did not close the door on the subject. They maintained this was but a precautionary step until more detailed information could be gathered. They kept a very close watch on the accidents to military pilots in civilian planes in the year just closed and now they happily retract their once-cautious belief that combat airmen are experiencing difficulty in reorientating themselves to the lighter types after having flown heavy, high-performance military aircraft.

They found over that period of intensive study that there were 400 serious and fatal accidents in which only 15 involved combat pilots. Careful analysis of these 15 showed that in three accidents the pilots failed to observe and avoid obstructions around the airport. In the fourth, two combat pilots, flying in the same plane, became confused in their signals, each believing the other was doing the flying.

Then there were two cases in which the pilots were thoroughly familiar with the small planes but took their minds off flying just long enough to permit a stall to creep in and knock them down. The seventh case showed the pilot foolishly continued a night cross-country flight into increasingly bad weather.

This leaves eight accidents which were definitely attributed to intentional low acrobatics and other degrees of reckless flying. But in six of these, the airplanes were of the Army and Navy Primary Training types, much heavier and more powerful than the light planes.

THE remaining two cases of the seven reckless flying accidents did involve puddle-jumpers. One was flown by a military pilot who borrowed the airplane for the announced purpose of putting on a "good show of loops and spins." The other light plane was flown by a combat pilot whose experience with that type is unknown. Carrying a passenger, he looped and spun several times and then placed the airplane in an intentional spin. It did not recover. The only clue as to why it seemed to spin in deliberately, was a report that the pilot told his friend that he would spin the ship and leave it there until the rider shook the stick, indicating that he had had enough.

"Summarizing these cases," says the CAB's special study, "it appears that there were no accidents which could be directly attributed to the pilot's loss of familiarity with the airplane's characteristics. The data also indicate that the causes of accidents involving 'military pilots' closely parallel the causes of all light-plane accidents, willful reckless flying being the predominant cause of serious and fatal aircraft accidents by both military and civilian pilots. The Safety Bureau recognizes that a later study, made after more of the 'military pilots' have returned to civilian flying, may reveal 'loss of familiarity' as a dominant cause of 'military pilot' accidents.

"However, on the basis of the data available at this time, there appears to be no justification for the need of a reorientation program for returning military pilots in so far as flying light planes is concerned. The corrective emphasis must be placed on discouraging willful reckless flying, and this applies equally to all pilots flying civil aircraft."

Thus the curse has been taken off high-powered combat pilots and they have been grouped without discrimination with all airmen who have been off flying for a while. Which means that before they can carry passengers, they must have made five take-offs and landings within 90 days in the class of airplane they intend to operate.

As for flying solo, they no longer need to be checked out. That's up to their consciences and the willingness of the plane owner to let them fly alone without a check pilot. ★★★

"I value my home too much to risk losing it."

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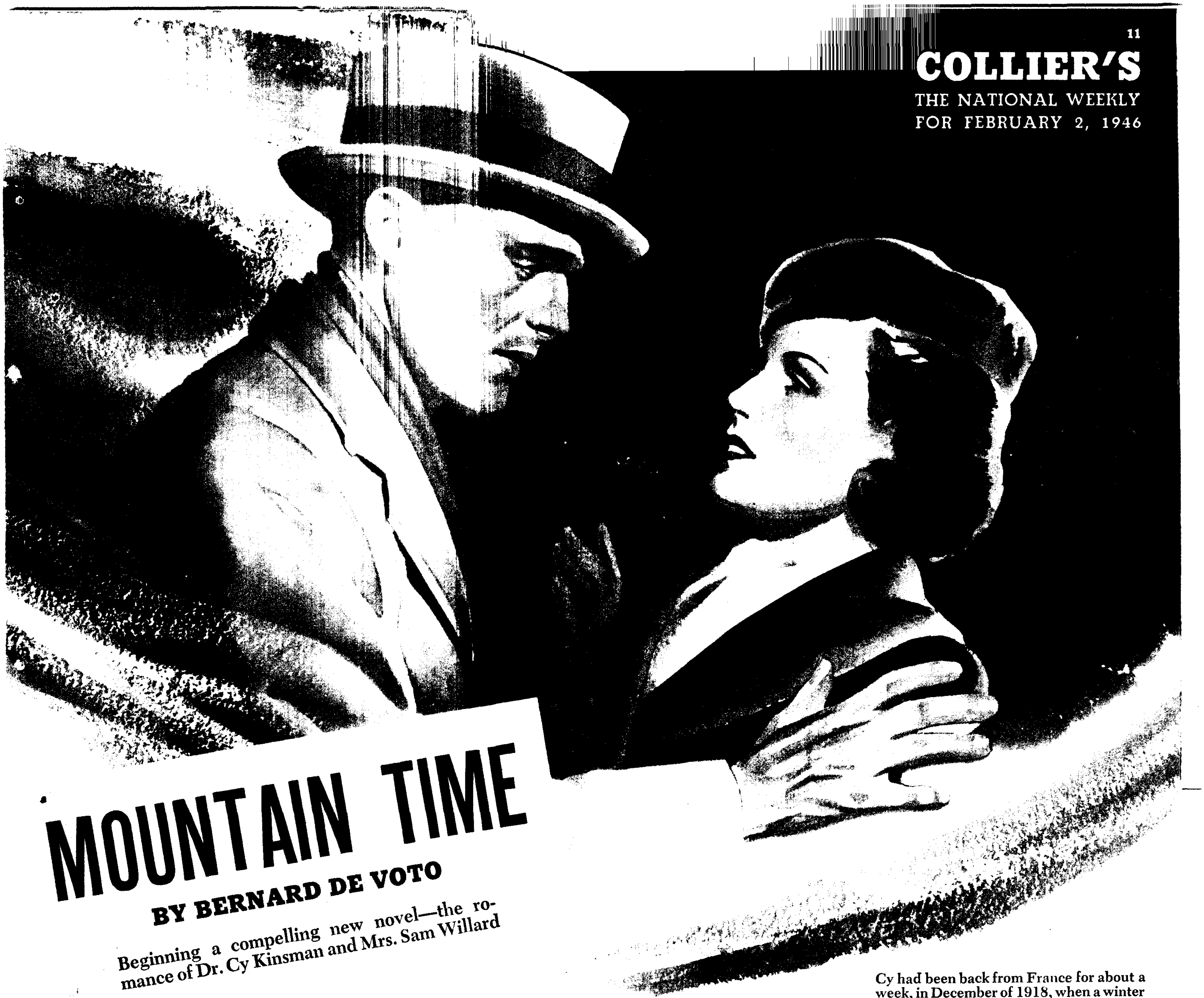


MOUNTAIN TIME

BY BERNARD DE VOTO

Beginning a compelling new novel—the romance of Dr. Cy Kinsman and Mrs. Sam Willard

Cy had been back from France for about a week, in December of 1918, when a winter gale on lower Fifth Avenue blew a young woman into his arms and she turned out to be Josephine Caneday of Custis, Colorado

EARLY April, 1919, and the breeze blowing across the North River was from mid-May, with smells of salt marsh and plowed Jersey fields blowing up Eighth Street and the sunlight shot with powdered gold. Cyrus Kinsman, the head surgical resident of Mercy Hospital, was taking the afternoon off, and Pete Estey, who was assistant head resident in surgery and Cy's understudy, walked to the main entrance with him and out to the steps. Years ago some benefactor had given Mercy a statue, a six-foot stone bird of no determinable species. It stood outside the door and generations of interns had called it the Pregnant Auk. Cy put an arm round it and looked with satisfaction down the long vista of Mercy's architecture, which was of at least four major periods, beginning sometime before the Civil War. It was not in the least what Cy had envisioned when, on Armistice day at Toul, Dr. Alexander McAllister, then his colonel and now his chief, had offered him the head residency. But it was a good place, and it answered to the hands of Cy Kinsman, hands which were well regarded. It was his nickel's worth.

An ambulance came clanging out of the areaway and turned eastward. "There goes one of your bright boys in a fireman's hat, Pete," Cy said. "He'll make trouble for you if he can. You run Dr. McAllister's hospital pretty while I'm gone."

"Your hospital will still be here when you get back to it. . . . I declare, you do look funny in clothes," Pete's brooklike Virginia drawl ran liltingly. "One of the boys said you look like a lopsided stevedore, but I can't see you're a bit lopsided."

"He probably added I'm a snooty so-and-so, didn't he?"

Pete Estey was always conscientious. "Well, the boys don't put it quite as gentle as that. . . . You got a nice day, Cy. What you going to do with it?"

"I aim to get my girl and buy her some jelly beans."

"Deborah? Make my compliments to her mother. Look, do girls average that pretty in Colorado?"

"Just in our home town. You should have known her sister."

"Sure it's Deborah you want to buy jelly beans, Cy? Sure it ain't her mummy?"

"You have antique ideas. If I wanted to buy Mummy some candy, I'd buy her some. I get paid sixty dollars a month to run Mercy, don't I?"

He waved and turned east, up Eighth Street, amused by Pete's notion. If he had wanted Josephine Willard, he would assuredly have taken her. He had been back from France for about a week, last December, when a winter gale on lower Fifth Avenue blew a young woman into his arms and she turned out to be Josephine Caneday, of Custis, Colorado. But not Josephine Caneday, any longer. She had been just a scrawny annoyance years ago when her older sister had ravished Cy's adolescent heart in Custis, but now she was a woman with a husband, a daughter, a job, and, it developed, a lost career as well. He remembered that there used to be some idea that she would be a singer; she assured him that it had proved altogether groundless, she was just good enough to sing in third-class churches on Sundays, to eke out the family income.

It hadn't taken her long in New York to find out the truth about her voice, but meanwhile she had met Sam Willard. And married him.

"We do *not* live in the Village," Josephine said at intervals, and they didn't, they had moved out of the Village, to West Twenty-third Street in Chelsea, soon after Deborah was born. The Willards had the two-room third floor of a converted house and another room for Deborah on the fourth floor. And Cy found her playing on the sidewalk in front of it today, lazily watched by the colored girl who took care of her while her mother and father were at their respective offices. She came running and flung herself into his arms, aware at once that this would be another holiday. Her fine, dark brown hair was soft against his cheek, but it was neither so lovely nor so dark as her mother's hair. She would be five this summer.

"Are we going to the zoo, Cy? Can we have some ice cream?"

"Anna's going to wash your face and put a clean dress on you and we're going to a hospital."

"To Mercy, Cy?"

"This isn't ice-cream day at Mercy. No, a quite inferior hospital where they think little girls are wonderful. After that, anything you say."

Anna, the colored girl, got out a big yellow ribbon for that dark hair but Deborah insisted on Cy's tying it—and why not? He took her in a taxi far up Riverside Drive, to St. Andrew's, where he had arranged to have her put through a pediatric clinic.

"The handsome young doctors are going to measure you and make you do funny things and play a lot of games with you," he told Deborah. "It won't hurt a bit and then you get all the ice cream there is." And with the attentive skepticism of the expert he watched

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

INT X
POINT
OINT
POINT X
OINT X
POIN

"You don't locate Point X by smell or touch. But it's there," Cy said. "Someday we'll know enough to calculate just where it is"

the assistants do their stuff. He helped them flatter and jolly Deborah into co-operation. Her small nudity looked frail in this expanse of glass and tile. When they had finished, the master of the clinic emerged and ran rapidly through the cards they had prepared. He was a tall, stooped Scandinavian named Thorwald, and his reputation was quite as extensive as that of Sandy McAllister, Cy's chief.

Dr. Thorwald took Cy into a private office when a nurse began to dress Deborah and quickly ran through the reports again. "This is a very sound child, Dr. Kinsman. Just why do you bring her here?"

"Just to make sure a notion I've got is wrong."

"What is the notion?"

"That she doesn't grow fast enough."

"So?" Thorwald's immediate attention acknowledged Cy's standing as assistant and protégé of McAllister. He went out and came back with Deborah under his arm, saying "Su-u-uch a pretty hair ribbon!" Talking steadily, he repeated the physical examination his young men had made, his fingers sentient, his instruments an extension of his intelligence.

Finally: "We will have the laboratory reports tomorrow—I will telephone you at Mercy. Of course, there should be a basal metabolism. But there is absolutely nothing to suggest anything abnormal. Do not think of averages, young man—we are not insurance salesmen and there is no average child. She looks a little thin, perhaps, or not so tall as you would like? Her mother is slim, you report, and her father is short. Moreover, by next month she may be fat, and by the month following it she may be tall. It is a good, sound body, Dr. Kinsman. Watch her for six months more. Then if you still have hunches, bring her back to me. . . . We will file these papers."

Well, it had been worth it, merely to see a master of his job working at his job. You could be quite sure that nothing whatever had escaped Thorwald's attention or eluded his skill. Cy thanked him from the heart and Thorwald bowed him out.

"Remember me to McAllister." The big, bland face broke into a grin. "Tell him I enjoyed the most interesting paper on the Carrel-Dakin solution he read at Presbyterian. Did you not write it for him, Dr. Kinsman?" Cy stiffened, but Dr. Thorwald clapped him on the shoulder. "That is why we have young men. I have eleven papers on the thymus. Exactly eleven of them were written by my slaves."

Outside, Cy said, "Maybe you aren't the average child, Deborah, but you're the perfect child. So, for perfect behavior, you get ice cream." It would do her no harm to absorb butterfat, even if there were no averages, so he stuffed her to satiation. Then they taxied to Fifth Avenue and rode down it gloriously to Madison Square on top of a bus. They fed peanuts to pigeons in the Square. They stared at windows full of bright rugs and jewels and colored papers and brass—and these would do to furnish the castle they had long ago agreed to build on top of the Woolworth Building and live in together. Deborah could not have enough of windows and traffic and wonders and the afternoon began to ebb in the canyons of the streets. Then there was a sudden blare of music down the Avenue and Deborah squealed, "Soldiers!"

Cy picked her up and ran for Madison Square with its plaster arch. By now New York was able to take the returning A.E.F. at a normal temperature but crowds formed, there was cheering, and torn paper began to flutter down from offices. These boys, trying to be bored and stern above an ecstasy of homecoming, were unmistakably veterans. They had been there. They could not fool Cy Kinsman who also was a veteran and had been there. And who, briefly, had felt that same ecstasy.

A PLATOON marked time to dress its ranks and Cy was able to identify a collar ornament. This was the 178th Infantry! Cierges, Nantillois, la Ville aux Bois, Cunel, Brieulles-sur-Meuse—names on muddy, bloody tags tied to muddier, bloodier blouses when they reached Base 98. Those names and vignettes stormed Cy's mind—Base 98 and Captain Kinsman no less than Colonel McAllister working, so the inviolable rules said, only twelve hours a day, twelve hours that frequently saw their second sunset and second midnight before any of the teams changed.

He strained to identify faces, he wanted to shout names—but no face he could recognize would be here and no name he could shout would draw an answer from the marching ranks. . . .

Suddenly, the cheering in Madison Square was too loud, the rhythm of arms and legs overpowering. Cy lowered Deborah from his shoulders and sought the quiet of a side street.

"You crying, Cy?" she asked.

"I don't think so, honey. Sometimes you don't know whether you're crying or laughing till you cry. You see, I used to be a soldier, too."

"But you're a doctor."

"Promise me you'll tell them that at Mercy."

When they got back to West Twenty-third Street, the business day was over. Josephine was back from Howe and Bergstein, where she was an office manager, and Sam Willard was back from Brett and Moran, where he was a subeditor. And Cy and Deborah walked into what was obviously a quarrel and was only interrupted by their entrance. Sam's round, boyish face was red with anger and his neat little mustache was bristling. Josephine's face was pale, but her eyes had fire in them. Promptly Cy assumed his favorite attitude, *the detached mind*, the scientific observer, the aloof student of behavior seen through a microscope. This would certainly provide interesting behavior, but Deborah began to prattle about hospitals and Josephine seized her in her arms, looking anxious as she confronted Cy.

"Hospitals? What have you been doing with Deborah?"

"She'll live," Cy said assuagingly. "I took her up to Thorwald's clinic at St. Andrew's. He gives her a gold medal with certificate."

"Whatever for?"

"Thorwald," Cy said loftily, "is the triple-A pediatrician of all the world. Us parents are humbly grateful when he certifies our offspring."

Josephine had a mobile face. Anxiety went out of it now, and the earlier hostility came back. "You get to look at pictures in your room, Debby." She carried the child out on one hip and called back to Sam, "This isn't over, it's just beginning."

Cy looked inquiringly at Sam Willard. In the four months he had known Sam he had scientifically suspended judgment. There was a single, universal question which you used for a yardstick: How good are you at your job? *How good are you?* Well, the detached, observing mind had no way of knowing about the literary calling. Maybe a certain juvenility was essential to it. Maybe writers had to act like willful boys in order to be good at their job. The detached mind was willing to remain detached, and watch.

"Tell your physician what's up," he said.

"This is the How Are We Going to Support Our Child act," Sam burst out. "I quit my job. And to hear Josephine, you'd think Gabriel had blown his horn and we were caught short!" But indignant pride was beginning to yield to grievance and insecurity. Sam simply could not help looking as if Teacher had slapped his face. "I let Brett and Moran look at the novel I've been writing. They turned it down. Naturally I quit working for them."

"So what are you going to do now?" Cy asked.

"I'm going to quit compromising," Sam said superbly, though his eyes were beginning to moisten. "What in hell is an artist doing with a job? I'm going to write that book over."

That definitely inspired respect—it was

Cy and Deborah walked into what was obviously a bitter quarrel. Sam's face was red with anger. Josephine was pale but her eyes had fire in them probably cockeyed but it showed more resolution than Cy had supposed Sam had. But Josephine came back, her shoes off for comfort, and pitched in. So the observer had a fine scene to watch. He could see the anxieties working in her—with Sam contributing nothing; she would have to demand more money from Howe and Bergstein, and probably wouldn't get it. She would have to find more churches to sing at on Sundays or churches that paid more. . . . But the best touch of all, it came out, was that Sam had spent his separation pay from Brett and Moran for a new typewriter. Give the artist decent tools.

As a scene it was already a cliché in the novels Sam's friends were writing and no doubt would soon get inserted in Sam's, where it would prove that marriage poisons the creative impulse. Josephine was eloquent in derision, and then at the proper moment burst into repentant tears and began to cry happily on Sam's shoulder.

"You should never have shown them a first draft!" she said. And, "Brett and Moran are stupes—you just shocked them, darling, all their ideas are nineteenth-century. Anyone else will snap it up." Urgency grew on her. "Now you can concentrate on it. Nothing will distract you. You can do your damnedest."

Here was the end of the scene and, highly content with having watched it work out precisely as he had expected and foretold, Cy started away. "Pick up something at a delicatessen and come back and have dinner with us, Cy; you're rich," Josephine called after him.

But he had made enough observations for the present; this sort of thing was an old story to him. He wandered through the evening streets of Chelsea for a while, ate a sixty-cent dinner at a basement restaurant, and found himself for no reason bored. He kept thinking of the 178th Infantry. He kept thinking of Base 98, and Mobile 47 which had preceded it. And of Lieutenant Kinsman of the British Expeditionary Force, before we were in the war and he had become Captain Kinsman, Medical Corps, United States Army. And of Custis, Colorado.

So he found that he was almost back at Mercy Hospital. The day off of the head resident of Mercy Hospital was ending hours too soon—and ending at Mercy Hospital. Well, he thought, you could be sure of Mercy. Or almost sure, sure enough for the likes of him, anyway.

He came into the hospital and Dorothy Sponberg, the superintendent, hurried up to him, her cap askew, her gray hair raddling from under it as always—worn and motherly and indispensable, the larger half of Mercy's efficiency, the repository of wisdom, the counselor and buttress of all the young. "Cyrus," she said, "they've been trying to get you. They want you in Private Wing. Dr. Feinman—something's gone wrong."

Dr. Feinman was chief of obstetrics at Mercy, and yesterday, in a very handsome job, Alexander McAllister, Cy's chief and head of Mercy, had operated on his stomach ulcer.

"Have you phoned Dr. McAllister?"

Dorothy Sponberg looked straight down the corridor. "He went to Albany with the governor," she said without expression. She turned scarlet when Cy gave her a grin of pure joy. She knew as well as he did that the chief of surgery does not leave town when he has a colleague as a patient. "You get there in a hurry, Cyrus."

He got there in a hurry, loping happily through basements and across the court to Private Wing; they had called for Kinsman in an emergency and the world was as it should be. But he slowed down when he got there for it was necessary to prepare what Mercy called the Kinsman Effect—he had to be unmoved and superior, he had to seem snooty to the young.

They were at the floor desk on the fourth floor—Pete Estey and the superintendent of Private Wing, and the assistant resident of Private Wing, and the assistant resident of obstetrics whose boss Feinman was, and an intern who had somehow got summoned too. It was heady stuff, the obvious relief that greeted the appearance of the head resident.

"What's gone wrong at Millionaire's Rest?" Cy inquired. "Pete, did I or didn't I tell you to run Mercy right?"

"You got no call to be off pleasurin' yourself while us children get scared, Cy," Pete told him. "Yeah, and why not leave some telephone numbers, too? Here's something the trustees won't like at all."

THEY told the simple story, and took him to Dr. Feinman's room. Feinman's pulse had started to climb late this afternoon and had kept on climbing. Now there was marked air hunger. A coherent picture formed. Cy read the chart, took pulse and respiration, asked the routine questions, and told the superintendent of Private Wing that it had been a serious mistake not to type the patient's blood.

The resident of obstetrics—his name was Reynolds—said, "That's getting to be your obsession, Cy."

"Maybe. In another five years we'll be typing everyone who comes in, as routine, no matter what." He turned to Pete, "Why aren't you scrubbed up, ready to operate?"

"Me go in?" Pete said. "While there's any chance of getting you?"

"Well, what do you figure's wrong with Feinman?"

"Looks to me as if the Old Man didn't take enough and she's pulled loose."

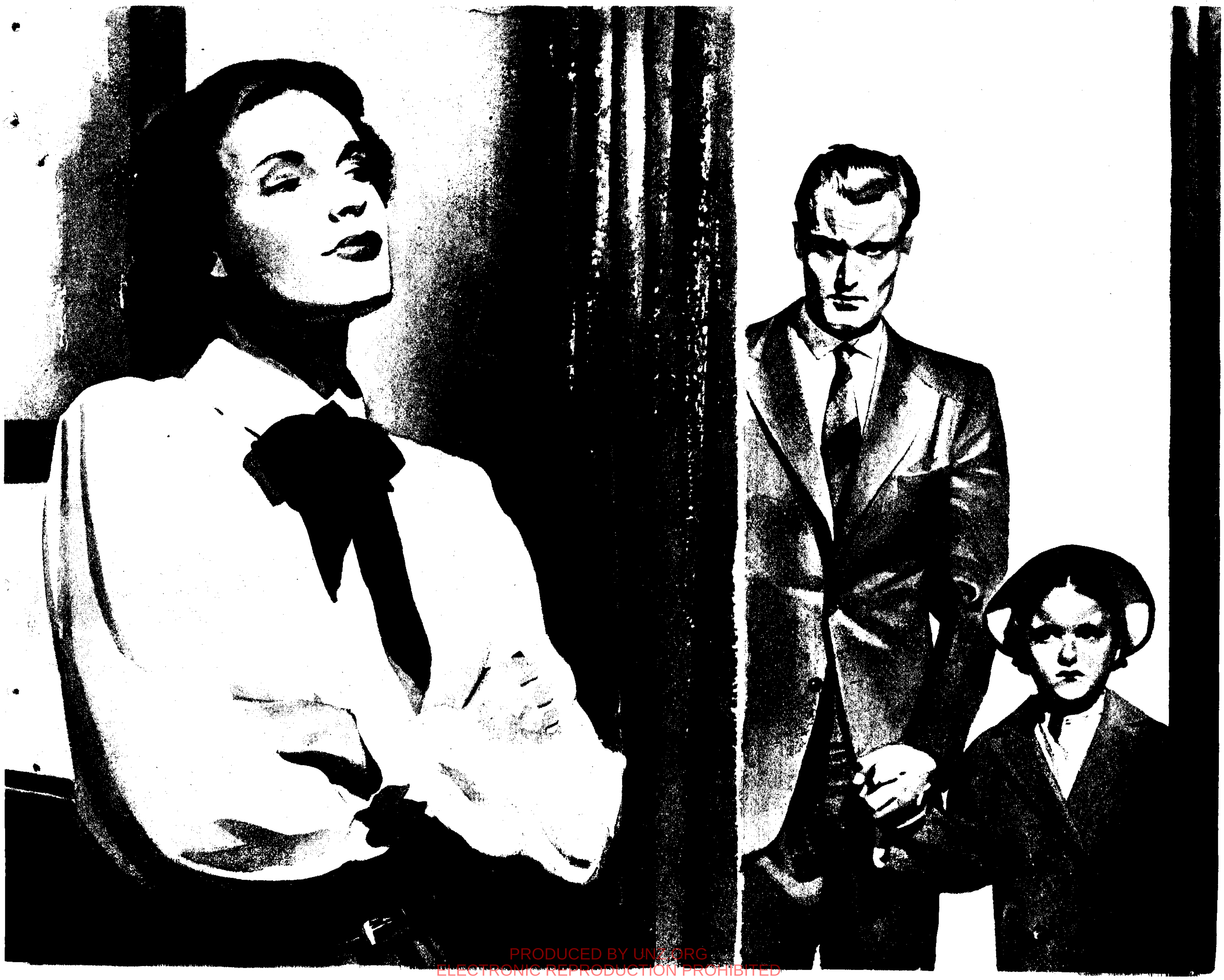
"Any time the Old Man didn't take enough we'd stop the press and put it on page one. No, gents, he's bleeding along the suture line somewhere—he's in shock. Get scrubbed up, all three of you. I'm going in."

"He's my chief," Reynolds said. "Maybe we ought to send for a big shot from the staff?"

"You should have thought of that an hour ago. Feinman is headed right straight toward Point X—toward the borderline—and maybe while we wait for a big shot he'll drift past it. I'm going in."

It was a messy job but Cy found the vessel that had been improperly ligated. "Bet the Old Man tied them all himself as a professional courtesy," he remarked to his three assistants. "One gets you fifty this is a case I won't be told to write up." Then he added thoughtfully, "On the other hand, we won't

(Continued on page 44)



ARE YOU WITH IT?

BY KYLE CRICHTON

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER–PIX

Nobody, except show people, knows exactly what that means, but everybody agrees that it marks a new low in titles. Nevertheless, the musical comedy so called is one of New York's biggest hits

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THE Century Theater in New York has a terrific hit on its hands. People are jamming into the place to see a new musical comedy show called . . . now, what *is* the name of that thing? Who Done It? or Goodby Tuesday or As You Like It—some cockeyed title like that. Well, anyhow, it's about an insurance clerk who gets mixed up with a carnival—oh, yes; Are You With It? That's it; the worst title in the history of show business and you can't jimmy your way into the joint.

Out Hollywood way, they say a good movie title is something played in by Clark Gable and Lana Turner but Are You With It? didn't even go to that trouble. With the exception of Joan Roberts, who had been in the original Oklahoma! company, they had nobody in the cast who was known farther west than Catasauqua, Pennsylvania. This made things absolutely ideal for the management. They had a theater away up on Seventh Avenue and Fifty-ninth Street, nobody in the cast anybody would make that long safari to see and a name for the show that nobody could remember. They will pay the production off in March and begin making a fortune thereafter.

What they have is a good rough show that nobody will see with pleasure who has not been thoroughly briefed on the lives of the birds and bees. Their first bit of genius was picking up a gentleman named Lew Parker, who can be turned into a sullen creature by being told that he looks like Milton Berle, which he does. He is also very funny, like Berle. The critics referred to him as a promising young comedian, presumably on the theory that since they hadn't heard of him before he didn't exist. This will be a laugh to practically every fighting man in the Pacific. Parker took out the first USO unit organized in this country and later played in the Pacific for seventeen months. Anybody who missed Parker had to be so far back in the jungle that it would take eight years for a V-mail letter to reach him.

The second good break was getting a long-legged, blond lady from Los Angeles named Dolores Gray. She started as a singer with Henry King's orchestra at the Biltmore Hotel in that strange city and eventually worked up to being a member of the heterogeneous cast that Billy Rose threw together for The Seven Lively Arts. She was good in Boston, where the opening night show played until around three in the morning, but it was then decided that perhaps New York would be just as interested seeing Bea Lillie as Dolores Gray. They had to cut something, so they cut Gray right to the buff. Even so, she made an impression and would have done all right if the public had not decided Mr. Rose had wrapped up too much ennui in one package and refused to buy.

Miss Gray is the lady who wears a very sketchy costume and affects the libido of Johnny Downs. That is, in the show. Johnny will be remembered as an alumnus of the Hal Roach "Our Gang" comedies and a young man who has perhaps played in more C pictures than Hollywood will ever admit. Mr. Downs adds a great deal to Are You With It? because he is supposed to be a likable, sappy young man and succeeds. He actually manages to create a real character in a musical show, something almost as unheard of as taste in a radio program.

Joan Roberts is Joan Roberts and that is considered very good by many thousands who might otherwise have no use whatever for the Roberts clan. The show has little of what is known as class but the customers laugh right out loud in various spots and have no shame. This may not meet the esthetic requirements of Messrs. Richard Kollmar and James W. Gardiner, the producers, but they can solace themselves in cruder, financial ways.

Mr. Kollmar, indeed, was in the mood for solace because last year he had committed a theatrical crime known as Dream With Music, which ranks well up with the finest narcotics ever manufactured. It was full of ballets and girls flying through the air on swings for strange unknown reasons. Spectators who didn't sit through it in amazement, sat through it asleep. It cost $300,000 and reports are that Mr. Kollmar has made proper refunds to his backers. He has done this from radio loot, for he and his wife, Dorothy Kilgallen, the New York columnist, operate a breakfast program seven days a week. On Thursday evenings, Kollmar is the voice of "Boston Blackie" on another program.

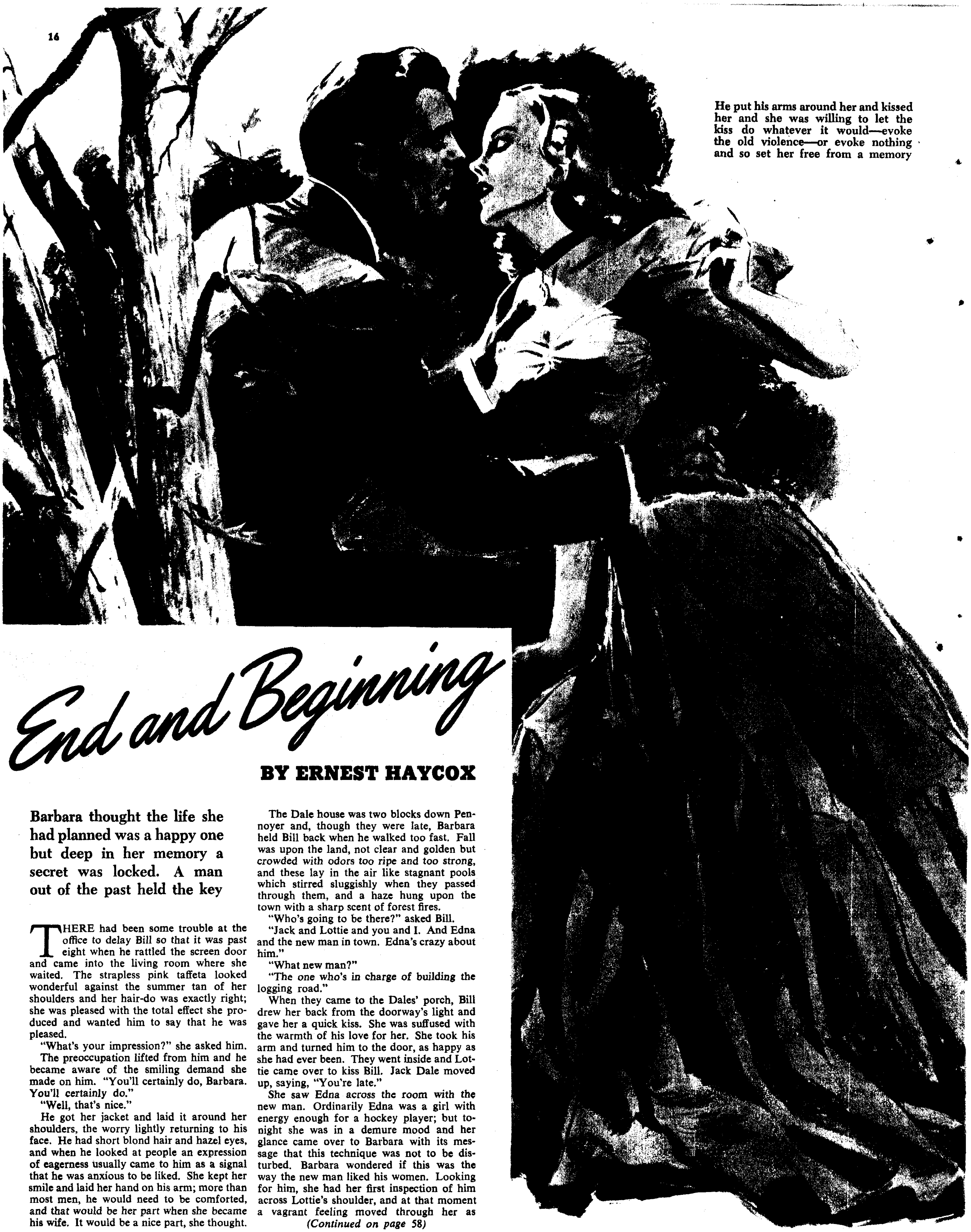
The show was written by Sam Perrin and George Balzer, who are Jack Benny's ghosts, and the music by Harry Revel, back from his Hollywood chores. During rehearsals Perrin and Balzer were merrily engaged on the West Coast with the result that the director and cast took things in their own hands and Messrs. Perrin and Balzer were surprised on opening night to find what they had written. In the tryout period, Kollmar clung doggedly to a classy ballet in the second act but finally took his defeat like a man and threw it out. The same thing happened to an elaborate minstrel show scene, which was corny, funny and was found to have nothing whatever to do with anything.

If you happen to be in New York and somebody comes up to you on the street and says, "Are You With It?" the proper answer is, "I certainly am, buddy, if I can remember it." Then you just trek your way up to Fifty-ninth Street and look around. It's the only theater up there. ★★★

Lew Parker, as Goldie, an old carny-hand, casts an admiring eye upon Bunny Le Fleur (Dolores Gray). Bunny is what show and carnival people call a bump artist

Above is a scene from a ballet which depicts the triumph of innocent sweetness over sensuality. The innocent-looking lady on the left is Jane Deering. As might be expected, sensuality puts up a hard fight

True love wins on the midway. The sweethearts, Johnny Downs and Joan Roberts, are reunited despite the wicked machinations of Sally Swivelhips (Diane Adrian), who has definitely been a bad influence



He put his arms around her and kissed her and she was willing to let the kiss do whatever it would—evoke the old violence—or evoke nothing and so set her free from a memory

End and Beginning

BY ERNEST HAYCOX

Barbara thought the life she had planned was a happy one but deep in her memory a secret was locked. A man out of the past held the key

THERE had been some trouble at the office to delay Bill so that it was past eight when he rattled the screen door and came into the living room where she waited. The strapless pink taffeta looked wonderful against the summer tan of her shoulders and her hair-do was exactly right; she was pleased with the total effect she produced and wanted him to say that he was pleased.

"What's your impression?" she asked him.

The preoccupation lifted from him and he became aware of the smiling demand she made on him. "You'll certainly do, Barbara. You'll certainly do."

"Well, that's nice."

He got her jacket and laid it around her shoulders, the worry lightly returning to his face. He had short blond hair and hazel eyes, and when he looked at people an expression of eagerness usually came to him as a signal that he was anxious to be liked. She kept her smile and laid her hand on his arm; more than most men, he would need to be comforted, and that would be her part when she became his wife. It would be a nice part, she thought.

The Dale house was two blocks down Pennoyer and, though they were late, Barbara held Bill back when he walked too fast. Fall was upon the land, not clear and golden but crowded with odors too ripe and too strong, and these lay in the air like stagnant pools which stirred sluggishly when they passed through them, and a haze hung upon the town with a sharp scent of forest fires.

"Who's going to be there?" asked Bill.

"Jack and Lottie and you and I. And Edna and the new man in town. Edna's crazy about him."

"What new man?"

"The one who's in charge of building the logging road."

When they came to the Dales' porch, Bill drew her back from the doorway's light and gave her a quick kiss. She was suffused with the warmth of his love for her. She took his arm and turned him to the door, as happy as she had ever been. They went inside and Lottie came over to kiss Bill. Jack Dale moved up, saying, "You're late."

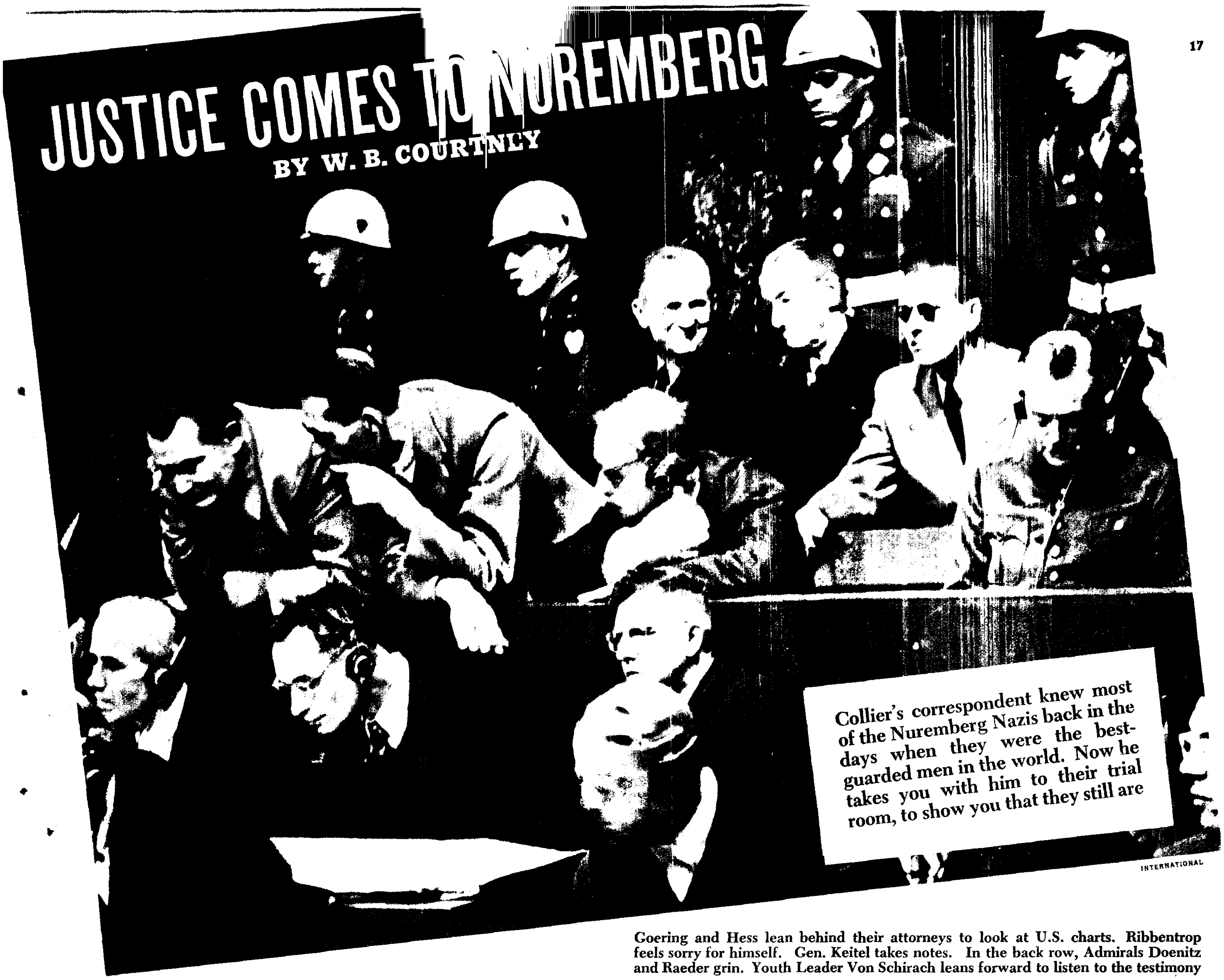
She saw Edna across the room with the new man. Ordinarily Edna was a girl with energy enough for a hockey player; but tonight she was in a demure mood and her glance came over to Barbara with its message that this technique was not to be disturbed. Barbara wondered if this was the way the new man liked his women. Looking for him, she had her first inspection of him across Lottie's shoulder, and at that moment a vagrant feeling moved through her as

(Continued on page 58)

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENT GUISE

JUSTICE COMES TO NUREMBERG

BY W. B. COURTNEY



Collier's correspondent knew most of the Nuremberg Nazis back in the days when they were the best-guarded men in the world. Now he takes you with him to their trial room, to show you that they still are

INTERNATIONAL

Goering and Hess lean behind their attorneys to look at U.S. charts. Ribbentrop feels sorry for himself. Gen. Keitel takes notes. In the back row, Admirals Doenitz and Raeder grin. Youth Leader Von Schirach leans forward to listen to the testimony

RADIOED FROM PARIS

A SOUND from the outside world comes into the guarded room. It comes through the green draperies that curtain the tall windows behind the judges' bench and which shut out the natural light of the snowy Bavarian winter afternoon. It comes above the drone of court procedure, above the quiet, unemphatic voice of a prosecutor reading a document, above the catwalking of stenographers and military police as they move to and from their appointed stations. The sound grows with the unmistakable crescendo of a fighter plane. You know its bull-belly roar for a Thunderbolt, on patrol from one of the American fields near this battered town.

Perhaps it is the earphones which most of them wear, and they are intent upon the reading and its translations. Whatever the reason, only a single man in all this crowded room seems aware of the intruding sound, or is interested by it. He is a burly man in a light blue unadorned uniform. He is sitting with his elbows behind him on a railing. Now he abruptly straightens up and lets his earphones dangle. He looks toward the junction of curtains and ceiling and, though he cannot see anything, he moves his head following the sound of the plane across the length of the room. There is a rapt look upon his face. It is the strangest expression you are to observe in many hours of studying these men.

The sound dies but he remains with his eyes raised and, for a while, it is obvious that he is in this room only bodily. Then, slowly, he relaxes. He wets his lips. He turns as if to make a remark to the dark man beside him. But he thinks better of it, shrugs, readjusts his earphones, hunches back into his corner and stares at the prosecutor again. He is Hermann Goering and he sits in the Number One chair in the prisoners' box.

They sit, Goering and his twenty companions, in two rows like a family group portrait of infamy. They sit, each with a countenance and mien of some distinction, each in his physical appearance and personal manners unlike his fellows, but all bearing a subtle resemblance one to another that stamps upon them a closer likeness than blood ties. It is a damaging external consanguinity that comes from a murky kinship within and you can see it in any picture of cornered gangsters.

They sit quiescently, but they are not meek. They sit attentively, but they are not respectful. They sit without hope, but they are not repentant. They sit at bay, yet in all truth they sit without fear. They are not broken men. They are unsuccessful, disappointed, frustrated, resentful men.

Many of these faces are as well known as any on earth. Soon the abomination of their actuality may be gone for eternity from the sight of decent men, but familiarity with their lineaments will never go from the minds of now-living members of whole races of people.

These are the defendants at Nuremberg, tried by four nations, accused by nineteen sovereign governments, execrated by all continents. They sit without comfort or coddling on hard wooden benches in a plain box which is perhaps twenty feet long and is level with the floor of the room. The second row is slightly raised above the first. It could be a jury box, only this is a trial by tribunal and not by jury. Yet, while there is no visible jury here, there is the overshadowing presence always of a jury—an invisible jury, a jury of the living and the dead, a far more solemn jury than ever sat in a court of law.

Day by day, as the evidence mounts, the realization that millions of unseen eyes and unknown hearts are watching and reflecting and weighing has a perceptible cumulative effect upon them. Hour by hour they grow more thoughtful and wary and their fidgeting diminishes. Only a Dostoevsky could fathom the cargo of secret thoughts compressed into this small box on the floor of a room in the midst of a German city gripped by winter and destruction and blackest privation.

Nor is consciousness of this unseen jury notable in the defendants alone. It is one of the most patent of the continuing phenomenons of this trial. Responsibility of it is daily apparent in judges and attorneys alike. The impassioned, the historic, the desk thumping, all the bold and slashing gestures which are part of criminal trials great and small in courts of justice everywhere are missing here. There is just a calm reading of what, rather than evidence, is a marshaling of certain well-known facts of modern history which in its bald recital and in its substance bears more eloquence than flights of the most fervid oratory could ever match. The numerous sensations are unveiled with a restraint that is more tense than studied melodrama.

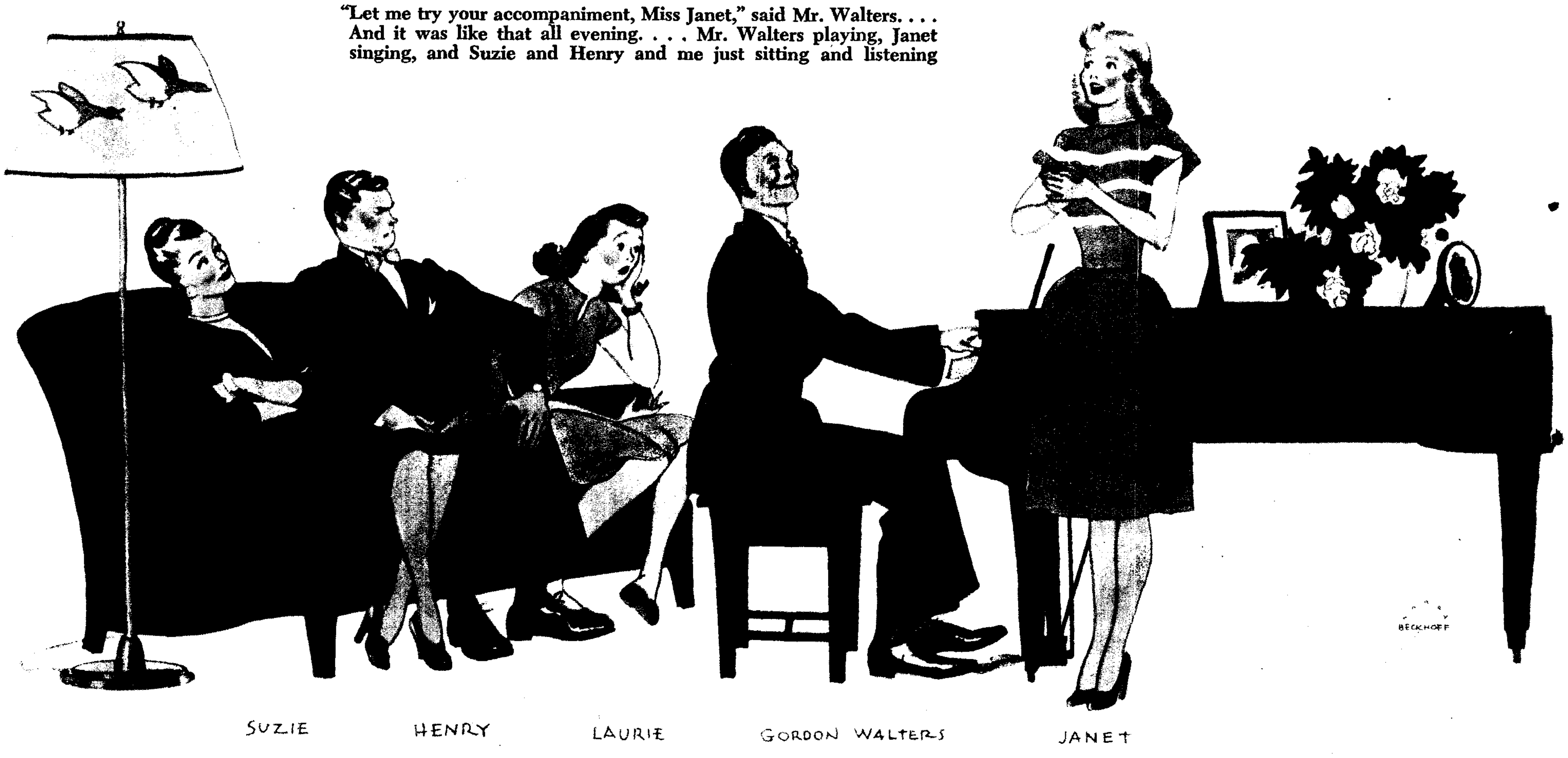
Everyone here is sobered by a magnitude of forces upon which he cannot place a finger. It is as if a new kind of fire has intruded into the affairs of men and no one knows how to turn it on or off nor how far it will burn. There are imponderable undercurrents and pressures unleashed here, not beheld yet plainly felt, which can be neither assayed nor controlled to their end—not even by the eminent jurists or by the governments and peoples they represent. In a sense Nuremberg is an event as morally hazardous to the plaintiffs as it is physically dangerous to the defendants and that is one reason why it is a truly admirable experiment. The most the men of law can do is move gravely among ordered processes, part familiar and part invented for the occasion. The most I can do is take you into the courtroom with me to observe and hear those discernible processes.

Perhaps not more than one thousand all told—including judges, attorneys, interpreters, attendants, guards, correspondents and privileged visitors—will actually view it. So I must be your eyes and ears in Collier's seat, which is number twelve in the front row of the little gallery above one end of the room, to the left of the judges and to the right of the defendants.

The courtroom is on an upper floor of the Palace of Justice in Nuremberg, a short distance from the famous—and now almost totally wrecked—ancient walled part of the city. The Palace, which escaped heavy damage from the air raids, is on the wide main road that goes west from Nuremberg toward

(Continued on page 66)

"Let me try your accompaniment, Miss Janet," said Mr. Walters. . . . And it was like that all evening. . . . Mr. Walters playing, Janet singing, and Suzie and Henry and me just sitting and listening



A VERY VALUABLE QUALITY

BY NAOMI JOHN WHITE

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Presenting Sister Suzie, an extremely disturbing young lady whose intelligence was certainly equal to her charm

UNTIL the day that my sister Suzie was jilted, I didn't know how smart she was. Up until then I had thought of my sister Suzie as being a pretty brunette whose clothes I might be able to wear next year. I, Laurie, am fifteen and large for my age. But the day that Henry Brown jilted Suzie, I learned that she had brains, too. Brains are a very valuable quality for a woman to have.

That day all four of us Whitsetts were at home. My mother Bessie and I were on the roof of the back porch seeing if we could mend the leaky shingles, and my sister Janet, who is eighteen and little and blond like my mother Bessie, was under the porch trying to persuade our cat Violet who had her feelings hurt to come out, and my sister Suzie was painting a porch chair.

My sister Suzie is twenty, and she had on blue jeans rolled up above her knees, and a green and blue plaid shirt open at her throat, and her nice curly, dark brown hair piled up on top of her head, and she was painting a porch chair red. She looked cute.

My mother Bessie and I were lying flat on our stomachs looking down, and we had just asked Suzie if she was about through with the chair and could she come up and help us, when Henry Brown came around the corner of the house. Henry didn't see my mother Bessie and me on the roof. He just saw Suzie sitting cross-legged on the porch with her tongue in the corner of her mouth, painting a red porch chair.

"Hello, Suzie," said Henry. He stood there looking at her with his hat in his hand and even from where my mother Bessie and I were, he looked a little sad. Even the little baldish spot on top of his head, and Henry is only twenty-four, looked sad.

"Why, hello, honey," said Suzie. "I thought you had to work this evening."

Henry is a clerk in the men's department of the Sunset Department Store, and sometimes of evenings after supper, he goes back and decorates the store windows. Suzie was wearing Henry's engagement ring, and she was planning to marry Henry in June. This was only April.

"I did," said Henry. And then because Suzie put her paintbrush down in the fruit jar of turpentine and turned all the way around and looked at him, he said, "I mean I did, but I don't any more."

"Well," said Suzie, and she sounded puzzled, "that's nice. Maybe we can go to a movie. Betty Grable is on at the Palace."

"No," said Henry. "Not tonight. I mean not any night." He turned his hat over and looked at it carefully.

"I thought you liked Betty Grable," said Suzie. And then, when Henry didn't say anything more, she added gently, "Won't you sit down, Henry?"

He sat down on the top step, and my mother Bessie and I looked at him with interest. There are not very many unmarried young men in Sunset, Oklahoma, even with baldish heads, and it is very nice to see one up close.

Suzie sat down next to him. Usually Suzie linked her arm with Henry's and they held hands, but now Suzie sat with her hands clasped around her knees, and she said, "What's wrong, Henry?"

"I don't know how to tell you," said Henry.

"Tell me right out," said Suzie. "Whatever it is, I want to know plainly."

Henry ran one hand over his baldish spot and stared at the row of our pink slips and panties hanging on the clothesline. "I would like to break our engagement," he said.

My mother Bessie forgot that she was just an onlooker, and she started to say something, but I put my hand over her mouth, and she turned her head and looked at me indignantly over it.

"Then," said Suzie, and her voice sounded tight, "you don't love me any more, and there is somebody else. Who is she, Henry?"

Henry looked relieved. He looked terribly relieved. "It's Elsie Butterfield," he said.

My mother Bessie pushed my hand away from her mouth and leaned her head down over the porch. "Why, Elsie can't even cook, Henry," she said. "And she bleaches her hair."

HENRY looked startled. He stood up and looked up at my mother Bessie and me on the roof, and his face turned dark red. "I'm awfully sorry, Mrs. Whitsett," he said; "I feel terrible about it."

"You poor boy," said my mother Bessie sympathetically, and she clucked her tongue. My mother Bessie could feel sorry for a rattlesnake.

My sister Janet backed out from under the porch then with our cat Violet in one hand. She stood up and dusted her knees with the other hand. "Elsie Butterfield has got thirteen pairs of shoes," she said. Janet was wearing a pink playsuit, and even with dirt on her knees, and our brindled cat Violet in her arms, she looked pretty. "Elsie says she has a color of shoes for every mood of her personality."

Henry looked at Suzie a little helplessly.

My mother Bessie sat up and swung her legs off the edge of the porch roof. She had on a pair of blue slacks and she looked very young. Whenever we all go out together, people say to my mother, "My goodness, Bessie, I can hardly believe that these three big strapping girls are really yours." And my mother Bessie always looks around at us surprised, too, as if we are three strangers following her.

"There's some leftover fish in the icebox," she said. We are used to my mother Bessie's remarks. We knew that she meant for Janet to go inside the house and feed the cat. "And there's some cream there, too," she went on dreamily. "Why, we can make some ice cream and have a party! Henry, you can turn the freezer."

Henry twisted his hat some more. "I guess I'd better go now," he said. He looked at Suzie. "Elsie thought—that is, Elsie and I thought—that we ought to tell you how we feel about each other."

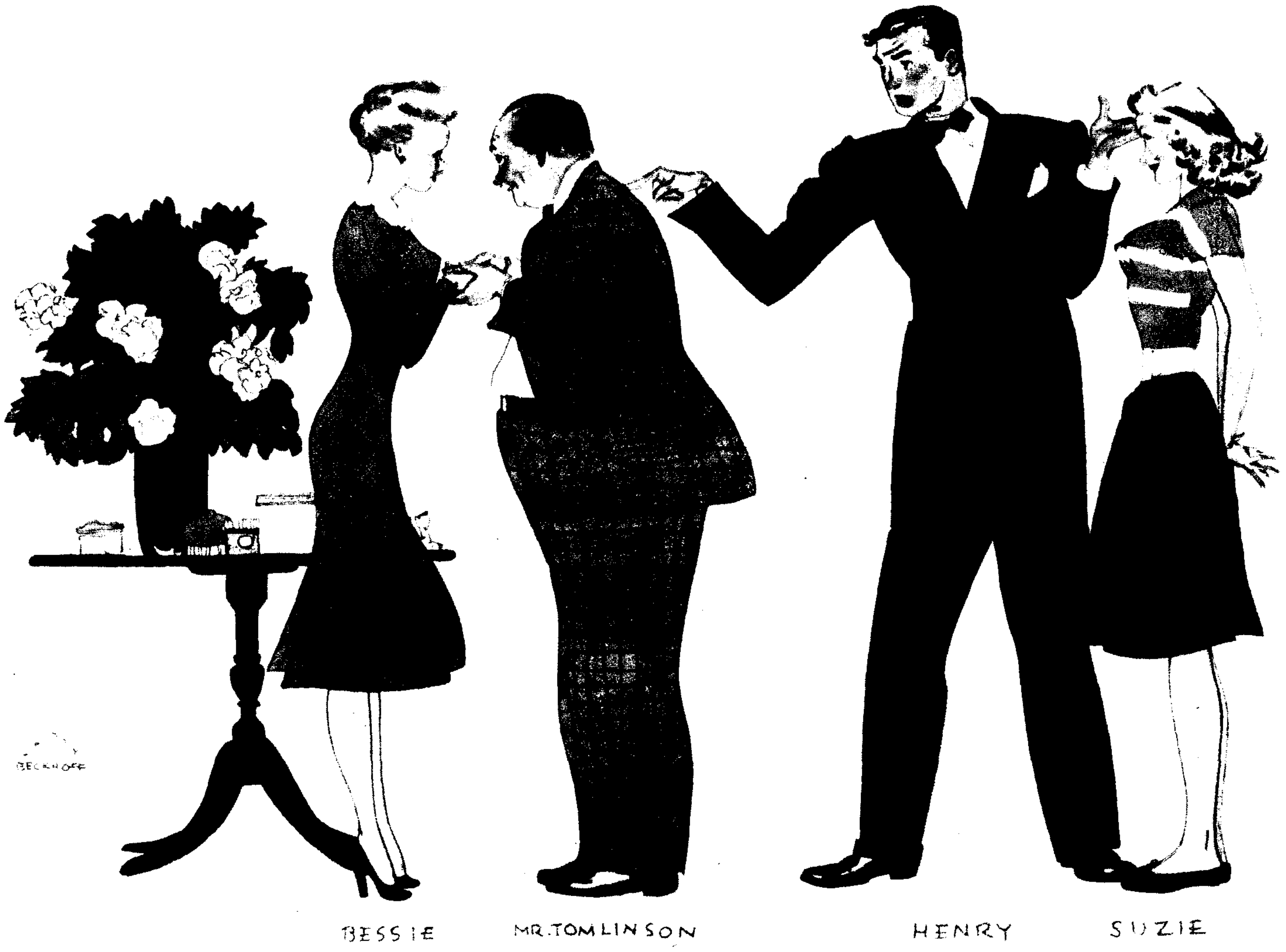
"That was real nice of you, Henry," said my mother Bessie approvingly, and she swung her blue sandals.

Henry turned then and started to go away, but Suzie stopped him. She stopped him by standing up and saying in a clear voice that sounded as if it had icicles in it, "You forgot to ask me what I thought, Henry," she said. "You forgot to ask me if I agreed to breaking our engagement."

Henry looked at her surprised. He opened his mouth, and his jaw dropped a little. "Why, I just naturally supposed—" he began, and his voice died away.

"Why, my goodness, Suzie," my mother Bessie said, and she leaned over farther to look down at Suzie, "surely you don't want to keep on being engaged to a man who's in love with somebody else!" She looked at Henry encouragingly. "Elsie's really terrific looking," she said. "And I expect maybe she can learn to cook simple things. Like cabbage and cauliflower."

"I'm sure it doesn't matter to Henry if Elsie can learn to cook or not," Suzie said



Mr. Tomlison was little and plump and very nice. But he was all mixed up. When my mother Bessie said, "I'm so glad you could come, Mr. Tomlison," he thought she was Suzie. And even when Henry tried to explain that she was our mother and Suzie was Suzie he was still confused

to my mother Bessie. She sounded very calm and wise. "At least not now," she added gently.

Henry turned dark red again. He looked at his feet and didn't say a thing.

"All Elsie's underclothes are colored," said Janet. "Blue and pink and fuschia and chartreuse. She says that when she feels like a color, she feels like it all the way through."

"What do you want me to do, Suzie?" said Henry. He looked very unhappy.

Suzie looked at Henry thoughtfully. "Sunset is a very small town," she said. "Isn't it, Henry?"

"Why, yes," said Henry. He looked puzzled. "It has a population of five thousand."

"And there aren't very many eligible young men here, are there, Henry?" Suzie held her head high and in spite of the jeans and the plaid shirt and the streak of red paint across one cheek, she looked very dignified. "A girl in Sunset has a very small opportunity to meet nice young men, Henry. Even Elsie would admit that."

"Yes, I guess so, Suzie," said Henry unhappily.

"Then," said Suzie firmly, "I figure that I still have a right to be engaged. For two years, Henry, I have devoted all my time to getting engaged. I bought pretty clothes, and I cooked company dinners, and I filled a hope chest with tea towels and tablecloths and napkins." Delicately, my sister did not mention sheets and pillowcases. "So I think, Henry, that I have a right to be engaged."

Henry stared at her.

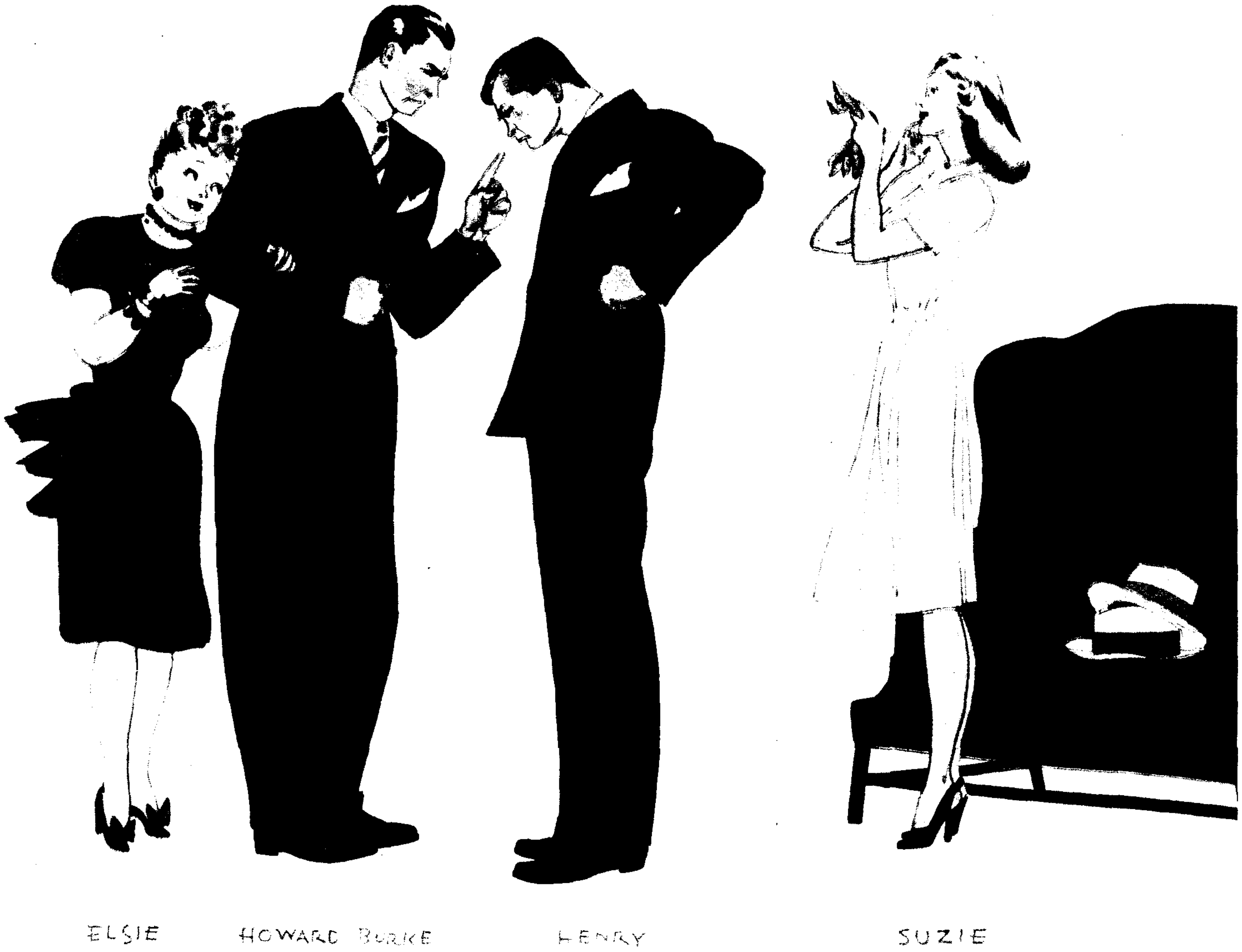
"Not to you, of course," said Suzie, and a pretty pink flush spread up over her face. "I'm not one to hold a man who doesn't want me. But I figure that you have an obligation to me, Henry. I figure that since you are the one who wants to break the engagement, and not I, that you should find me someone else to be engaged to. Someone nice, Henry. Someone as nice as you are."

"You mean," said Henry, and his voice sounded startled, "that you want me to find you a—a husband?"

"My goodness, Suzie," said my mother Bessie admiringly, "that's a perfectly wonderful idea! And it isn't," she said consolingly to Henry, "as if Suzie were not an attractive girl."

"I won't wear your ring any more, Henry," said Suzie, and she took off his ring and held it out to him. "But I don't think you have

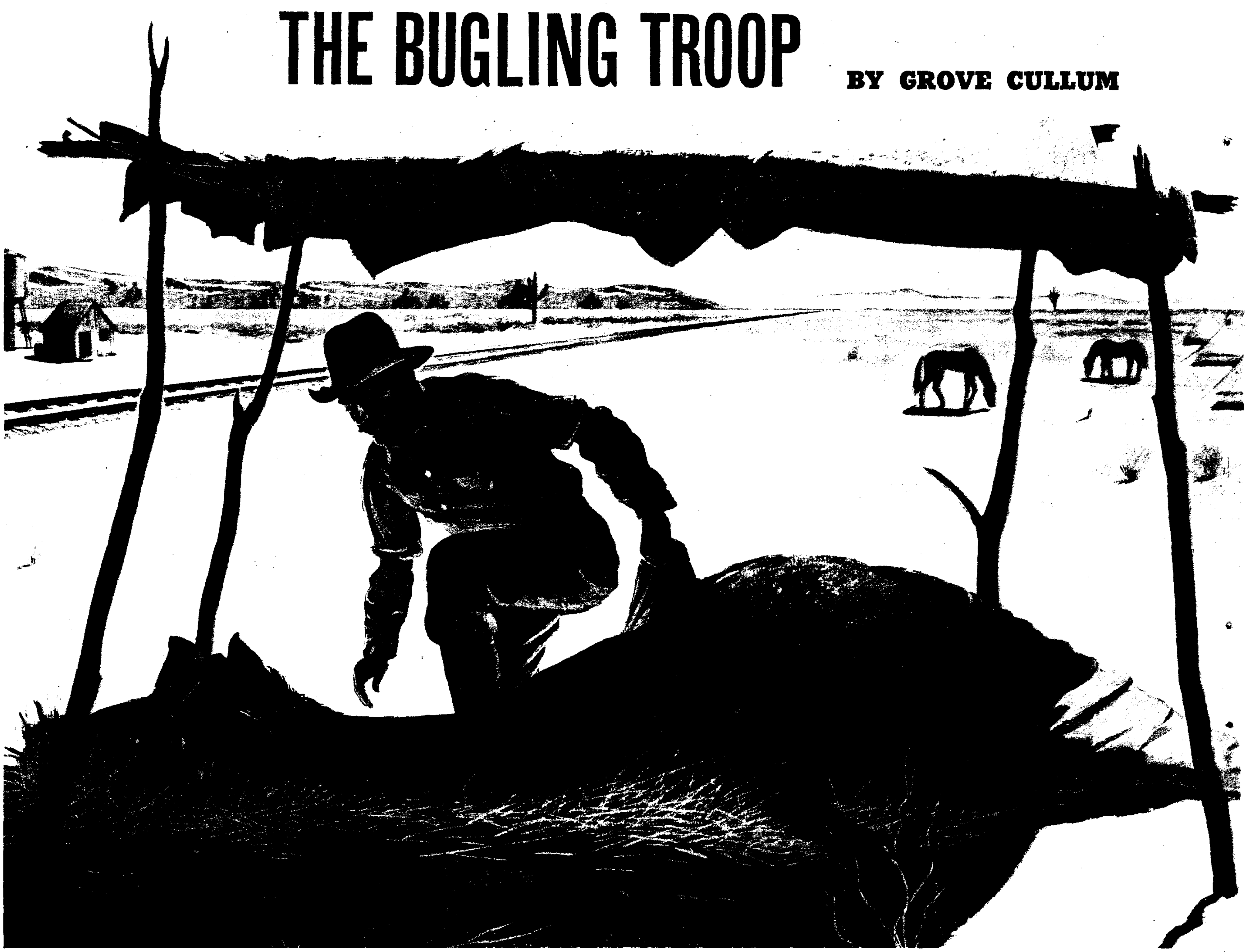
(Continued on page 40)



"Suzie won't go out with a man who can't rope a steer," Henry said in disgust. Howard Burke looked surprised. He also looked suspicious. "If you are being humorous," he said formally, "I fail to see the humor." And at that Elsie tightened her grip on Mr. Burke's arm. "I'm afraid," she said, "our friends are being funny at your expense"

THE BUGLING TROOP

BY GROVE CULLUM



How a man's loyalty to a broken-down cavalry horse re-created the pride and spirit which Troop B had lost

WHEN I first joined the cavalry as a second lieutenant at Fort Robinson, Nebraska, nearly forty years ago, the world was at peace. The Filipinos were pacified; the Indians, accepting the inevitable, were living amicably within their reservations. There were reports of uprisings against Diaz in Mexico, but for us there was no thought of war or any kind of active field service.

Naturally in the routine of garrison life, there was not much chance for an officer or a troop to gain distinction, so each troop developed its own speciality. Troop A had the best fancy drill squad; Troop C had the best boxers and staged regular bouts against all comers; Troop D always had the best baseball team, and so on. But my Troop B had the best trumpeters, so we were known as the Bugling Troop. When either of our trumpeters, Barry Shannon or Chick Woodby, was on duty as trumpeter of the guard, the officers' line would stay up late just to hear him sound Taps. My old captain, Scotty McClaire, and the whole troop took great pride in this fact. It gave us our distinction.

But Woodby's enlistment was up and, not liking Fort Robinson, he went to another regiment. Then real tragedy hit Troop B when the colonel took Shannon from us and appointed him chief trumpeter of the band. There we were, the Bugling Troop, and not a bugler on our rolls. Captain McClaire was disgusted. He directed me to hold daily bugle practice for all men in the troop. But that was hopeless. Apparently the presence of Shannon and Woodby had discouraged other aspirants from coming to our troop. The jarring squeaks and squawks that came daily from Butte Creek, where I held practice, soon gave us the name of The Gabriels.

One day in the orderly room, I reported to Captain McClaire that further practice was useless. "I understand," he said gloomily and, turning to First Sergeant Pat Marron, he directed, "Sergeant, I want you to make out a requisition on the Recruiting Service for one trumpeter—complete."

Sergeant Marron, always erect, grew rigid. "Sir," he said, "we requisition matériel, not personnel."

Captain McClaire's face flushed. "Sergeant, I am giving instructions, not receiving them."

"Very well, sir," Sergeant Marron snapped.

The requisition duly signed and sent in, we went about our daily duties smarting under the gibes of the other officers and troops. In the officers' club, "Scotty McClaire" gave way to "Gabriel!" or "Gabe" McClaire.

But our humiliation did not last long. About two weeks after our requisition for a new trumpeter went in, we were jarred out of our routine. One night about nine o'clock, most of the officers were in the gymnasium watching a basketball game when officers' call with double time was sounded. Hurriedly we assembled at headquarters where the colonel informed us quite casually that the regiment less Troop B would start entraining the next morning for the Mexican border. There being insufficient rail transportation, Troop B was to march overland. Our orders were to take only equipment necessary for the march. Captain McClaire took these instructions literally. Since we now had no trumpeters, he directed that our two cavalry bugles be turned in to the Post Quartermaster.

THE next forenoon, at ten o'clock, Troop B with forty men and forty-eight horses left the Post and headed southwest. With our heavy packs and our extra—or led—horses, we resembled a pack train rather than a troop of cavalry. Seven of our led horses were heavily loaded. The eighth, an old rascal called Buck, carried nothing. He resented being a beast of burden and had a most definite way of showing his resentment. No one in the troop could ride him successfully. On several occasions, Captain McClaire had tried to have him condemned as an outlaw, but because he was the best looking horse in the troop, the inspectors invariably said, "No, give him a little more training." So we had this nuisance to feed and to care for.

All day Sirano was busy erecting a shade of grain sacks over Blackbird. He seemed to live for the horse alone

Some two weeks after our departure, we pitched camp one night at a little town south of Denver. Shortly after daybreak the next morning, Captain McClaire and I were having a cup of coffee in front of his tent. Preparations for breaking camp were under way. Suddenly, a great commotion broke out near the kitchen tent. Looking over, we saw a soldier who was being tossed in a blanket.

"What's going on?" I asked.

"A recruit being initiated," Scotty McClaire told me.

They had tossed the recruit but twice when old Perkins, the troop cook, took a hand in the proceedings.

"Enough," he said. "Have you no respect for the uniform?"

Now, Perkins was a strange chap. No one knew anything of his past, and his manner did not invite questions. He was a natural leader and could outride and outshoot any soldier in the troop, but he would never accept appointment as a noncommissioned officer.

In response to Perkins' order the troopers immediately dropped the blanket, and I could see the diminutive soldier they had been tossing as he picked himself up and tried to straighten out his uniform. Just then, Sergeant Pat Marron marched onto

(Continued on page 38)

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM KAPRA

INTERNATIONAL

The late President made himself a constant source of inspiration to fellow patients at Warm Springs, the project into which he put most of his fortune

Careful planning made it possible for Mr. Roosevelt to make hundreds of public appearances. Only near-accident occurred at the acceptance-speech dinner in Philadelphia in 1936 (below) when a bolt in one of his braces failed

UNCONQUERABLE SPIRIT

By Vice-Admiral Ross T. McIntire

MC, U.S.N., SURGEON GENERAL OF THE NAVY

INTERNATIONAL

Here, from Franklin D. Roosevelt's physician, is the story of the late President's long and unflinching fight against paralysis, an inspiring, unforgettable epic of personal courage

IN LOOKING backward over the trail of twelve years as physician to Franklin D. Roosevelt, an incident that stands out as sharply as any is a certain Marine's meeting with the President. The time was the summer of 1944, and the place was Aiea Heights Naval Hospital in Honolulu which was receiving each day more and still more casualties from the Marianas. Mr. Roosevelt was paying a visit to the patients, and as he wheeled slowly into one of the wards this particular Marine—maimed and morose—lifted himself on one elbow from his bed of pain and exclaimed, with a wide grin: "Gee, the President!"

The Marine's reaction was one that only a disabled man can experience. To put it crudely, it was a demonstration of inspiration that swells the mind when sight gives proof that a physical handicap can be overcome.

Today, that inspiration, transmitted to the wounded everywhere, must shine as brightly for the veteran who faces life anew with a physical handicap.

Throughout my years as the late President's physician, the thing that amazed me most, and still amazes me, is that not one of his many visitors ever regarded the President as a cripple. Nor did any of the millions who saw him and listened to him as he campaigned or made the coast-to-coast tours that were his keenest pleasure. As he sat, only his wrestler's torso showing above table or desk, he exhaled fitness and well-being. Even when he stood, braces plainly evident, the single impression was one of strength and vitality.

It was what he himself had *willed*. As a usual thing, he avoided allusion to that black morning in Campobello when he awakened to find that his legs would not lift him from the bed. But once, as we sat alone, some turn of the conversation unlocked his lips.

It was a bad moment, he confessed, when the doctors told him that it was not rheumatism, not prostration, but infantile paralysis. All the horror of a lifetime of helplessness swept over him but, after the first rush of anguish and despair, he made up his mind to "lick it." Never would he think of himself as a cripple, forced to sit on the sidelines and live by proxy. He determined so to crowd his life with interests that no thought of infirmity could ever intrude. He admitted that it was hard going for a long, weary while, what with constant pain and the slowness of improvement, but in time his mind took full command, and courage became a habit of life.

What made the struggle more remarkable was the background of the man. Here was no weakling, born puny and used to illness, but one who could have posed for the sculptors of ancient Greece. As a youngster he lived in the open, riding, climbing and running; at Harvard he rowed on the crew, and until his thirty-ninth year he gloried in a strength and vigor that defied fatigue. All of his earlier intimates stress a love of life that manifested itself in a driving energy and eager interests that took no account of body strain. Out of many stories of his tirelessness, I remember particularly Colonel Harry Roosevelt's melancholy tale of a visit that F.D.R. made to Haiti in 1917 when he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy.

"I was in charge of the Marines at the time," Harry related, "and when Frank arrived, everybody thought that it would be the usual visit of inspection, meaning dinners and receptions. Instead of that, he dragged us off on a pedestrian tour, on fire to see the life of the people and the resources of the country. Our hike from Port-au-Prince to Cap-Haitien carried us over rugged mountain ranges, and daily marches were from dawn to dark. Reaching the north coast, all of us half dead, we came to the old castle of Emperor Christophe, perched on top of a 4,000 foot peak. When the Secretary decided to climb the steep ascent, at least he had the heart to call for volunteers, and two thirds of the party were sensible enough to refuse. I was one of the stupid third, and while Frank came down as fresh as when he started, the rest of us went to bed."

With such a past he might well have experienced revolt against his helplessness, or felt a pang of envy when he saw others engaging in sports that he had loved and from which he was now forever barred. Out of the testimony of the family and my own observations, I can say truthfully that no one ever saw him indulge in so much as a moment of self-pity. During his Navy years, he had turned to golf for exercise, and at Warm Springs I always knew an ache of the heart when he followed us around the course in his car. It did not seem possible that he could watch unmoved, and yet as he jeered at bad shots, and cheered good ones, it was as gaily as though he himself had a club in his hand.

It is inevitable that historians will devote their entire attention to the history that

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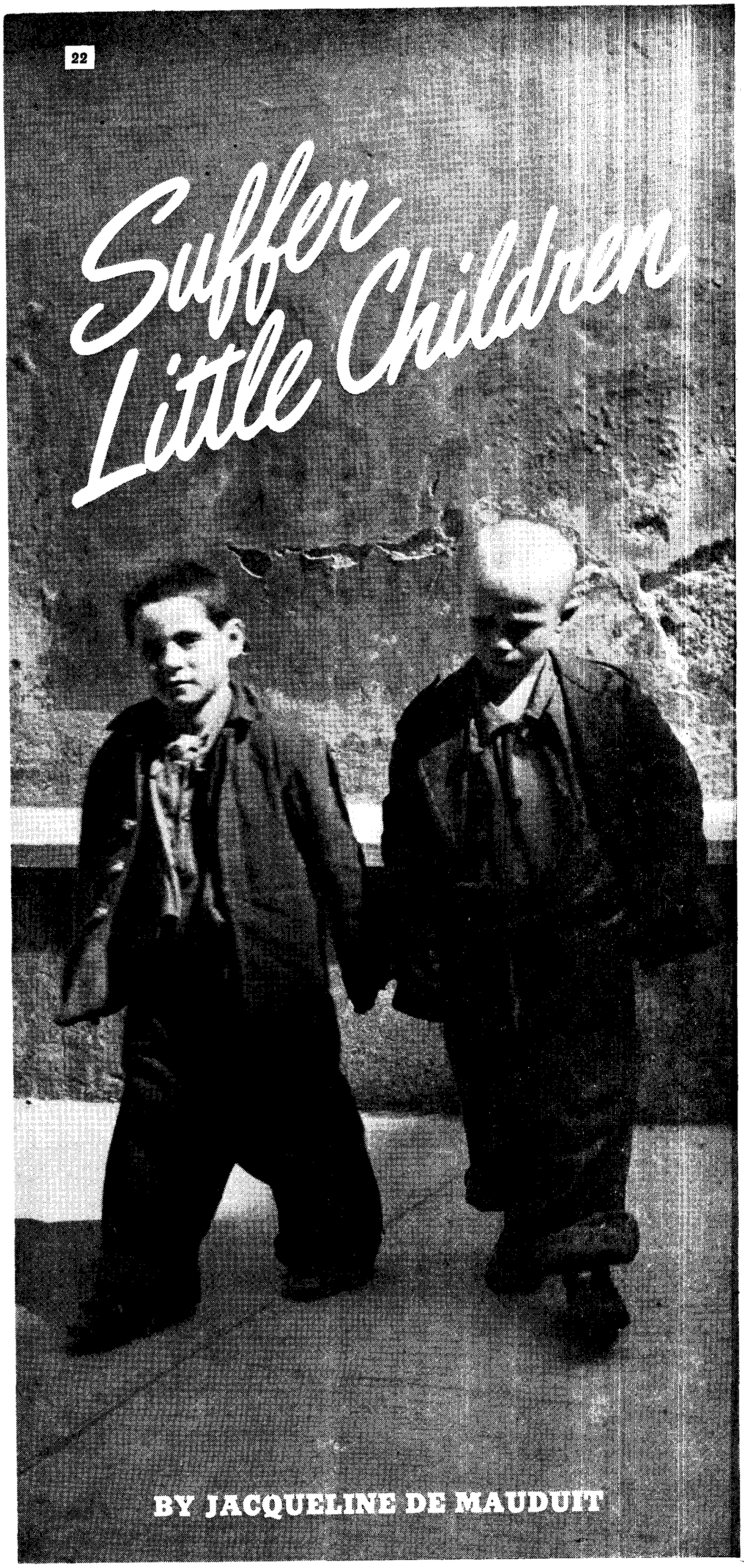
Suffer Little Children

BY JACQUELINE DE MAUDUIT



These two eight-year-old Italian boys are luckier than some; they're in an institution where they get clothes and a thin potato soup to eat. The boy on the right is in for stealing American supplies from trucks. Both his parents were killed in the bombing of Rome and another family took him in and taught him to steal. The father of the boy on the left was a prisoner of the Germans and his mother was destitute. He was picked up on the street as an abandoned child. His mother never comes to see him in the institution. These two are fortunate in that they have shoes, albeit much too big. Most of the children are barefoot

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY TONI FRISSELL—PIX

Fiorella, aged 5, is also very lucky for an Italian child. She and her family are being cared for by UNRRA. The reason Fiorella is looking so pleased is that she just got a pair of shoes. She and her family were bombed out and given the basement apartment of the janitor of an office building while he was in the north fighting with the Partisans. Her father, a janitor, does not earn enough to buy food for his six children

Thousands of European children will die this year, a delayed result of the war. Most of Europe's children have been injured mentally and emotionally. If these injuries are not cared for, our own children will pay the price

CABLED FROM PARIS

THE great main half of the central railway station at Frankfort was jammed. You couldn't see the floor; men, women, children and babies were lying hip to hip across its expanse. The fortunate ones had a blanket or a few newspapers between them and the cold floor. Babies, wakeful and fretting, crawled in and out among the adults. In the adjoining section of the station there was no room to lie down; one could scarcely stand. Families tried to keep together and find some secluded corner in which to settle.

Two long lines extended out from the two inadequate toilets and the stench was like a blow in the face.

One father was carving hunks off a loaf of black bread for his children. A boy dropped his and dived under the feet of the crowd. He came up bruised but munching the bread. A group of Polish boys between twelve and seventeen started a "demonstration." A little girl asleep against a pile of baggage awoke screaming as the people they had shoved fell over her. Everybody started yelling and shoving. An old man tried to protest and the boys grabbed him and dragged him along with them. After a while a group of American MPs came in and restored order.

Out on the station platform it was cold. One of the MPs said it was a quiet night; usually from seven to ten thousand persons, including hundreds of children, pack the station.

A pretty Lithuanian girl of about sixteen came up to us, a heavy-looking suitcase bumping against her thin legs. She was shaking with a chill and her teeth chattered as she asked in German, "Won't you ask him if there isn't some place I can get warm? I'm afraid to go in there"—nodding toward the waiting room. The MP shook his head, not unkindly. Her eyes were swimming as she walked off with her suitcase.

"There are hundreds of them in there just like her," he said.

"You understood what she said?" I asked.

"No, I don't speak German."

"She's having a baby at the end of the month."

"There are still hundreds like her," he said, with a certain sullen fierceness. Then suddenly, "Oh, damn it, they have no right to put me on a job like this. I can't stand their troubles. Call her back. I'll show her a warm spot where the steam comes up. There's room for one person to keep warm and there are perhaps seven thousand here tonight. And hundreds of them are just like her."

Those are the conditions under which thousands of babies were brought into the world in the year 1945. Things aren't much better after they are born. In Italy three out of ten of them die before they reach the age of one year. A recent survey by the International Red Cross reported that in Albania infant mortality has reached from twenty-five to forty per cent as the result of diarrhea due to improper diet.

During the siege of Budapest, when the population lived in cellars, most children less than one year old died. The infant mortality rate is now down to about 23 per cent, twice as high as in 1942. In Vienna, 12,000 children below the age of a year are suffering from lack of milk and clothing. In August, infant mortality in Berlin was sixty-five per cent; in Eberswalde and Neuruppin ninety-five to one hundred per cent. In Prenzlau, eighty per cent of all the children born in 1944 and 1945 died.

All wars are fought against children. The full story of their martyrdom in World War II will never be told. It can only be guessed from the indelible traces it will leave on Europe's rising generation.

Their six-year tragedy started with a gradual reduction of food rations. Then clothing and soap became scarce—which was espe-

"Grandma" was a crippled beggarwoman. She was so successful that beggar children swarmed around her in the hopes of collecting a little largesse from her. But of course if Grandma wasn't able to evoke enough sympathy from passers-by the children got nothing. With beggars, No. 1 always comes first

In rain and snow and sleet the displaced persons walk the roads of Europe. With them go their children. This woman's husband was a farmer who was killed when the war swept over their land, leaving it ravaged and sown with mines. Besides this 18-month-old boy six children tagged along with her

These are professional beggar children. Their like are seen all over Europe and some are forced to beg by their hungry families. This girl was found asleep under a sunny wall at midday in Rome. Crowds, ashamed, tried to smash the photographer's camera

cially tough on babies. Undernourishment and lack of cleanliness paved the way for scabies, typhus and tuberculosis. The ravages of these were enhanced by the wholesale destruction of hospitals, schools and private houses, and by the lack of heat when the wreckage of transportation systems cut down the deliveries of coal. Thousands of children were buried alive in homes. Other thousands died of suffocation in the burning towns and cities. Those that were left lived in cellars—damp, cold and open to the weather.

Due to their depleted physical resistance, thousands of children are dying in Europe this winter. In Paris, for instance, tuberculosis among children increased forty-eight per cent and in some districts of southern France as much as seventy-four per cent. In Lyons, according to the Quaker Relief Society, ten per cent of school children showed a loss of weight; rickets trebled between 1941 and 1943. The French Consultative Assembly reported that cases of diphtheria had trebled and of typhus had doubled over figures for 1938.

Supply Not Equal to Demand

In no section of Europe are the children getting milk in anything like adequate supply. In a few cases farmers were clever enough to hide the family cow until the marauders had passed, but this helped only strictly local situations. In Czechoslovakia, for instance, each day children up to three years are supposed to get two thirds of a pint of milk from which all but two and one half per cent butterfat has been skimmed. Children over three are entitled to a pint, if they can get it.

European children don't look as undernourished as might be expected. Their starch diet, with considerable sugar (there are enough sugar beets for local use), makes them fat and round. The anemia which, doctors say, afflicts virtually every child examined, gives their flesh a clear, transparent quality which passes for beauty until you realize what causes it. Or until their faces and hands break out into blotches of ugly sores.

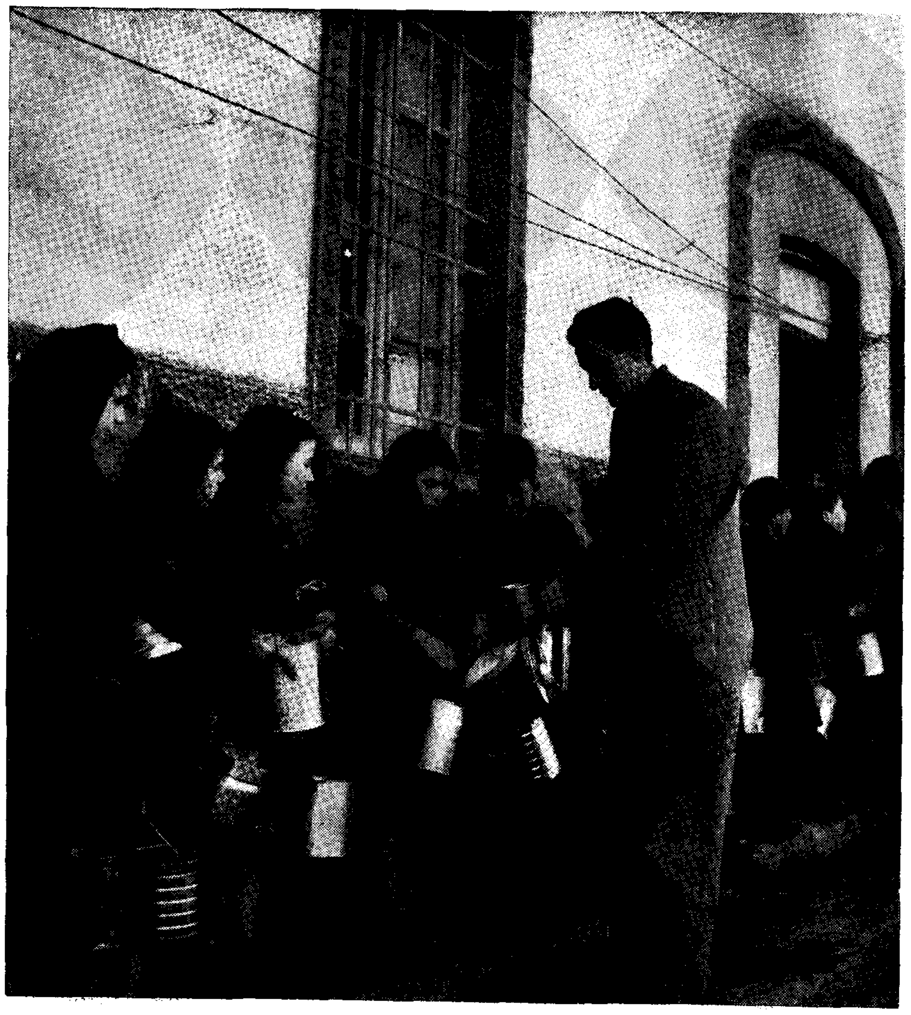
The reports of doctors indicate that children of different countries are suffering from the same sicknesses, even though the appearances are different. They report a peculiarity of growth in school children: their limbs have grown two or three inches longer than is normal for their chronological age, while their trunks are correspondingly undersized. Many have goiter. Their general development is retarded; puberty tends to be late and many doctors think there may be a general disturbance of their endocrine system. Since the latter has much to do with behavior it may be the root of future serious problems for the world.

In the Masaryk Home, just outside Prague, I was told that there was a shortage of six hundred beds for children in the Prague area. One boy brought into the hospital was a year old and weighed twelve pounds. His legs were deformed from malnutrition. His father had been killed in the revolution against the Nazis and the shock had caused him to be born prematurely. His tubercular mother, probably not realizing that the baby might live, killed herself.

Some other countries have not even the facilities of Czechoslovakia for caring for the enormous numbers of orphans. In the Netherlands there are 4,000 who have not yet been identified, according to the Red Cross, and 15,000 to 20,000 whose civil status is still undetermined. In Italy, it is most difficult to learn the number of children in need, for the orphans and destitute children usually gather in roving gangs and live from theft. Greece has more than 30,000 homeless and sick orphans; in many cases the parents of five or six children have been killed and the brood is being cared for by the eldest brother or sister who is sometimes not more than fourteen.

In Albania, the estimated number of orphans is 10,000 and the total number of undernourished children, 70,000. Half the nursing mothers have not sufficient milk for their children due to their own inadequate diets. A can of condensed milk costs ten dollars and is frequently spoiled. In Yugoslavia, thousands of children do not know who their parents were or where they came from. They were too small when their parents were killed, and were just picked up by passers-by. Their food consists of plants, roots, leaves, kernels

(Continued on page 75)



Wherever a U.S. Army chow line forms, another queue, less well-dressed and smaller in stature, forms near by. When the soldiers have finished eating they scrape the remainders of their meals into the children's pails, as one is doing here. Most soldiers' meals in Europe are eaten to the accompaniment of screams and yells from the children. When the meal is over sometimes Army cooks bring huge kettles from the kitchens and set them on the ground. When that happens the lines of children turn into shrieking, biting, kicking wolf packs and the thin veneer of civilization vanishes

CANADIAN WHISKY

OUT OF THIS WORLD

By Thomas J. Griffin

CHIEF BOATSWAIN'S MATE • FIRST CLASS DIVER, U.S. NAVY

As told to Clarissa Lorenz

Deep-sea diving is one of the most hazardous of all occupations. Every dive is a battle with nature, and if the diver comes up alive he wins. But he can make only one mistake

FOR the guys topside, the shootin's all over. But our job's just starting. I figure the Navy will be scouring the oceans for about ten years searching for wrecks. And when they are charted, the salvage work will be released to us vets. The rush jobs right now—harbors like Manila and Okinawa and Bremerhaven—are all places where supply ships have to move in to feed our troops in the occupational zones.

There'll be a big boom in salvage. That sunken treasure waiting at the bottom of the seven seas—it makes you dizzy to think of it! Not long ago they fished up 17 million pesos at Manila that got tossed overboard just before the fall of Corregidor. That's roughly $8,500,000. Why, there's millions in cash alone that's gone down on carriers, cruisers and destroyers. Then there's all that gear—jeeps, tractors, plane parts, etc. Strip that stuff and wash it off with kerosene or Diesel oil, and it'll be as good as new.

And that's where we guys come in. People often ask me what it feels like to be a diver. Well, it's like any other job except that a diver can't make but one mistake. When you've been diving 13 years it gets to be like routine. You learn to take everything in your stride. Of course the first time you go down, clamped in 200 pounds of hardware, you're kinda leery. Your eardrums feel like they're going to burst, so you keep swallowing hard, and all you see is air bubbles trailing up from the exhaust valve. You have to work on an empty stomach practically. All you get is toast and milk. You can't drink or smoke before making a deep dive, and you have to get at least eight hours' sleep. Though some guys can break all the rules and get away with it.

The first few minutes on your way down you're apt to breathe too hard, then maybe you get used to the pressure. But by the time you're down 140 feet or so you feel pretty light-headed, and at 300 feet you're like punch-drunk. That's because you've probably got an oxygen jag. As you probably know, air is chiefly oxygen and nitrogen, and contains about four times as much nitrogen as oxygen. When you breathe the regular air under water at high pressure the nitrogen dissolves in your blood just like in a seltzer bottle, and a diver can get oxygen poisoning by breathing a too-concentrated dose of oxygen. But with the new stuff they're using now, oxygen and helium, the diver's job won't be so tough. What they do with helium, they make a sort of synthetic atmosphere using helium instead of nitrogen. When you breathe this mixture you don't get such a concentration of oxygen, because helium dissolves only about half as fast as nitrogen. So a diver doesn't get a narcotic effect, and his mind will stay clear. It used to be that about 300 feet was the deepest a man could work in, and he could stay there only a few minutes. But with helium he can stay down at that depth from five to six hours, and can work harder while he's there. Helium works fine on any depth below 200 feet. A year or so ago some volunteers went down almost 600 feet on helium at the Washington Navy Yard. Of course even with helium nobody can stay at that depth very long.

Another thing the new helium and oxygen air will do is prevent the "bends," which are one of the bad things that can happen to a diver. If he surfaces right a diver will automatically decompress, which means reducing the pressure. The rate of ascent should be 25 feet a minute, with one-minute steps in between decompression. He keeps letting out the air through his exhaust valves, adjusting it to the reduced water pressure. If he surfaces too fast after a long, deep dive, which is often unavoidable, it's just like opening a bottle of ginger ale—pfwt! He's got the bends! They're called that because they can fold you up like a pretzel. You're walking along and suddenly you keel over. It's like the biggest toothache anybody ever had; it's like a sharp, rheumatic pain; and if the bends hit your knees, it's like a Charley horse only a lot worse.

A diver gets the bends because bubbles of dissolved nitrogen gas collect in the joints and the blood vessels. Mostly they go to the joints, but if you get enough nitrogen in your system you have large bubbles clogging your arteries. That means bleeding from the nose and mouth, convulsions and blacking out. You don't see right or hear right or talk right. You pant and choke. If the bubbles get into the spine, you're paralyzed from the waist down. The bends can kill a guy, you know, for if enough of the bubbles reach your heart it bursts and you can say your prayers. But with the helium and oxygen mixture we won't have any more bends, probably; since helium is only half as soluble as nitrogen, it is a lot less likely to cause bubbles. Also it leaves the blood (diffuses out, they call it) twice as fast as nitrogen. The only bad thing about helium, it lowers the temperature of your body, and you get condensation in water at freezing point so your air supply may get cut off by frost. That's why a diver working on helium has to wear electrically heated underwear.

"I'd open Blackie's face plate and he'd take a swig of whisky. Then he'd open mine and I'd take one. We killed about a quart a day"

"Sharks will come within a foot of you, like friendly fish. What I do, I just open my cuff and shoot out air bubbles. That scares them"

In Provincetown, Massachusetts, where I was retrieving dud torpedoes last summer, there was a diver who got a case of the bends every two weeks. They may come as soon as you get topside, or they mayn't hit you till about 15 hours later.

If a diver's got the bends when he surfaces, the tender strips him of his suit, shoes and helmet and shoots him in the decompression chamber. That's like an iron tank lying on its side, 10 feet long and five feet around. So he starts decompressing according to the depth and time he's been working below. The air valves are turned on and he's sent down to a pressure of relief—meaning when the pain begins easing up—plus one atmosphere deeper.

Treatment Table for the Bends

Then he starts decompressing on what's known as a treatment table for the bends, until those nitrogen bubbles are small enough to pass out of his blood. That may take hours —4 to 24—so he and the tender kill time playing poker, reading, swapping yarns or maybe snoozing. Sometimes he gets hot towels and hot coffee.

We can make only one dive every 24 hours, because they figure it takes that much time for the nitrogen to pass out of your system. The deeper the dive, the less time you can spend below. Three hours is about the limit at anything under 65 feet. But it depends on the diver. You can get the bends working anywhere below 33 feet, and then again not. I know a guy who maybe holds the world's record. He was down 38 feet for 24 hours without getting them. But as I said, helium may change all that.

In warm, shallow water, divers are more and more going to use the shallow-water mask or a converted gas mask. A great little invention that! About eighty per cent of the divers used this rig with a regular compressor and oxygen hose on the Pearl Harbor wrecks. From every angle a diver's got more freedom to work in. When you want to be more buoyant, you just toss out some of the leads in your G.I. cartridge belt.

I went down 172 feet and worked for six hours in one of these homemade outfits. And I used it in July, 1944, when I fished out two bodies at Narragansett Pier, Rhode Island, where a man and his son got drowned. Got some good bites from snapper turtles a foot long. Had three stitches taken in my leg. Believe me, those babies are worse than sharks! When it comes to that, I was never attacked by any shark. All those stories you hear—just eyewash. Sure they'll attack a swimmer near the surface, but they're more scared of us than we are of them. I never heard of an experienced diver being bothered. They'll come within a foot of you—tiger sharks, hammerheads, bluenoses—like friendly fish. Once I had my back grazed. What I do, I just open my cuff and shoot out air bubbles. That scares them.

Underwater Gangsters

Take those moray eels, though—they don't scare so easy. Brownish-green they are, 18 feet long and 22 inches thick, with three-inch teeth and plenty vicious. They'll flash for anything white. That's why divers like in Panama often blacken their hands. Off Trinidad once I was almost ruined by three big ones. They tore my dress, so I had to be hauled up P.D.Q. The barracuda's another tough baby. They'll attack in droves—anything that moves under water. They can rip your dress apart with their sharp, needlelike teeth.

But the greatest danger isn't sharks or barracuda or eels. It's just the weight of the sea. You know, for every 33 feet you go down, you add another atmosphere of pressure on your body. That means about 15 pounds pressure on every square inch of you. Figure it out for yourself. If your body surface is, say, 10 square feet, you have an additional pressure of about a ton on you for every 33 feet you go down. That's why the air must be fed a diver at a higher pressure than that of sea water. So whether he's working on helium or compressed air, a diver carries in his air line 50 pounds over bottom pressure. If he loses air in his suit, down comes the whole weight of the sea on him, crushing in his chest and flattening him out like a pancake. And that's what's called a "squeeze."

The very worst thing that can happen to a diver is the squeeze. When your air supply is cut off and your suit collapses, your body gets pressed in. The sea pressure being greater than the pressure in the body rams the diver up into his copper helmet, where the air is still compressible, just like he'd been put under a hydraulic press. A real squeeze never comes but once to a guy. It's a terrible death.

Take that fellow over in East River, New York, that I had to haul out in 1939. He was working in a caisson about 30 feet below, with another diver. Came lunchtime and the tender topside signaled on the lines to come up. When that tender came back from his lunch, he thought both divers had surfaced because there was a trail of mud and water leading from the top of the ladder to the

(Continued on page 64)

MICHAEL BERRY

ILLUSTRATED BY MICHAEL BERRY

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IMAGINATION IN COMFORT

HOW IT BENEFITS YOU

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These shiny weights and springs help predict how changes in design will affect a car's ride. They make up one of the tools *imagination* uses to insure the unusual comfort you get in a Plymouth, Dodge, De Soto or Chrysler.

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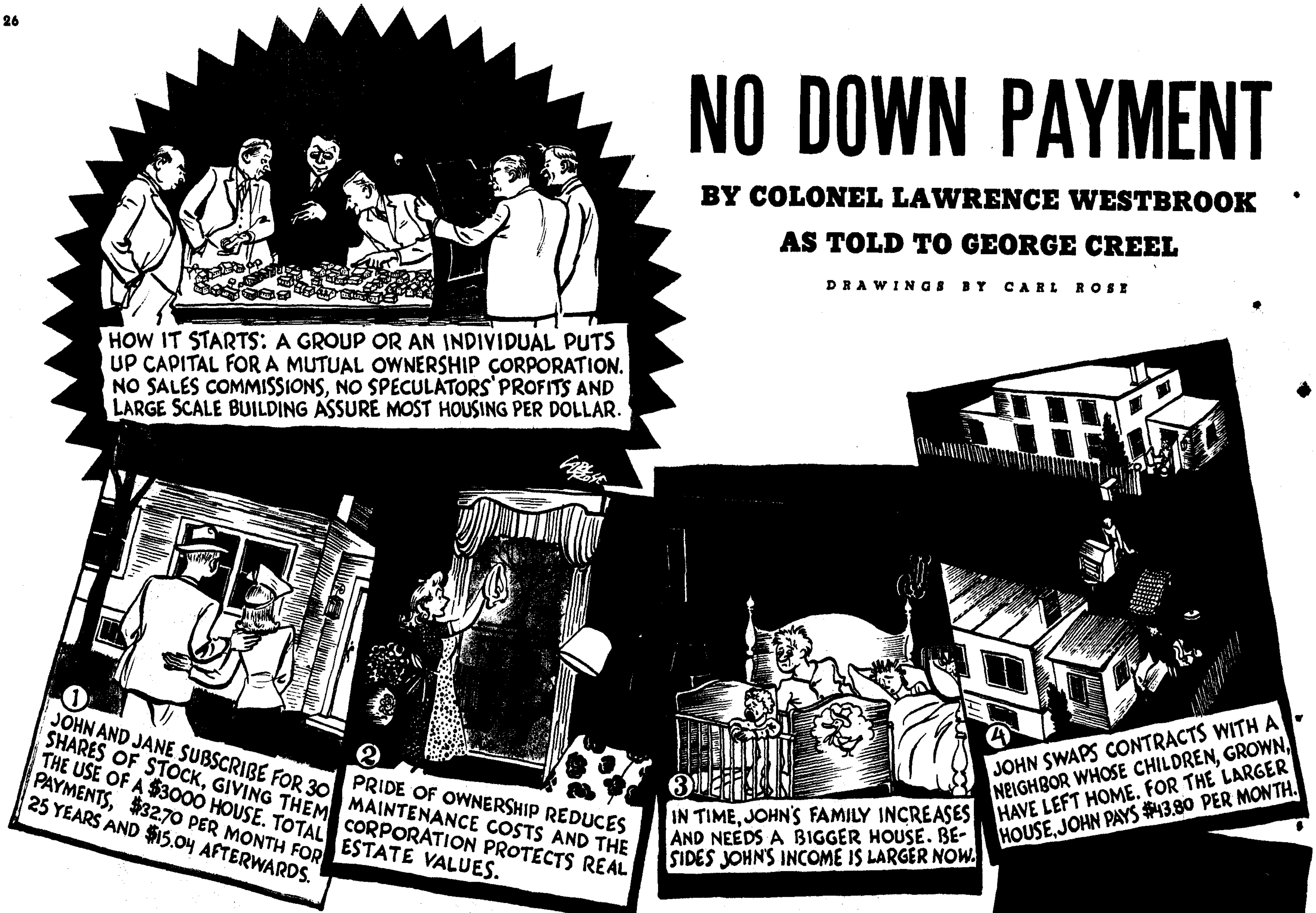
NO DOWN PAYMENT

BY COLONEL LAWRENCE WESTBROOK

AS TOLD TO GEORGE CREEL

DRAWINGS BY CARL ROSE



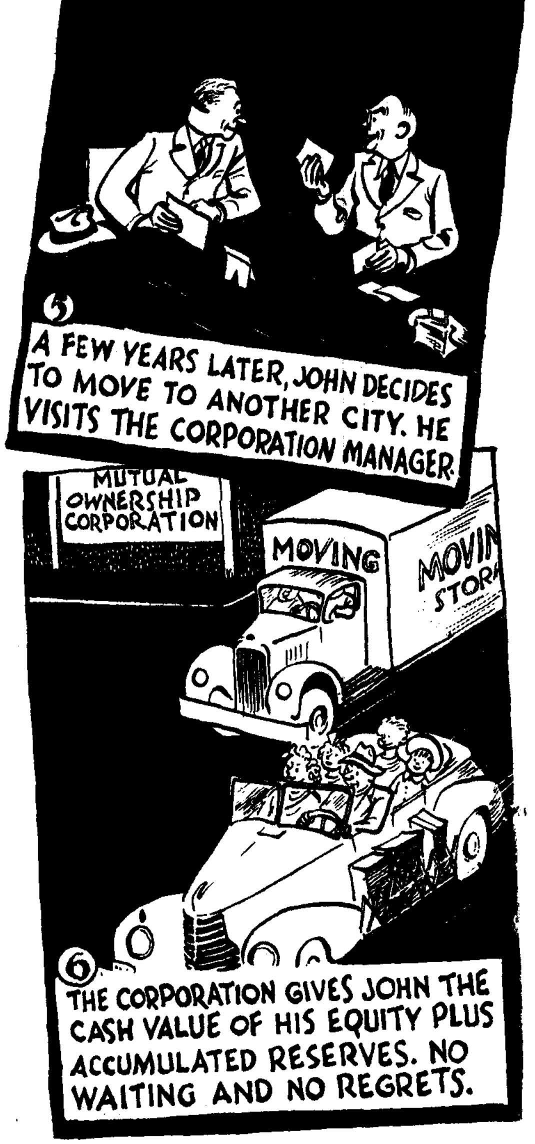
HOW IT STARTS: A GROUP OR AN INDIVIDUAL PUTS UP CAPITAL FOR A MUTUAL OWNERSHIP CORPORATION. NO SALES COMMISSIONS, NO SPECULATORS' PROFITS AND LARGE SCALE BUILDING ASSURE MOST HOUSING PER DOLLAR.

① JOHN AND JANE SUBSCRIBE FOR 30 SHARES OF STOCK, GIVING THEM THE USE OF A $3000 HOUSE. TOTAL PAYMENTS, $32.70 PER MONTH FOR 25 YEARS AND $15.04 AFTERWARDS.

② PRIDE OF OWNERSHIP REDUCES MAINTENANCE COSTS AND THE CORPORATION PROTECTS REAL ESTATE VALUES.

③ IN TIME, JOHN'S FAMILY INCREASES AND NEEDS A BIGGER HOUSE. BESIDES JOHN'S INCOME IS LARGER NOW.

④ JOHN SWAPS CONTRACTS WITH A NEIGHBOR WHOSE CHILDREN, GROWN, HAVE LEFT HOME. FOR THE LARGER HOUSE, JOHN PAYS $43.80 PER MONTH.



⑤ A FEW YEARS LATER, JOHN DECIDES TO MOVE TO ANOTHER CITY. HE VISITS THE CORPORATION MANAGER.

⑥ THE CORPORATION GIVES JOHN THE CASH VALUE OF HIS EQUITY PLUS ACCUMULATED RESERVES. NO WAITING AND NO REGRETS.

Here's a new scheme that offers most of the advantages of owning your own home with none of the disadvantages. Four separate projects have proved that it works, too

SAMPLE surveys show that 85 per cent of the American people prefer owning homes to renting them, and yet the census proves that 56.4 per cent live in rented homes. Half of the rest live in mortgaged homes, a substantial part held by slender equities. It is doubtful if more than 30 per cent of American families live in homes which they can call their own.

The reasons are simple. Although the average American *does* want to own his home, until recently, neither federal planners nor private enterprise have made any intelligent effort to clear the way between desire and realization. First break in this line of indifference was the introduction in the Senate of the Wagner-Ellender Bill, with bipartisan support.

The bill is designed to make home ownership easier for lower-income people by reducing the size of the required down payment and increasing the length of the period in which the mortgage may be paid off. But it also contains another provision which may turn out to be of even more help to Americans who want to stop paying rent. This provision calls for encouragement of a thing known as mutual home ownership. Whether the Wagner-Ellender Bill will be finally passed remains uncertain, but the mutual ownership idea has already had a chance to prove itself and it enjoys the support of many labor leaders and industrialists.

Mutual home ownership, as they see it, offers all the advantages of renting plus the solid benefit of owning a rooftree in a perpetually protected neighborhood. No cash down; low monthly payments; the accumulation of an equity; full incentive to maintain the property in good condition; provision for moving readily when there are changes in the family's size or income, and best of all, participation in management.

Here is the way the system works. An individual or a group puts up the capital for the purchase of land and the construction of several hundred homes. The large-scale operation lowers building costs, and eliminates big sales commissions and speculators' profits. This gives more housing per dollar.

Well Distributed Monthly Payments

A family subscribes to an amount of stock equal to the value of the property occupied, and pays for it at so much a month. In addition to amortizing the indebtedness for the stock, the payments pile up reserves for maintenance, repairs and losses occasioned by vacancies. After the stock is all paid for, the occupant pays only his share of taxes, insurance and operational expense.

In the average rented home, maintenance, repair and vacancies cost the landlord approximately 30 per cent of the money he receives in rent. Government audits prove conclusively that mutual home ownership reduces these costs by at least one half, and the saving is credited to residents. Furthermore, everything over and above the money required for actual operation of the project is invested in readily convertible securities, and the interest is also added to reserve funds for ultimate distribution to each family.

A resident—and this is the basic principle of mutual home ownership—never acquires title in fee simple. What he has is the right of perpetual occupancy as long as he keeps up his monthly payments. Anything else would lose the benefit of the system, for with an individual in full control of his property, the community could not enforce high standards. Lack of uniform maintenance, for example, or sale to undesirable tenants, might well result in "neighborhood blight."

The agency, whether public or private, that puts up the initial capital, exercises full authority over assets until amortization retires a major part of the indebtedness. Occupants, however, are protected by contracts that prescribe the amount of monthly payments, and the disposition of reserves, and which limit administrative salaries. Residents have a voice in management from the first, but the man or group that put up the original capital has the final word until the protection of the investment is assured. Then the community assumes complete control, subject to payment of the remaining debt, and operates through a board of directors and various committees.

The relationship between the corporation and the occupants, in fact, is much like that between a mutual insurance company and its policyholders. Just as a policy acquires a cash surrender or paid-up insurance value, so does the stock build up equities. If circumstances force a family to pull out after the first year, it will receive the cash value of its equity, plus its balances in the reserve.

Fortunately, none of these statements has to be taken on faith, for four mutual home ownership projects are now in successful operation. Take the one at Pontiac, Michigan, for a first study. Back in 1936, when I was with the WPA, the late Senator James Couzens saw one of our better housing developments and came to me for suggestion and advice. Crediting automotive workers with having built up his fortune, he was eager to do something as a return.

I had then been working on the mutual plan

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for some years, and when I explained it, the senator approved and gave me the green light. He put up $550,000 to purchase land and construct 200 homes. Pontiac, a town of some 70,000, was then selected as the site, and architects were given the job of planning detached units of different sizes and distinctive types. As soon as the project was publicized in the press, applications poured in. A board of directors, the majority representing the corporation, then worked out the monthly payments, and established rules.

In the ten years of operation, under varied economic conditions, the project, called West Acres, has tested every basic principle of mutual ownership. The results are matters of record. The occupants of the 200 homes have paid substantially less than the prevailing rental rates, and at the same time have built up equities just as if they were buying the houses on a deferred payment plan. They have also acquired balances in the reserve funds. In cases where it was necessary for a family to move away from the project, usually due to new job locations, the sale of their equities, *without a single exception*, brought them more than their aggregate amortization payments. So they left with a profit.

The problem of changing space requirements has also been met and solved. In its life cycle the average family needs four or five different types and sizes of homes. Children come, calling for more rooms, and as they grow up and marry, requirements decline until they are about where they were when the family first started.

In mutual ownership projects, due to its compactness and single management, the solution is fairly simple. When one family becomes smaller, and another larger, the two swap contracts. As a result there is no loss, no disruption of neighborhood associations, and no change in the children's schools.

Pride in Ownership

Nothing has been more plainly proved than that the people will take care of property they own. Due to pride in maintenance, there has been appreciation instead of depreciation in the value of the whole project. Appraisals today are well above the estimated 25 to 35 per cent increase in production costs since 1936. The investment has earned 3 per cent from the first, and the cash position of West Acres is so sound that the board is considering another such project.

But maybe the case history of one family will make mutual home ownership stand clearer. In 1936, John and Mary Doe, with an income of $40 a week, selected a single bedroom $3,000 home in one of our projects, subscribing to thirty $100 shares of stock in the corporation. They agreed to pay $32.70 a month for twenty-five years, at the end of which time the stock would be amortized and their payments reduced to cover only taxes, insurance, etc. . . . The monthly payment was made up of these items:

Amortization	$ 6.00
Interest	11.66
Insurance	.74
Maintenance	6.30
Vacancy reserves	3.00
Taxes	3.00
Administration	2.00
	$32.70

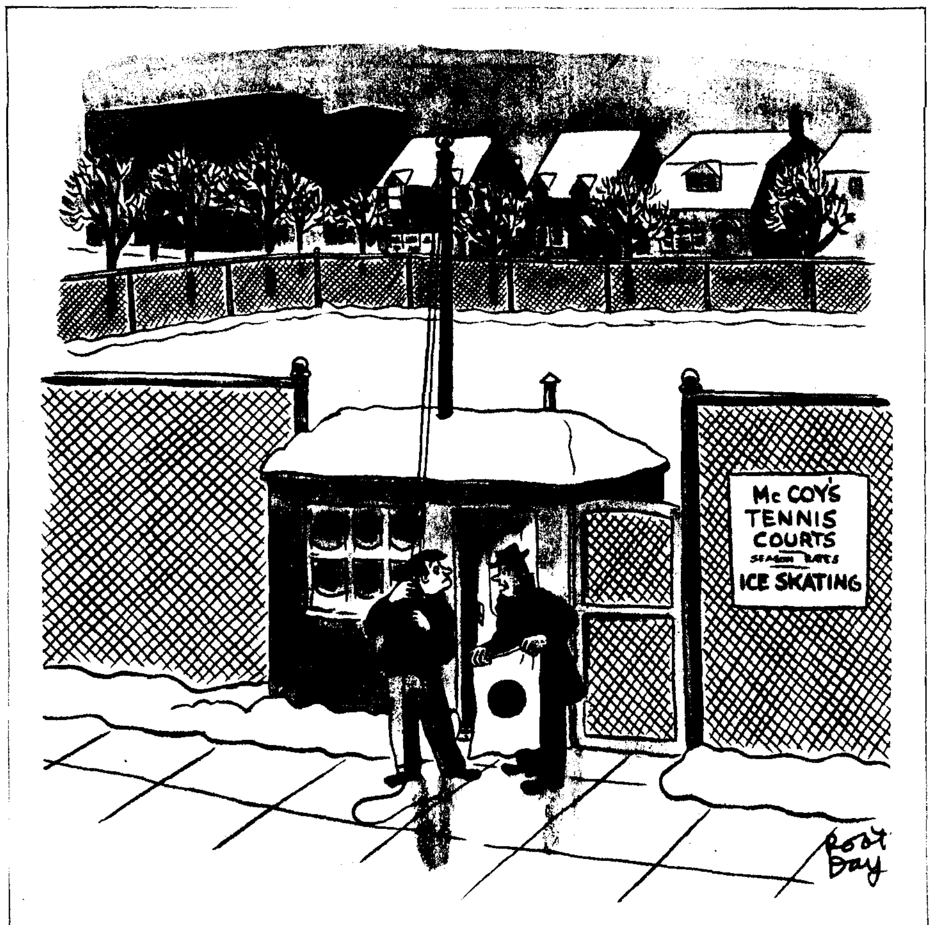
For three years things went well with the Does. They kept up their payments, and in common with other residents, took excellent care of the house and grounds. In 1939, however, along with the coming of a second baby, John's factory shut down. Going to the management with his story, he found that he had a credit of $334 for maintenance, and $216 for amortization. Against these reserves, only $26.04 had been actually expended for plumbing repairs. The rest of the upkeep had been taken care of by the Does.

The manager estimated that $170 would repaint and repaper, making the house as good as new, while the $216 amortization credit took care of depreciation. This still left enough net credit to carry the Does for five months. Fortunately, John found another job in two months.

In 1941 Mary's father died, and she brought her mother home. For a while the old lady slept on a cot in the kitchen, but with two babies around, it wasn't very comfortable. As John was now making $50 a week, he decided to try for a larger home. Going to the manager again, he found that the Richard Roes no longer needed their three-bedroom house, the children having married and moved away. In no time at all, the two swapped houses. The only cost was moving expenses.

Both families now had homes to suit, and were enabled to remain in the neighborhood where they had developed friendships and church and school connections. After the exchange, the Does paid $43.80 a month, while the monthly payments of the Roes were reduced to $32.70. Accumulated reserves remained to their respective credits.

In the spring of 1942, John was offered a job as superintendent in a distant war plant. A third visit to the manager revealed that six families were on the waiting list and all had been approved. So John sold his equities for $750. more than they'd cost. The profit represented the increased value created by the community.



"Think it's safe to start using this 'Skating Today' flag again?"

COLLIER'S ROBERT DAY

Now for a look at three other mutual home ownership projects. In 1940, after several years devoted to my own affairs, I returned to government service as a special assistant to John Carmody, head of the Federal Works Administration. A man of vision, he allotted a certain amount of defense housing money for community construction of homes along the lines of the Pontiac plan. By 1943 we had two projects in operation: Walnut Grove with 250 homes in South Bend, Indiana, and Greenmont with 500 in Dayton, Ohio.

My division assumed all of the initial responsibilities, such as the purchase of a site, the employment of architects and contractors, and field supervision. A few weeks prior to the date the houses were to be finished, we set up a tenant selection committee that carefully considered credit rating, steady prospective income and character. The next step was the organization of a mutual ownership corporation under local statutes. We chose the majority of the first board of trustees, but residents were given minority representation. The government and the corporation then entered into a contract that covered the right of purchase, spread the monthly payments over a 33-year period, and called for an interest rate of three per cent.

While the South Bend and Dayton projects have not yet completed three years of operation, the results are significant. As in the case of Pontiac, splendid maintenance has prevented depreciation, and vacancy losses have been negligible. A recent survey shows that every occupant has been able to accumulate equities sufficient to make substantial payments which would allow the corporation to purchase the tract from the government. Even more important, the operating expenses of the two projects are only about half of what it costs to run similar housing projects directly administered by the Federal Public Housing Agency in the same localities.

The fourth mutual home ownership project was established in Dayton by the workers themselves. A committee of factory men, tired of paying rent and eager for homes of their own, raised money enough to take an option on some acreage and employ architects and contractors for the construction of 362 dwelling units. This done, they went to the FHA and got a letter of intent that agreed to insure 80 per cent of any loan that might be obtained. Now the committee shopped around, and two insurance companies were so impressed by the investment that they not only gave the money at 4 per cent, but also paid a handsome premium for the privilege.

The interest rate charged occupants is slightly higher than in the other three projects, but the construction cost was lower, and operating expenses are about the same. Amortization, however, moves at a faster pace, for many families are paying off in larger monthly sums than required. As in Pontiac and South Bend, the standards of maintenance are amazing. Ask the mayor of Dayton, and he will tell you that the mutual ownership projects are the best kept in any section in the city.

In view of these successes, why isn't the system in general operation? One of the principal reasons is the opposition of some of those who should be strongest in its support —*the federal housing agencies of the government.* Bureaucrats don't like mutual home ownership because it will put many of them out of their jobs. Real estate speculators, as can be imagined, also have no fondness for it, and banks and insurance companies have not yet shaken off the timidities of the depression years.

On the other hand, the system has been indorsed by the National Housing Committee of the CIO, by the Marine and Shipbuilders Union, and even by certain local branches of the National Association of Manufacturers. All are supremely convinced that mutual home ownership offers a safe method for large-scale planning, production and management by private groups, such as the Dayton workers, or by massed capital in search of sound investment.

But even if the system did *not* stand proved by the operation of four projects, certainly it holds larger promise than old methods that brought so many defaults and foreclosures.

Here are some figures: On December 31, 1940, there were approximately 6,000,000 nonfarm, individually-owned homes in the United States under mortgage. During the fifteen preceding years, more than 2,345,000 homes were foreclosed upon, and approximately 1,000,000 saved from the foreclosure by the Home Owners' Loan Corporation. If we add the number of families who were compelled to make great sacrifices in order to keep up their payments, and those who sold under pressure, you get some idea of the hazards that face the man who hopes to buy a home under the old methods.

In 1940 the average FHA-insured mortgage ran for 25 years, and the owner's estimated equity was 11 per cent. If we assume for the next twenty-five years the same rate of foreclosure as in the fifteen for which we have statistics, it may be reasonably concluded that somewhere between 60 and 80 per cent of all houses sold with 25-year mortgages will be foreclosed upon, or saved by government intervention.

And here is another positive danger if old methods are followed. Under the provisions of the Servicemen's Adjustment Act of 1944, any veteran with an honorable discharge is eligible for a government guaranteed loan to buy or build a home costing as much as $10,000 without putting up a penny of his own money. At least fourteen to fifteen million men and women are entitled to take advantage of the Act, and it is estimated as high as 90 per cent will exercise the right.

The Urgency of the Veteran

Many will probably be high pressured into buying homes before they really get settled down.* In this connection, here are some interesting figures on G.I. loan activities as of June 30th of last year. Out of 14,070 applications for home loans, 11,220 were approved in the amount of $18,507,532. By contrast, applications for farm loans totaled only 270 and for business ventures just 738.

Administrative officials, to be sure, are supposed to determine the "relation" of the veteran's present and anticipated income and expenses to the purchase price or construction cost. But what official will want to turn down the application of a veteran? This natural reluctance will be strengthened by pressure from those who have houses to sell.

Officials are also charged with arriving at the "reasonable normal value" of the property. Exact appraisal of real estate values, however, *is impossible under the most favorable conditions*, and in the present confused period, the problem will be enormously complicated. Costs are high, materials are difficult to get, and builders are not organized to produce efficiently. The situation is made to order for fluctuating prices, and fluctuations do not have to be very severe to shake a 100 per cent mortgage loan loose from its foundations.

Wholesale foreclosure on veterans' homes, of course, is not to be expected. In cases of default, the government will step in as it did through the Home Owners' Loan Corporation during the depression. But at that time prices were low and substantial payments had already been made on most of the homes; today neither of these conditions obtains. Even so, the HOLC found it necessary to foreclose on 25 per cent of the mortgages it took over. Only new methods of merchandising can save the veterans from disaster.

Take mutual home ownership or leave it, but this one thing is sure: If we refuse to profit by experience, and go ahead with postwar housing on the theory that the old methods will do the trick, the long-heralded housing boom is bound to boomerang.

THE END

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* *See Boom in Homes, by Sidney Margolius, Collier's, July 7, 1945.*

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The 1946 Ford offers more advances than most pre-war yearly models! There's new-styled smartness throughout. Still more over-all economy . . . Here is a big car—with increased power—and new *oversize* hydraulic brakes for quick and quiet stops . . . (And what a ride! *So level.* So smooth and gentle—thanks to new slow-action springs) . . . Inside you'll find new richness. Colorful fabrics—soft to the touch—and smartly tailored to the broad, deep seats . . . There's a choice of engines—both with new thrift features to save gas and oil. The V-8, now stepped-up from 90 to 100 horsepower—the 90 horsepower Six . . . All in all, they're the smartest, finest Ford cars ever built. See for yourself. Your Ford dealer will be happy to show them to you. *FORD MOTOR COMPANY*

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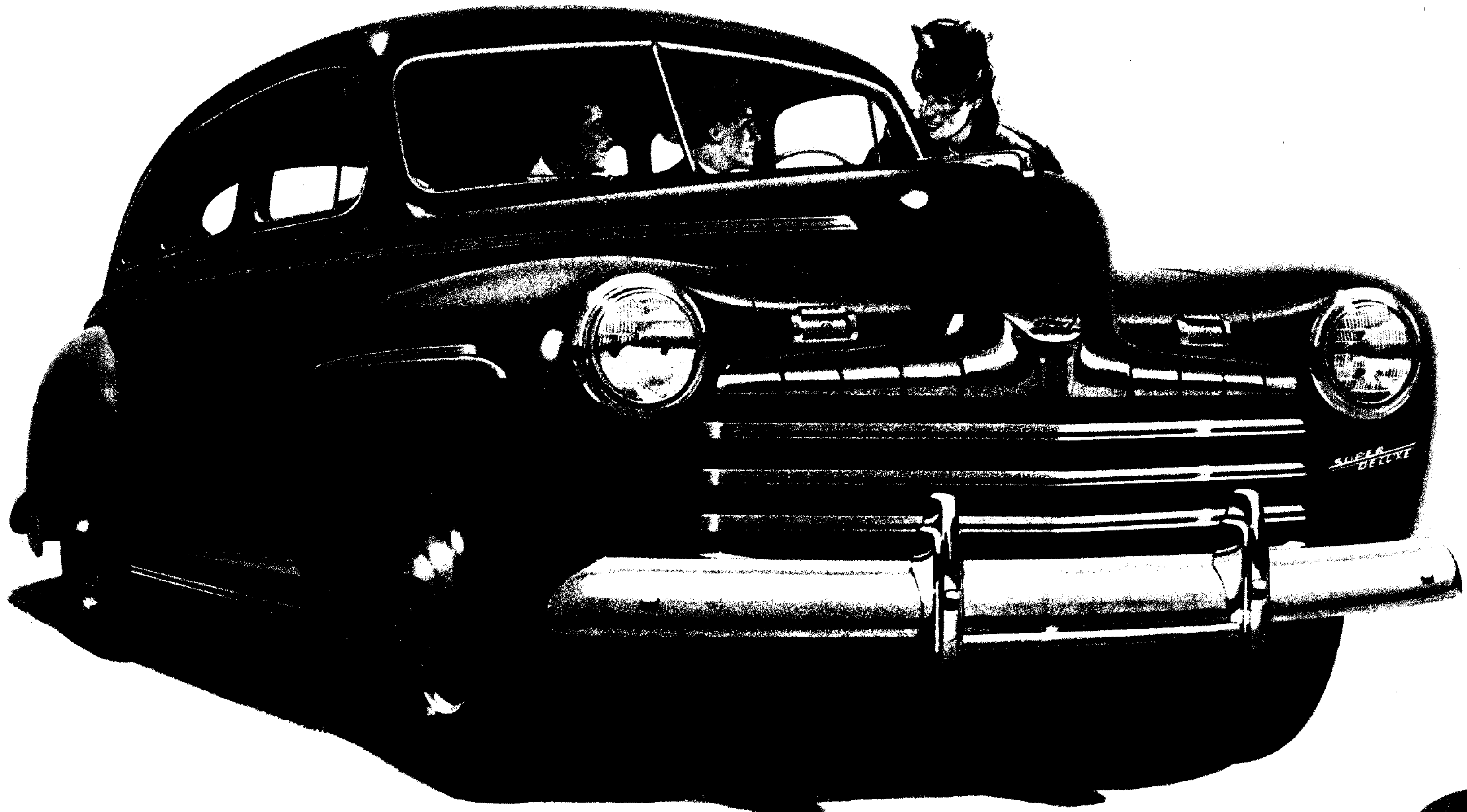

TUNE IN . . . **THE FORD SHOW** . . . **CBS, Tuesdays. 10-10:30 P.M., E.S.T.** **THE FORD SUNDAY EVENING HOUR . . . ABC, Sundays. 8-9 P.M., E.S.T.**

Ford

CAPTAIN PULLS RANK ON WIFE

— and saves the holiday!

7 A. M. "Me on skis? Not today," she begs off. Headachy, dopey, she needs a laxative. "I'm head of this shebang," says he, "even if I have parked my Captain's bars. You're going to take a glass of Sal Hepatica. That's an *order!*"

9 A. M. "Gosh what fun!" she beams. "Am I glad you insisted on that Sal Hepatica!" As usual, this sparkling saline laxative brought quick, gentle relief. Taken first thing in the morning, it usually acts within an hour. Helps counteract excess gastric acidity, helps turn a sour stomach sweet again, too.

Three out of five doctors, interviewed in a survey, recommend this sparkling saline laxative. So try it, next time *you* need a laxative.

ASK YOUR DOCTOR about the efficacy of this famous prescription: Sal Hepatica's active ingredients: sodium sulphate, sodium chloride, sodium phosphate, lithium carbonate, sodium bicarbonate, tartaric acid. Get a bottle of Sal Hepatica today, remembering this: caution—use only as directed.

Whenever you need a laxative
—take gentle, *speedy*
SAL HEPATICA

TUNE IN: "MR. DISTRICT ATTORNEY—Wednesdays, NBC, 9:30 P. M., E.S.T.
"THE ALAN YOUNG SHOW"—Tuesdays, ABC, 8:30 P. M., E.S.T.

Unconquerable Spirit

Continued from page 21

F.D.R. made. Nevertheless, it would be nothing short of tragedy if Franklin D. Roosevelt, the President, pushed Franklin D. Roosevelt, the *man,* out of mind and memory, for I believe that no life in our time was more instinct with courage, so rich in inspiration, or better fitted to serve as a pattern and example. Today, particularly, when a world war has maimed its thousands, compelling so many of America's youth to start civilian careers under cruel handicaps, the story of Franklin D. Roosevelt's victorious struggle stands as an inspiration.

Coming on the scene some ten years after his affliction, I had no firsthand knowledge of the struggle throughout that trying period. From Mrs. Roosevelt, "Louie" Howe and others of the family circle, however, I gained a clear picture of what he and they themselves had been called upon to endure.

The early days of Mr. Roosevelt's paralysis were days that all the Roosevelts tried to forget. Weary weeks in the hospital, and then weeks at home when he lay in heavy casts. Every day a little of the plaster was chipped out at the back, but while those who loved him were often in tears, he bore the torture uncomplainingly, and with never a break in his cheerful fortitude.

By summer he had progressed sufficiently to insist on crutches, and in the quiet of Hyde Park he spent patient, pain-filled hours developing the muscles that would permit their fullest use.

In keeping with his pledge never to accept invalidism, he took the presidency of the Boy Scout Foundation and the chairmanship of an American Legion campaign and, as movement became easier, resumed his old interest in national affairs. The Democratic convention in 1924, however, was his first public appearance since his attack, and when he stood up in Madison Square Garden and made the stirring Happy Warrior speech that placed Governor Smith in nomination, even opposed delegations cheered him for his courage.

Sometime during that summer, George Foster Peabody, the banker and philanthropist, had bought an old health resort at Warm Springs in western Georgia. Its chief feature was a pool with a temperature of 89 degrees, and a very high specific gravity due to double molecules of magnesium and calcium, and Mr. Peabody reported that many victims of infantile paralysis had received marked benefits there.

Devising His Own Treatment

Deeply impressed, F.D.R. went to Warm Springs that fall, renting one of the cottages that surrounded the ancient wooden hotel. There was no doctor in charge at the time, and he evolved his own methods of treatment. He taught himself to use his legs in the water, to get his feet down and walk around on the bottom, and varied this by clinging to the side of the pool, and going through exercises that stretched his atrophied muscles. In six weeks he made more progress than in the whole three years since Campobello.

Called back to New York, he put his affairs in order, and returned to Warm Springs in April, 1925, planning a long stay. A reporter for an Atlanta paper arrived in search of a feature, and wrote an article called Swimming Back to Health, which was reprinted all over the country. As a result, victims of infantile paralysis began to pour into Warm Springs from every section, crowding the resort far beyond its capacity. Cheerfully, compassionately, F.D.R. helped to settle them, explaining the stretching treatment that he had devised for himself, and even supervising the water exercises that had worked such marked improvement in his own case.

In 1934, at a Thanksgiving Day party given for his fellow patients, he touched intimately on some of those early experiences. "During that first year," he said, "I was doctor and physiotherapist rolled into one. On returning in 1926, and finding that more sufferers had arrived, we managed to arrange for adequate medical supervision. Housing, however, remained a problem, and along with the care of patients, we toiled at running a hotel. A five-piece band also represented a gamble of magnitude, for our resources only justified three pieces."

Convinced of the curative value of the waters, and eager to have other victims of infantile paralysis receive the benefits, F.D.R. brought Warm Springs to the attention of the Orthopedic Association, then meeting at Atlanta. On receiving a favorable report, he bought the property from Mr. Peabody and incorporated the Georgia Warm Springs Foundation as a nonprofit institution. About twelve hundred acres were taken over, together with the buildings, and fully two thirds of F.D.R.'s personal fortune went into the project.

A New Call to Public Life

In 1928, he went to Houston to place Governor Smith in nomination a second time. The movement to draft Mr. Roosevelt for the New York gubernatorial race not only started without his knowledge, but met with his instant and vigorous protest. At the time he was beginning to walk without even the aid of a cane, and his physicians assured him that if he kept up his swimming and exercises, and avoided the cold northern winters, he might expect increasing improvement. To quit Warm Springs for the strain of a campaign might well mean the loss of all that he had gained.

The steady and powerful pressure of party leaders finally won his consent, but only after he had received assurances that Warm Springs would not suffer from what he regarded as his desertion. Neither as governor of New York, nor as President of the United States, was the Georgia project ever far from his thoughts, and I will never forget his pride and happiness when 1938 saw the incorporation of the National Foundation for Infantile Paralysis. Others contributed money and effort, but it was the guiding hand and compassionate heart of Franklin D. Roosevelt that built up a small, run-down health resort into a great national undertaking with 3,000 chapters, offering treatment to five to six hundred patients a year from every state in the Union, regardless of race, creed and ability to pay.

Once committed to running for governor, he campaigned with vigor and zest, making as many as fifteen speeches a day, and while Governor Smith was lost to sight under the Hoover landslide, failing to carry New York, Roosevelt won. As he had feared, braces became a necessity, and their weight distorted his muscles and put increasing strain on his back. Moreover, the press of official duties led to the neglect of his physical condition, compelling him to depend too much on his crutches and less on systematic exercise.

What he counted on, however, was retirement after one term, or possibly two. Mr. Hoover's election lifted Republicans to an all-time high, and Democratic prospects were so hopeless that many prophesied the party's dissolution.

A change came with thunderbolt suddenness. One day there was the confident promise of a continuing and increasing prosperity, and the next saw wholesale unemployment, crashing banks and breadlines. Governor Roosevelt was renominated by acclamation in 1930, and when the votes were counted, he had won by the unprecedented plurality of 725,000 and had become the strongest Democratic candidate for the Presidency in 1932.

Again, as in 1928, F.D.R. was faced with a momentous decision. First, there was the strain of a nation-wide campaign, and in event of victory, the burdens of the great office. Clearly, inescapably, he saw that a declaration of candidacy meant the surrender of his hope for complete recovery, and pain-filled years of dependence on the braces that he hated.

As we sat together one evening in the White House, he told me of the considerations that had led him to yield to the insistence of Farley and Howe. The country lay prostrate under a weight of misery and fear, with courage and initiative no more than memories. The cause, as he saw it, was a persistence in the misconception of the federal government as a sovereign power—aloof, remote and magisterial—above and apart from people and their daily life. What had to be done was to bring government down into the world of work where it could see and serve the country's needs, correcting every injustice and evil inequality.

My appointment as White House physician came as a complete surprise. While I had known the new President when he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, it was as a junior officer. My duty in 1932 was head of the Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat Department at the Washington Navy Hospital as well as instructor at the Naval Medical School. What could an eye, ear and throat man possibly have to offer a victim of infantile paralysis?

"Quit worrying," said Cary Grayson, who brought the news and laughed when he gave me his advice. "He's as strong as a horse, with the exception of a chronic sinus condition which makes him susceptible to colds. That's where you come in."

Just as my appointment was a surprise, even more surprising was my first discussion with the President as to his care and treatment. I found a man who had a clear insight into his own condition and I saw that my work was to be made easy.

Planning needed to be done to protect this man against all possible dangers. His secretaries, the secret service and my own office formed a team in this important work, taking meticulous care of all arrangements when on tour, keeping a ceaseless watch in handling crowds and screening visitors. That no incident occurred during the years shows how well that job was done.

A Salvaged Acceptance Speech

But there were some close calls. On the night of his acceptance speech at Philadelphia in 1936, for example, there was a narrow escape from disaster. A crowd of more than 100,000 cheering persons filled the stadium as Mr. Roosevelt entered from the rear of the crowded platform. Bands played and floodlights gleamed on his smiling face. He advanced a few steps toward the speakers' stand and then—it seemed to the crowd—was surrounded by his Cabinet officers and friends on the platform, including such tall men as Jim Farley and Homer Cummings. What actually had happened was that a bolt in one of his braces sheared off and the President sagged toward the floor, clinging to the arm of his son, James. His typewritten speech fell from his hand and the pages were scattered and stepped on. Half a dozen men quickly stepped in front of him and for a short time he was completely hidden from the crowd as Gus Gennerich, a bodyguard who was constantly prepared for such emergencies, put a new bolt into place. The manuscript was gathered up—some of the pages out of place—and a moment later Mr. Roosevelt continued to the speakers' stand, smiling broadly as if he had merely stopped to greet his friends.

The crowd never knew what had happened, and few spectators noticed as Mr. Roosevelt quickly reshuffled the misplaced pages of his speech.

The work of the team was made harder by the President's complete disregard of himself. Following the inaugural address of 1937, which was made in a driving rain, the secret service tried to prevail upon him to ride in a closed car. His answer was typical: "The people have been standing in the rain for hours to see me; I can do as much." So he rode back to the White House in the open car amid the cheering throng that lined Pennsylvania Avenue.

It is rare indeed for anyone to consider the Presidency in the light of a *job,* but a conscientious chief executive is called upon for more downright drudgery than any other official in the world. The position still runs along the lines laid down in 1787, when the population of the entire country totaled less than that of New York City today, with the result that the duties are a queer, impossible jumble of tremendous problems and absurd clerical routine calculated to break the strongest.

The President, in no doubt as to the burden he must carry, agreed with me on the necessity of a fixed regimen that would order every hour of the day with machinelike exactitude. Certain hours for work, certain hours for sleep, regular exercise, and careful attention to diet.

Temperate in all things, he ate and drank in strict accordance with the rules that I laid down. He liked fish and game, but avoided sweets out of a dread of putting on weight, and his one dissipation was an occasional hot dog and a glass of beer on motor trips and picnics. As a usual thing, he took a cocktail before dinner but every so often would cut them out for weeks at a time. His nights offered no problem, for he had trained himself to go to sleep within five minutes after turning out the light. No worry was ever carried to bed.

What helped immeasurably was the swimming pool that had been installed in the West Terrace. The cost of construction had been met by the contributions of friends, and it was a fine affair, fifty feet long, fifteen feet wide and nine feet deep at one end. Out of his love for the water, it was easy to persuade the President that the day's work must stop at 5:30, giving him an hour in the pool before dinner.

This hour was the happiest in the whole day, for his mighty back muscles made him the equal of any, and he loved to duck and wrestle and race. Having mastered the Australian crawl, he loved it, but I made him stop all underwater swimming because of his sinus. Always, as at Warm Springs, a part of the time was given over to muscle-stretching exercises that he himself had worked out. After the swim, he took his place on a rubbing table, and Chief Petty Officer George Fox, now a commander, the best man in the service in physical therapy, gave him a deep massage.

In the beginning of our association, I urged rest periods, particularly a nap after luncheon, but I soon discovered that what refreshed him most was not a discontinuance of activity but a change of pace. When he felt fatigue, he would turn to his stamp collection, numbering around 30,000, and put everything else out of his mind.

At the outset I also learned the uselessness of trying to cut down on his list of visitors. People were as necessary to him as meat and drink, and until our entry into the war, no President ever kept a wider open door.

At first I was also disposed to counsel against travel, but I found that it was helpful rather than hurtful. The President slept in a berth even better than in his bed at the White House, and changes of scene and contacts with people refreshed and invigorated him. Curiously enough, when he was out of doors, away from walls, he seemed impervious to weather changes, enduring extremes of heat and cold, and unaffected by exposure.

Following Doctor's Orders

Throughout his first administration, and well into his second, no doctor ever had a more satisfactory patient than the President. Despite the press of domestic affairs, he held to his regimen and heeded all of my suggestions with only amiable protests now and then. A bit too heavy, perhaps, for his weight was around 190, but otherwise he was in the pink. Even his legs, due to exercise and massage, had improved to a point where I considered it safe to discard one of the braces.

But when war started in Europe there began a battle with the President that continued to the day of his death. His passionate concern ended all thought of self. More and more he drove himself relentlessly, and every day was a fight to make him observe his regimen. Seeing the danger to America so clearly himself, he blamed himself for his failure to give equal vision to the people as a whole.

It was this consideration, and nothing else, that made him decide to stand for re-election in 1940. Of my own intimate knowledge, and others close to the President will bear me out, I can say that retirement at the end of his second term had been the dearest wish of his heart and soul. Hyde Park called him, and in numberless conversations he had discussed plans that involved the development of the

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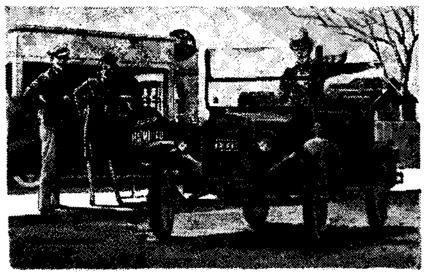

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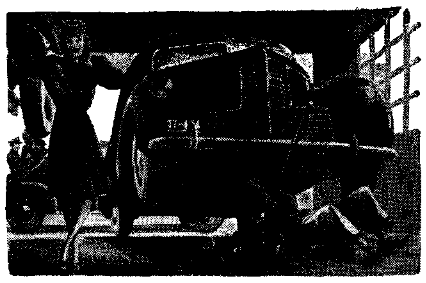

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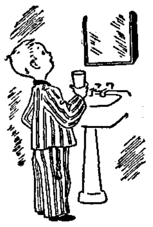


estate, with time for writing and a continuance of interest in public affairs.

His ultimate decision proceeded solely from a deep conviction that the most momentous years of the Republic lay ahead, and that it was his obligation to let the people balance his offer of leadership against the claims of others. There was no doubt in my mind then, and there is none today, that his candidacy was motivated by purest patriotism and entailed personal sacrifice.

After the votes were counted, the President's physical condition became a primary subject of discussion. Checkups, made from head to foot, showed nothing organically wrong, but as I pointed out, another four years of wearing effort precluded all hope of improvement. The very best that could be expected was the prevention of deterioration, and this called for a return to his regimen, and strict adherence to rules of daily conduct. After listening carefully to what he must do, and what he could not do, the President nodded his head and we shook hands on the agreement.

Even so, there was the job that had to be done, and the increase in pressure was steady and relentless. After a crowded day, it became more and more his habit to go over stacked papers in the evening, penciling comment, suggestions, instructions and decisions. It did not seem possible that human strength could stand the strain, but always he seemed to find new wells of the spirit on which to draw.

Above and beyond the weight of domestic problems, there was the terrifying march of Hitler's armed hordes across the map of Europe, and his certainty that Germany's paranoiac dream of world dominion would yet involve the United States. From the first shot of war, his mind concerned itself with the need for some statement of faith—an affirmation of democratic principles—that would serve to hearten and strengthen the peoples of the earth in their fight against totalitarianism. All of us close to him knew that this was in the back of his thought, pushing to the front whenever the burdens of the day permitted.

This Fishing Trip Made History

Throughout the spring of 1941 he was more reserved than usual, less inclined for company, and it worried me no little. When we left Washington on August 5, 1941, however, supposedly for a fishing trip, I noted a recovery of his usual gaiety of spirit, and put it down to the lift that a vacation at sea always gave him. Not until the historic meeting with England's Prime Minister, and the proclamation of the Atlantic Charter, did I realize that the change was due to the fact that he had decided on a course of action.

The meeting with Mr. Churchill, and the world's favorable reception of the Charter, sent F.D.R. back to Washington in top form, but soon the rising menace of Japan began to claim his attention and on December 7th came Pearl Harbor.

The Pearl Harbor attack put a pressure on the President that never lifted. With the flower of America's youth fighting and dying on land and sea, he looked on any sparing of himself as betrayal. My pleas and protests were brushed aside, and the best I could do was to save as much of his regimen as possible and watch for danger signs.

In the summer of 1942, the long, dragging weeks of getting ready for the invasion of North Africa put a heavy additional strain on the President, and worse still were the anxious hours when he waited for news of the landings. Even victory brought little relief, for a hue and cry started up against any arrangement with "infamous" Admiral Darlan and the "Vichy crowd."

The necessity of a decision on the next military move led the President to suggest the Casablanca conference with Mr. Churchill. In talking over the proposed journey, I mentioned the dangers of air travel, and the risks in a war zone, but these fears had no place in his mind. All he wanted to know was how he stood physically, and when thorough checkups showed nothing more alarming than the effects of strain, the discussion ended.

If I had had any doubts as to the President's fitness, they would have been removed by the way he handled himself in the trying conference at Casablanca. Argument is a weary business, especially when edged by irritation, but never once did he abate his reasonableness or show impatience.

After Casablanca there were important matters to be discussed with the President of Liberia, and we took off for the short hop down the coast. President Barclay and his cabinet were entertained at luncheon, and after finishing a private discussion, F.D.R. dragged us out into the burning sun for a tour of the Firestone rubber plantation. He seemed to find it intensely interesting, but the rest of the party, dripping sweat, cursed every tree.

Back in Bathurst, we took off at eleven o'clock for the night flight to Brazil. At Natal we breakfasted with Admiral Ingram on the Black Hawk, and when President Vargas came aboard at ten, F.D.R. went into a huddle with him that lasted well into the afternoon. Knowing what he had been through—days of incessant mental and physical strain—I watched for evidence of fatigue, but could not see even a trace.

The President's birthday—January 30th—found us headed for home, and by good chance the plane was over Haiti as we ate a festal luncheon in honor of the occasion. The pilot circled low, and Mr. Roosevelt recalled his tour of the island in 1917, pointing out the mountain trails climbed on the hard journey from Port-au-Prince to Cap-Haitien. As he reminisced of those days when none had been more swift or strong, there must have been an ache of heart, yet no shadow of it could be detected in eyes or voice.

The months that followed Casablanca were wearing ones, but Allied successes lessened the nervous strain, and the President not only picked up weight but lost some of his care lines. In August he went to Quebec for another meeting with the Prime Minister. All of it was wine to him, and I began to share his own belief in his capacity to carry any load.

As summer gave way to fall, and arrangements were completed for the Big Three conference at Teheran, my one insistence was on a more leisurely manner of travel. I knew that the journey to Teheran would be more arduous than the Casablanca trip. The President yielded amiably enough and instead of flying across the Atlantic we took a battleship, giving him a week of needed rest at sea. Taking a plane from Oran, we broke our flight at Tunis, and spent a day driving over the battlefields where Allied armies shattered Rommel's supposedly invincible Afrika Korps. That night we were in the air again for the 1,700-mile hop to Cairo and, after his meeting with Chiang Kai-shek, on to Teheran.

The Casablanca flight had bored the President, for he missed seeing towns and people, but now the pilot flew low, and we looked down on Bethlehem, Jerusalem, Jericho, the Jordan and the Dead Sea. After dreary travel over the wastes of Iraq, we circled several times over fabulous Bagdad before coming to Teheran.

The results of the Teheran conference are now history, written large for all men to see and judge. Mr. Churchill is reported to have said that he noted signs of deterioration in the President during the Teheran meetings. I cannot believe that he ever made any such statement, for every fact in the case refutes it. At the end, F.D.R. was tired, of course, but my examination found him so fit that I did not think it necessary to urge any change in the exacting itinerary that had been planned for the homeward trip: Cairo, Malta, Sicily, Tunis and Dakar, with work and conferences everywhere.

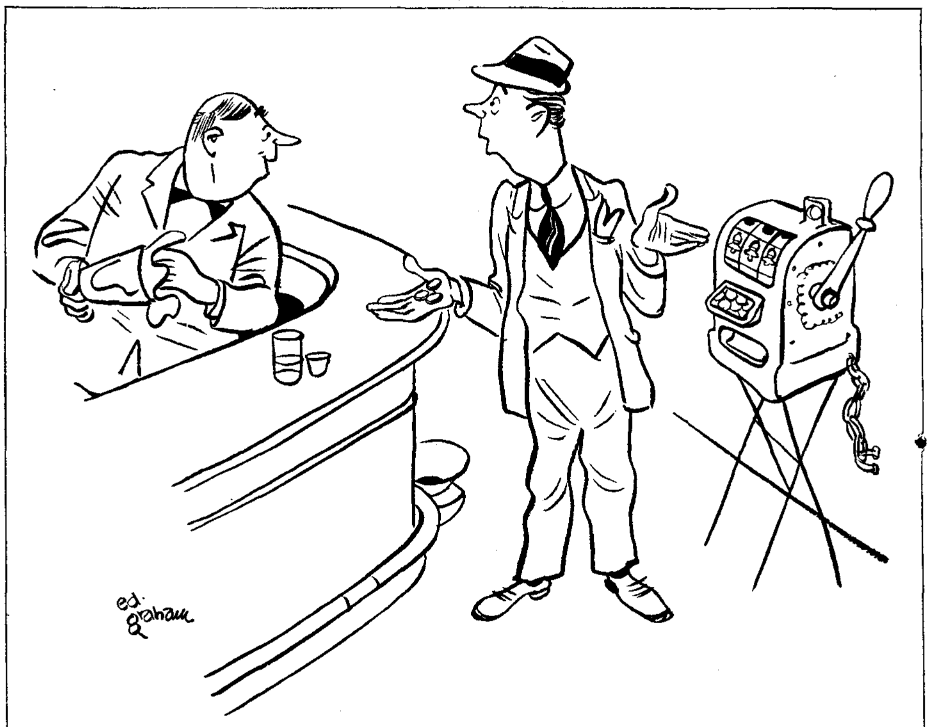
Back home after a strenuous five weeks, the sea trip had erased the President's fatigue lines, and put him back in good shape. At a press conference the afternoon of his return, the correspondents all agreed that he "looked in the pink."

As always, he went to Hyde Park for Christmas, but problems followed him, and just to make things worse, he had the bad luck to contract influenza. Despite treatment, the attack hung on, and left behind a nagging inflammation of the bronchial tubes, with coughing spells that racked him by day and broke his rest at night. Nothing, however, could induce him to "take it easy." My one victory was in persuading him not to deliver his annual message to Congress in person. His bronchitis and certain Congressional opposition irritated him and upset his usual cool balance.

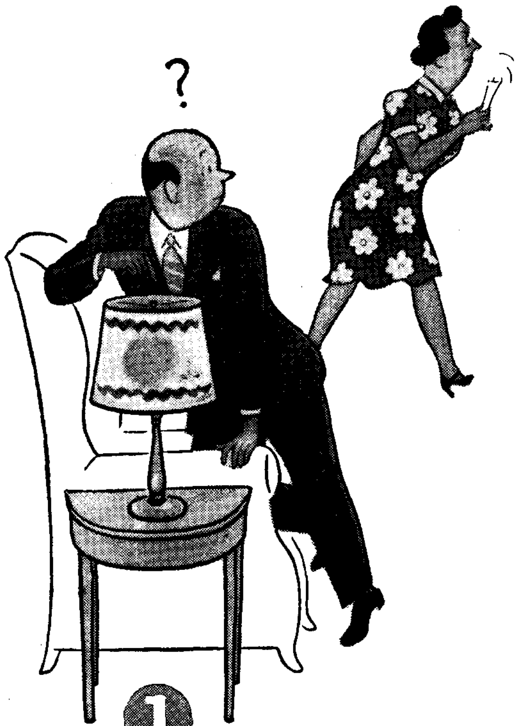
Finally I insisted, demanding that he leave the White House and its many cares for a full month at least. He gratefully accepted Bernie Baruch's offer of his South Carolina plantation as a quiet retreat. By the time of his return to Washington, he was in fine trim again, although too low in weight for my liking.

Nevertheless, it was during this South Carolina stay, when bronchitis was the President's one and only trouble, that the country filled with every manner of wild, reckless rumor about his physical condition. It was whispered that he had suffered a stroke, that he suffered from a malignant ailment, or that he had undergone this and that major operation. Even the most authoritative denials failed to check the sweep of these vicious and utterly baseless lies.

I asked Doctor Frank Lahey, of Boston, and Doctor James Paullin, of Atlanta, to come to Washington for consultation with our naval specialists. Their findings, on the whole, gave no room whatsoever for anxiety or even apprehension. All of the physical findings were within normal limits; the kidneys functioning perfectly and the heart



COLLIER'S "That *is* the jackpot. The machine withholds the taxes" ED GRAHAM



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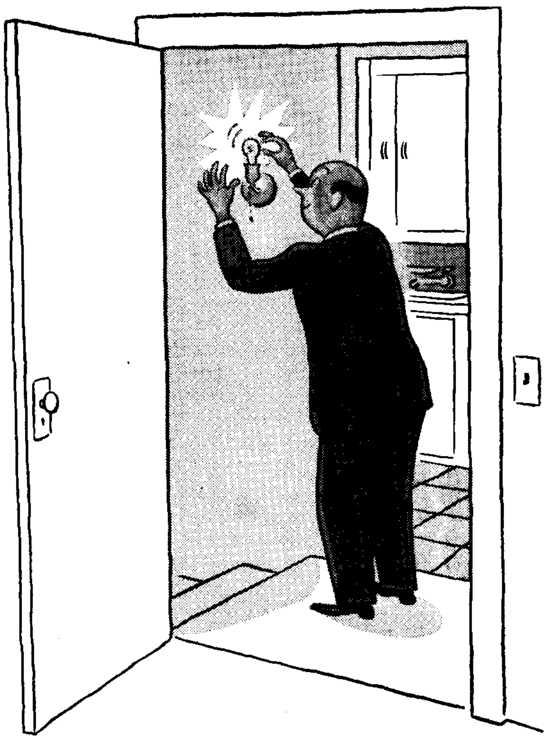

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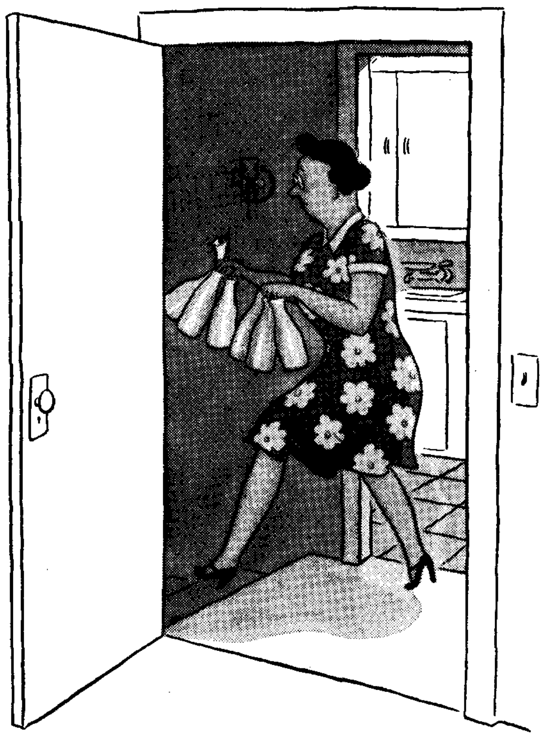

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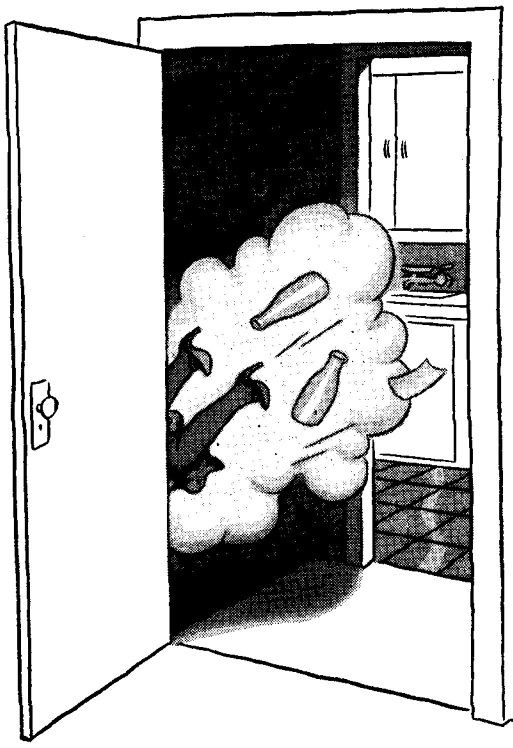

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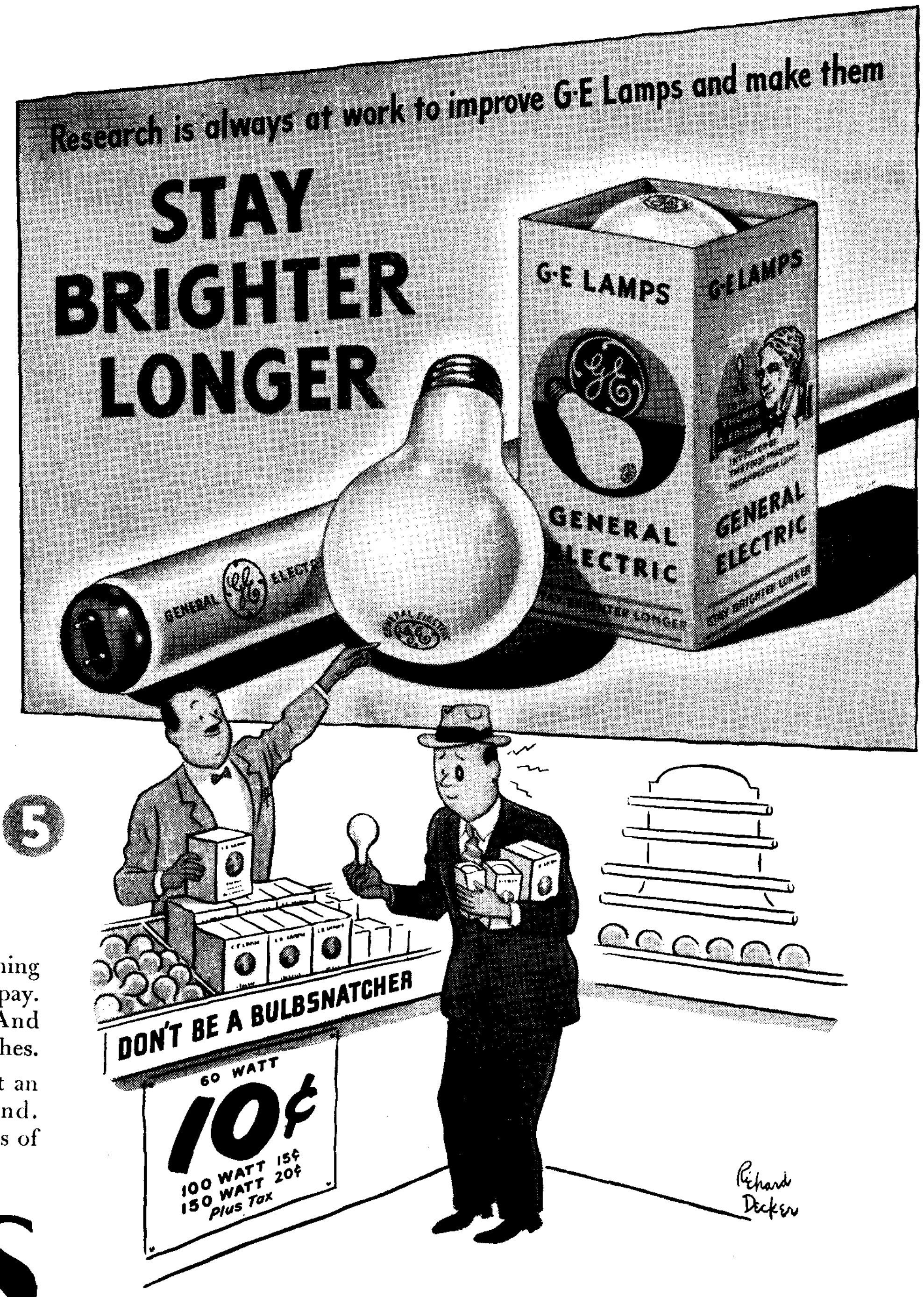
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handling its load satisfactorily, even after the flu and bronchitis. Both physicians, however, were in agreement that the President must "slow down."

Doctor Paullin, in particular, made quite an impression with a comparison that he instituted between the human body and an automobile. "Let's assume," he said, "that you're setting out on a 10,000-mile trip in a brand-new machine. Hitting on every cylinder, you burn up the road for 8,000 miles, hitting a 70-mile-an-hour clip. By that time the tires are worn. The car, of course, is good enough to finish the journey, but not at high speed."

The President laughed, although a bit ruefully, and agreed to quit burning up the road, "maybe not as slow as 35 miles an hour, but much less than 70 anyway." For a while he followed orders as obediently as could have been wished, with splendid results. Getting him to put on weight, however, proved a chore, for he took an almost boyish pride in his flat stomach.

His improvement was fortunate, for two other trips became imperative—one to the Pacific, where he conferred with General MacArthur and Admiral Nimitz on the final drive against Japan's home islands, and the other to Quebec for a meeting with Mr. Churchill. He returned from both journeys in better shape than when he started, buoyantly convinced that victory was assured.

Meanwhile came another of those tremendous decisions from which his life had permitted no escape. Would he stand for a fourth term?

Again, as in 1940, one of the determining factors was his physical condition, and again the same answer was returned by consultants. Every possible checkup proved him organically sound, but there was his age to be considered, and twelve years of grueling strain such as no other President in history had ever been called on to bear. With proper care, and the aid afforded by his indomitable spirit, the chances were good that he might get through, but a continuance of the load might well mean disaster. With these judgments spread clearly before him, he made his choice, confident that he could find the strength to reach the road's end.

Rumors and Innuendoes

His one concession was a promise to avoid the exhaustions of the usual campaign, but when all of the old malignancies about his health revived, with new and specific charges that he was a physical and mental wreck, he could not be restrained. We did manage to have him speak from his chair at the Statler Hotel meeting, but when it came to the New York trip, there was a return to the heavy braces that were a constant nuisance.

The four-hour ride in a drenching rain was not as bad as it looked, for the President was warmly wrapped, but I brought every known protest to bear against the Brooklyn speech, when he would have to stand. Senator Wagner, however, was a lifelong friend, and nothing could stop him from speaking in behalf of Bob's re-election. Afterward, at top speed, we hustled him to a Coast Guard barracks, where there was a brisk rubdown and a change of clothes from the skin out.

Quite frankly, I disliked the stress and strain that the campaign placed on him, but the manner in which he came through it made me begin to share the President's own faith in the unconquerability of his *will.* He was tired, and confessed it, but gaily confident that a few weeks at Warm Springs would work its usual miracle. Unhappily, he ran into cold, rainy weather, and the expected benefits did not materialize.

Back at the White House, pressure increased instead of lightened. At the turn of the year the President became convinced that marching events compelled another conference of the Big Three, and arrangements were made for the Yalta conference.

It has come to be accepted as a fact by many that the President was not himself at Yalta, either physically or mentally. There is just as much truth in the charge as there was in the whisper about his "breakdown" in Teheran. He knew fatigue, of course, for the sessions were exhausting, but never once was there a loss of vigor or clarity.

The Crimea conference did not end the list of Presidential chores by any means, and had there been any honesty in his enemies, the manner in which he completed an exhausting itinerary should have silenced the reports about his "complete breakdown."

When Prime Minister Churchill took both of F.D.R.'s hands upon parting at Alexandria, neither of the two strong, vital men had any prescience that they were never to see each other again. They talked of another meeting that would be in either Washington or London. Vital was the right word for the President as we sailed away from Alexandria for home. At a luncheon given for the correspondents, he talked for two hours, going over Yalta highlights, and all agreed that he was never in better form.

After a month's absence, the White House desk was piled high, and the President broke away from his regimen, turning every luncheon into a conference, skipping his rubs and working at night. I remonstrated, but he answered that there was a job that had to be done, and just so much time in which to do it. Checkups continued to be satisfactory, but when he went before Congress with his Yalta report, I noted plain evidence of fatigue both in his voice and manner.

On cleaning up his desk to a point where he could get down to Warm Springs, I sat with him for a talk about his condition, and did not mince words or pull punches. He was no longer a young man, and while there was nothing organically wrong with him, as shown by every test, exhaustion opened the door to every variety of ill. Since Yalta he had continued to lose weight, and was now at least fifteen pounds below normal. If, as planned, he wanted to go to the San Francisco conference, and then to London and possibly China, he must regain that poundage and start living within his reserves. In plain, it was mandatory that he return to the regimen that had kept him fit for twelve years.

The President made no effort to contradict or dissent, admitting that he had been driving himself too hard, and gave his solemn promise that from then on he would be a "good patient," neither "playing hookey" nor running out on a single rule.

Consequently, he departed for Warm Springs, where we felt he could gain the needed rest that would put him in shape for the coming events. As always, when I felt my presence was not needed on a Warm Springs visit, I had one of our naval medical officers cover the party. For this instance, I sent Commander Howard Bruenn, one of our fine internists, who was completely familiar with the President's condition, and with him, Lieutenant Commander George Fox, who had accompanied him on all his journeys since 1933.

From the first the daily reports were most encouraging. Best of all, perfect weather permitted long drives, and these hours in the sun gave him a fine coat of tan. Keeping strictly to the letter of our agreement, he had received only two callers—Henry Morgenthau and Sergio Osmeña, president of the Philippines. The Osmeña visit was more of a celebration than anything else, for the islands had been freed, and the President joyously outlined a broad program of reconstruction to repair the ravages of war.

When Doctor Bruenn telephoned on Thursday of the second week, April 12th, his report was even more optimistic. The President had gained back eight of his lost pounds, and was feeling so fit that he planned to attend an old-fashioned Georgia barbecue in the afternoon, and a minstrel show that evening for the Foundation's patients. Every cause for anxiety seemed to have lifted and, given another lazy, restful week, there was no reason why he should not return to Washington on April 20th to greet the Regent of Iraq.

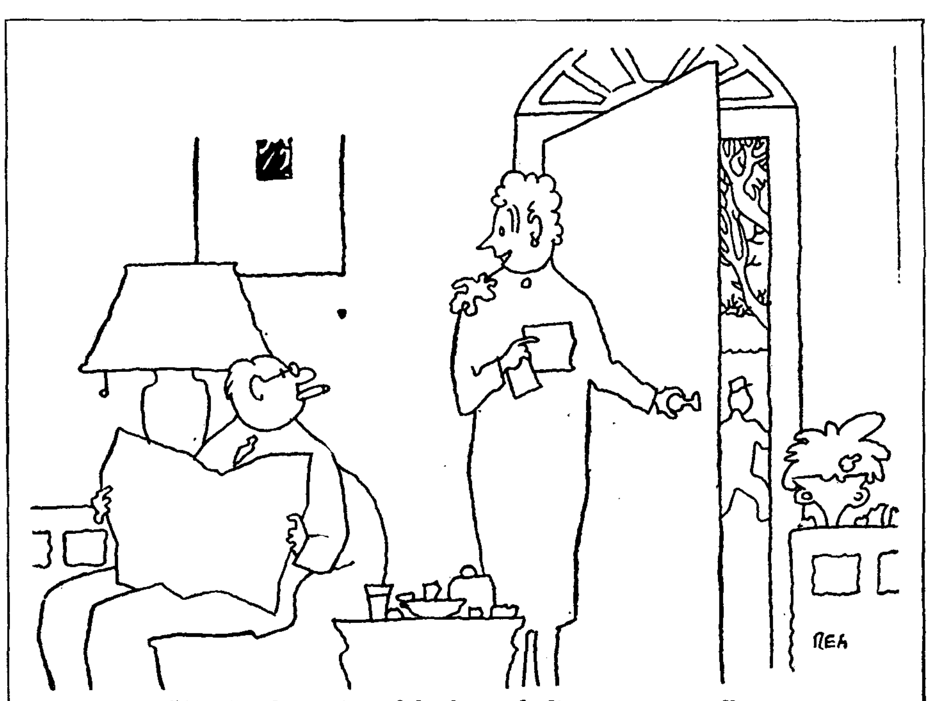
The First Report of a Tragedy

After asking Doctor Bruenn to tell the President that I would be down for the week end, I decided to take Doctor James Paullin with me. In view of the proposed trip to San Francisco, with London and China to follow in all probability, a thorough checkup looked to be highly advisable, even if not indicated as necessary. Getting Atlanta, I made my arrangement with Doctor Paullin, and had just hung up when Bruenn called back. The President, who had been signing some documents, had fainted as he chatted with his cousins, Miss Suckley and Miss Delano, and the artist who was painting his portrait. One moment he was in health and high spirits, and the next he was inert and unconscious, slumped in his chair.

Getting Doctor Paullin again, I asked that he race at once to Warm Springs, and learned later that he made the eighty miles in an hour and twenty minutes. A second call from Doctor Bruenn stated that the attack had every appearance of a cerebral hemorrhage. I telephoned Steve Early on the instant, who got in touch with Mrs. Roosevelt, but even as we were arranging for departure, the telephone rang again, and Bruenn, with breaking voice, said that the President had passed away.

For those close to him, it will always be a bitter regret that the President could not have lived to share in the triumph that was so largely the result of his force and his vision; that he could not have lived to pour the flame of his faith into the new world organization that was the highest hope in a heart that had no room for any but high hopes. But none of those who knew him best, and loved him the most, believe that he would have voiced a protest or filed any claim of unfairness. The will to serve had carried him through killing labors, victorious over every weakness of the body until the job had been done. And with him, it was only The Job that ever counted.

THE END



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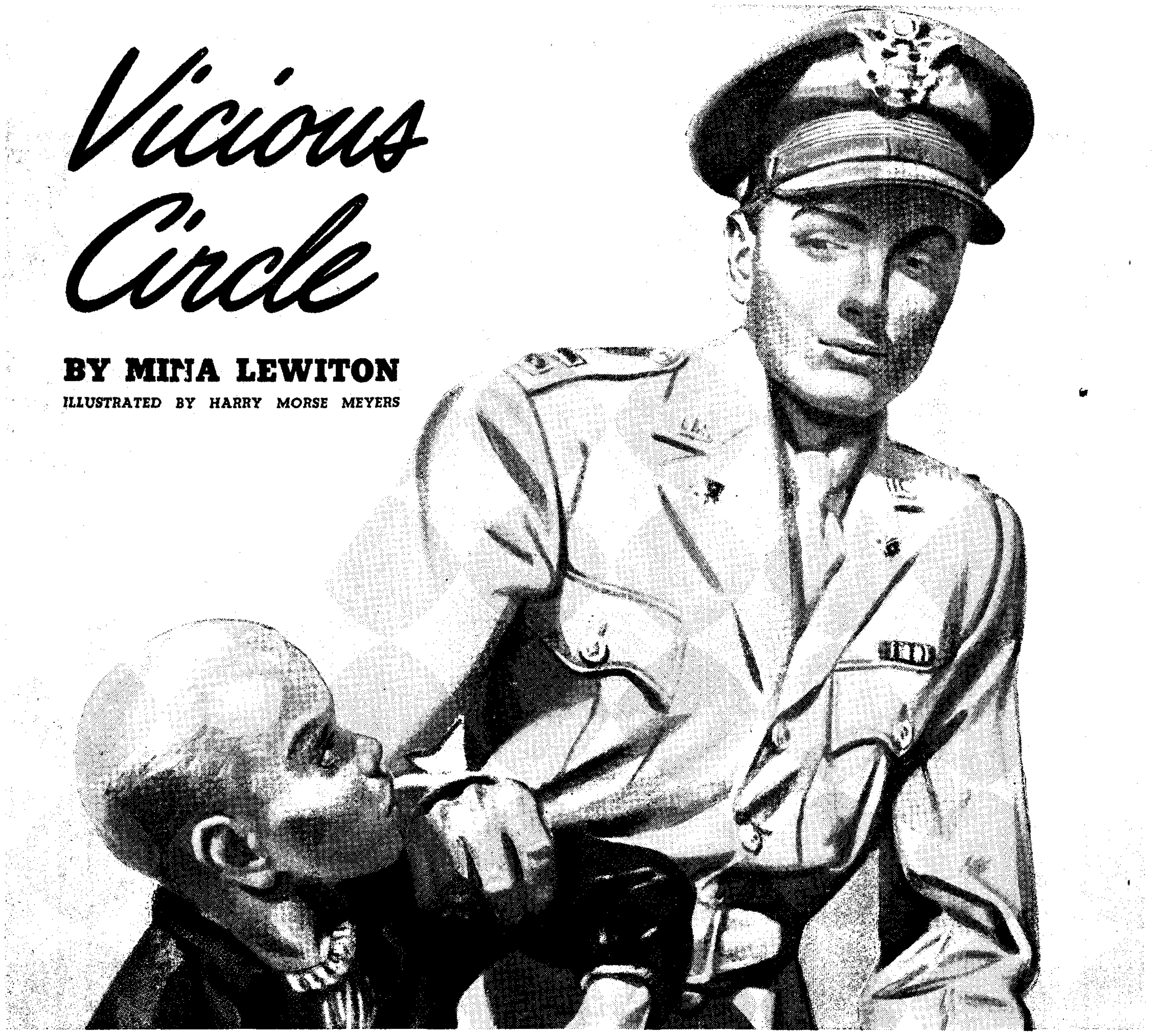
Vicious Circle

BY MINA LEWITON

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY MORSE MEYERS



THERE were a few martial notes, then someone said solemnly, "The President of the United States." Now, Walther thought, now here in America, he will put the seal upon the defeat. He had always known that one day they would lie in the mud, beaten, despicable, *verdammt*. But it was good to have lived to see the day.

His wife looked at him, eyes shining, "The President, did you hear?"

"The President," he repeated, breathing in deeply.

He listened with his eyes cast down, she with her lips slightly parted, cheeks pink with the effort of understanding. It was not the voice of the man whom they had so long revered and known as their abiding friend, but the new President, a stranger to them.

He made a short address and ended by quoting, "Let us now bind up the wounds . . . and with charity for all and malice toward none . . ."

"Malice toward none . . ." Walther turned over the words in his mind. Not even toward the Gestapo?

The speech ended. His wife took up a pair of long knitting needles and some bright yellow wool and began nimbly to work with these, looking at him quickly from time to time.

Then she said, "Something troubles you, Walther, about the speech?"

"I am thinking the Americans will be too kind," he said. "Too willing to accept apologies. The Americans will forgive them, Elly."

"No," she said. "I am positive. This they will not do." She resumed her work. "You need not be anxious more," she said.

"I hope you are right, Elly," he said slowly. "But the Americans can never know what we have known—"

She leaned toward him and urgently said, "Walther, dear one, please go and see if Elisabeth still sleeps covered."

He stood up, too tall for the low-ceilinged room, too towering, eyes intensely burning. The newspapers he had been reading fell in disorder to both sides of him. With capable quick hands she tidily arranged and folded them, then followed him into the child's room. Golden-haired, long of limb, their daughter slept, arms upflung as in a figure of a modern ballet.

On the wall over her bed her father had pasted up a large yellow paper animal that was a manner of cow. It was Walther's unique invention, for he had hit upon the notion of cutting an unusually long neck and then folding it deeply under the head. The head and tail hung free and when someone walked across the floor or the breeze came in at the window, his animal nodded and waved its tail to the great delight of Elisabeth.

"If I could bear the thought of being without you two," he said, "I would be restless already. I would want to be in Germany this very day."

"You think it is possible? You may go?" Her words came rapidly and low at the thought. They were both silent for a moment, and then she said, "But if you are sent, Walther, surely you will go. What else?"

"Beautiful and brave," he said, bending to kiss her fair hair and holding her in his arms as if already preparing for the long absence. He knew that he would be sent.

IN THE uniform of the United States he stepped upon the soil of his native land. All that he had imagined was true. The Germans were humbled, they were beaten, the arrogance was wiped away. But there was often slyness now in the hunted eyes, and furtiveness was all about him. Creatures scurrying in a trap. *Verdammt. Verdammt.*

He saw at once that the Americans were not inclined to be too kind to the Germans, and he went to his office each morning with deep confidence. In this American-occupied zone they were already at work on the tangible process of democratization. He translated into German brief clear admonitions, the step-by-step primer education for decent living by clean laws.

One morning as he walked through to his cubicle in the former Town Hall building he saw that on the bench in the corridor outside his office there sat a small German boy of nine, perhaps less.

Passing him Walther noticed the boy's close-shaven colorless hair, the pale eyes that shifted away from him and returned.

Now what the devil is he doing here, Walther suddenly thought after he had passed by. He turned about quickly, but the boy was up too and beginning to run toward the great iron gates. Walther overtook him in two strides.

"What are you doing here?" he said in English.

The boy shook his head. "Don't understand," he said.

Walther repeated his question severely in German. The boy looked at the gates, estimating their distance, and abandoned escape.

"I wasn't doing anything," he said.

"You'd better tell me," Walther said. He disliked the boy immediately and intensely. The sullenness, the stupid air and withal the glint of craftiness in the eyes presented to him the recognizable portrait of Hitler youth. The boy had his eyes riveted on Walther's shoes, and Walther, following the steady stare, now saw that a mud stain lay over one toe.

This mind is not yet grown, he stood there thinking, but it is already warped; already the mud stain on my shoe is an indication to him of the weakness of the conqueror. He put his hand firmly on the shoulder of the boy.

"March!" he said, and turned him in the direction of his own office. "Sit there!" he said when they were inside his office with the door shut. He indicated a chair for him and seated himself at his desk fixing his eyes on the boy.

"Now," he said, "explain why you are here inside a building reserved for American military."

Suddenly the boy shouted, "You are not allowed to mistreat me. It is in the regulations."

Walther continued to stare at him stiffly, letting the silence fill the room. Then he said evenly, "You have not answered me."

"For this reason—" the boy began loudly.

"*Quiet!*" Walther barked the word. He might have known that only the harsh command would be clear. The boy pushed back into his chair.

"Now," said Walther.

The boy began, lowering his voice, "My friend says any one of us can come and go, can sit in headquarters even, and we will not be questioned or disturbed. He said if I went in and sat for fifteen minutes he would give me an American coin. I had been sitting twelve minutes when you passed by."

SO THEY have begun to bet on our laxness and carelessness, Walther thought. Today sitting in headquarters, tomorrow arming a hundred hoodlums, the next day a thousand.

He said, "Write your name here, your address here. Your friend's name and his address here. Parents' names and addresses." He handed the boy two white index cards. Walther saw that to the boy this seemed familiar and right. A misdemeanor was recorded by the officials whoever they were, lawbreakers were investigated, watched, punished. The boy's fingers trembled as he wrote. It was as it had always been before the Americans.

The boy finished and looked up at him, and it sickened Walther to see that this procedure had raised American officialdom in his eyes.

He took the cards angrily, looking at them unseeingly. "If you or others like you are found within three blocks in any direction of this building you will be severely punished." He heard even as he said it the vagueness of the threat, saw the impossibility of preventing these boys from passing the building, which was on the way to the markets, the post office, the hospital.

"I understand," the boy said. He remained seated, waiting to be dismissed.

"You may go." Walther walked behind him as he went to the gates.

"Good morning, Mr. Officer," the boy said. Walther felt rather than noticed the unconscious movement to begin the Hitler salute and the nervous checking of it almost before it was started. He watched the boy leave through the pretentious gates, his heart uneasy as he thought of the weariness of the road ahead. . . .

"I wasn't doing anything," the boy said as Walther overtook him. "You'd better tell me," Walther said severely. He disliked the boy immediately

Several days later when he had quite forgotten the incident, he recognized the boy on a street corner exactly three blocks from the office. He came to Walther, cap in hand.

"Good evening, Mr. Officer," he said. "I have brought you something." Walther stopped with the air of having to go on immediately. The boy took a small square of folded newspaper from his pocket, and lifted out a slip of cardboard that had been cut into a shape that might have been meant for a dog or horse.

"I have made it for you," the boy said in English, "for a bookmark."

Walther gave it a fleeting glance, enough to see there was a certain skill about it and that the boy had cleverly drawn a ludicrous expression on the animal's face. The picture of Elisabeth and her yellow cow was suddenly and nostalgically evoked for him. He put his hand in his pocket and sought a coin. As he did so he caught sight of another boy, taller, older, leaning against the brick wall, watching them.

The mentor, Walther thought. Again trying to prove to his companion the laxness of the authorities, their susceptibility to friendship.

Before his eyes he saw the problem grow enormous and resolve itself at last into the battle to win the children—a decisive battle which was just beginning. He withdrew his hand from his pocket and cleared his throat.

"Thank you," he said. "I cannot accept it. Good night."

"Good night, Mr. Officer," the boy said quietly.

Walther scarcely glanced at him as he walked rapidly away.

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Keep regular the healthful way!
LEMON and WATER
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The Bugling Troop

Continued from page 20

the scene and took charge. Almost immediately, he was striding to the captain's tent. Behind him was slinking a stooped, swarthy little Italian in uniform, the trooper who had been tossed in the blanket. In his semi-erect position his arms seemed too long; his hands were swinging almost to his knees.

Marron clicked to a halt in front of Captain McClaire, his old soldier's manner expressing his contempt for the captain's requisition. His mustache stood at attention as he reported, "Sir, the captain's requisition has been filled. Trumpeter Sirano reports for duty."

A frown crossed McClaire's face. Then his expression changed from amazement to suspicion to despair as his attention alternated between Marron and the little Italian—our new trumpeter. McClaire looked as if the sergeant or fate or the Recruiting Service had played a diabolical joke on him. Embarrassed, I turned my attention to Sirano. The young man's eyes were so appealing, his face so childishly eager that I hardly noticed his bodily resemblance to a chimpanzee in uniform. As if to complete a tragic joke started by nature, some vendettist's knife, perhaps, had left its scar on his face. The scar, starting back of the left eye, gleamed downward almost to the jaw and then turned toward the chin. The severed facial muscles in healing had contracted to give a slight upturn to the corner of the mouth.

THIS was the first and the last time I ever saw Scotty McClaire at a loss for words. Finally recovering from his shock, he asked Sirano, "Can you ride a horse?"

"No, sir. I blowa de trump."

His voice, too, was childlike, too soft for a soldier.

"Lord," McClaire muttered. "What is the Recruiting Service coming to?"

Then, turning to Marron, he ordered, "Sergeant, assign him a horse."

"Very well, sir," Sergeant Marron barked, saluted stiffly, about-faced and marched off, Sirano following.

The too punctilious salute from Marron was almost too much for Scotty McClaire, but he held his temper. Then, a little later, when Scotty and I were packing up our personal equipment, all hell broke loose near the picket line. Amid shouts of "Ride him, cowboy," "Give him his head," "Keep your seat, I don't want it," I heard the typical bawling and squealing of a pitching horse. Without looking I knew it was old Buck. From the doorway of the tent I saw that demon pitching and sunfishing and headed down the company street in our direction, Sirano astride him. And, above all, I could hear the terrified screams of the little Italian, his arms and legs flying, as old Buck tossed him in the air, caught him expertly as he came down and cynically tossed him up again. Finally, as if he were in on the joke, old Buck dumped the frightened and bruised Sirano almost at the captain's feet.

McClaire roared, "Hell! What a dirty trick!" He picked up the dazed Sirano, stood him on his feet and strode indignantly for the troop.

Scotty McClaire was good at anything he attempted, but when it came to administering a bawling out, he was in a class above ordinary mortals. On this occasion, I thought he went too far and I guess the troop did, too. Having told them in sulphurous terms what he thought of them as men in general and cavalrymen in particular, he added as a kind of afterthought, "One half of today's march will be by walking and leading."

If there was anything old cavalrymen didn't like, it was walking and dragging a tired horse along a dusty trail.

Turning to me, Captain McClaire directed, "Lieutenant Grove, you will select a mount for the trumpeter."

Now, among our eight led horses was another character, old Blackbird, who had a very easy, ambling gate. It was beneath any trooper's dignity to ride an "ambler," so the kind old Blackbird found himself among the outcasts. He was just too gentle and too easy. Promptly, I thought of old Blackbird and ordered his pack transferred to the wagon.

Collecting what was left of our trumpeter, I took him over to the picket line where Blackbird was tied. Sirano, however, had had enough riding for one morning; he said he could walk. I told him he was in the cavalry now and he would have to ride; that troopers might play a joke on him but that he must trust his officers. With that assurance, Sirano crawled up on Blackbird. I got him adjusted in the saddle and told him how to use his reins and legs. As old Blackbird eased along toward the other end of the picket line, a smile engulfed Sirano's face. Returning to me, he said, "I lika heem. What hees name?"

"Blackbird," I said.

"Ah, my Blackaboid."

By now, troopers were gathering about in groups still smarting under McClaire's punishment. Riding up to one of these groups, Sirano said, "Buddy, whata you think of my Blackaboid?" They neither saw nor heard him. For them, he simply did not exist. Sirano's smile gave way to a half-surprised look as he rode to another group and repeated, "I say, Buddy, whata you think of my Blackaboid?" Again, he was neither seen nor heard. For a moment, he hesitated waiting apparently for some sign of recognition, some reply that did not come. He turned and rode slowly away, all eagerness gone from his face. Only his scar gleamed redder through his dark olive skin. He was the victim of the troop's resentment at McClaire's penalty. From then on he knew that he was an outcast.

The march was long and sometimes arduous. We marched through semidesert, skirted cities, camped in parks, climbed over mountain passes and down into verdant valleys. We baked in the midday sun of the desert and shivered through nights in mountain camp. But the troopers, all except Sirano, seemed to enjoy it. They fished illegally and bathed uncomfortably in mountain streams; around campfires at night they told troopers' tales, kidded one another, sang soldiers' songs and played the soldiers' game—craps.

During all this long march, Sirano neither approached nor spoke to another trooper. His only companion was Blackbird. Much of the time I could hear him muttering to Blackbird in soft Italian. Of course I didn't understand what he was saying, but I guess old Blackbird knew. At times, Sirano would lean forward in his saddle and stroke Blackbird gently on the neck. At the regular halts, all troopers would dismount, of course, adjust equipment and take a sip of water or coffee from their canteens. But Sirano, who always carried water instead of coffee, dismounted, loosened his cinch, poured water into his cupped hand and pressed it to Blackbird's lips. Then, taking a sip to quench his own thirst, he would lead Blackbird off and sit down by himself. And when we pitched camp at night, Sirano would go down to the picket line, wrap himself in his blanket and lie down to sleep close to old Blackbird.

FINALLY we reached southern Arizona, only to be ordered east to Camp Ojo, in the sand deserts of New Mexico, just north of the border.

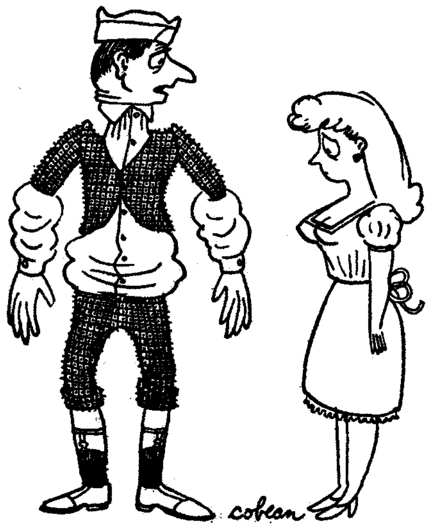
Camp Ojo was just a name. It was not a place. Like a point it marked position only. A single line of railway struggled east and west across a pathless desert of sand. About twenty feet north of the track stood a water tank—an anomaly fed from a deep well that some optimistic but lucky engineer had bored deep into the earth.

Near the water tank on the same side of the track was a sand-scarred shack, occupied by an equally weather-beaten attendant. This attendant—"the Dutchman" to the troopers—was the telegraph operator and the sole resident of Ojo. In addition, anticipating the troop's arrival, he had laid in a stock of liquors.

Our camp was pitched south of and parallel to the track. The cook tent was placed opposite the water tank. Just east of the cook tent was the headquarters or orderly tent. Then in order came the storage tent and the picket line. The troopers' tents were pitched west of the kitchen tent as our prevailing winds came from that direction. Some fifty yards due south from the headquarters tent and facing it was the commanding officer's tent. Standing in the door of this tent I could see the whole camp and anything that might take place in it.

In this crucible of heat and loneliness, the military crispness, characteristic of the old cavalry melted quickly into sluggish routine. The blistering heat was too much for the stoutest souls. Even Sergeant Marron relaxed and walked. Just as a few long deserted and eroding shacks complete the haunting loneliness of an abandoned homestead, so the railway, the water tank and the Dutchman's shack completed the desolation of Camp Ojo. The final touch of unreality was given by a daily mirage that, starting south and west of camp, lured and beckoned the unwary till it met the horizon somewhere in Mexico.

TWO days after we arrived at Camp Ojo, Captain McClaire was relieved from duty and I inherited command of the troop and, along with it, a number of sick horses. Some days later, we received a shipment of equipment for semipermanent camp and included in this equipment were two new shiny cavalry bugles, the regulation issue for a troop. But the articles we needed most, nose bags for feeding grain to our horses, were not included in the shipment. Those we started with had worn out and been discarded and we had resorted to feeding grain in rolled-up grain sacks placed on the sand. We had continued this practice for ten days before the first horse got sand colic. He died, and other horses continued to sicken daily. We should have diagnosed the ailment, but we didn't, and our losses were continued. After McClaire left, I was baffled and somewhat desperate.



"Let's Give These to the Victory Clothing Collection!"

Early one morning, as I made my usual inspection of the picket line, old Blackbird was down and couldn't get up. Obviously he was going to die. Sirano was bending over him talking his low, soft Italian. I couldn't interpret what he was saying but it sounded like a prayer, and I noticed that with his forefinger he was making signs at his forehead and then over his head in the sign of the cross. Knowing I couldn't do anything to help, I went back to my tent. No sooner had I arrived there than Trumpeter Sirano appeared. With an awkward salute, he asked for a forty-eight-hour pass, and I readily granted the request. I wondered why he wanted the pass but I did not ask. I thought perhaps he wanted to catch the train for El Paso so as not to be present at the death of his only friend, but I was wrong.

After I had breakfasted alone in my tent, I signed the morning report and attended to a few other routine duties, I went back to the picket line. Sirano was there. And then I knew why he had asked for his pass. He wanted to be free from all duties so he could nurse old Blackbird through his final illness. The old horse's head was resting easily on a pillow made of straw stuffed into a grain sack. His eyes were dull and half closed; only his distended nostrils and his heaving flanks told of his mortal agony. I turned away and went back to the camp.

All day long Sirano was busy erecting a shade of grain sacks on poles over Blackbird, brushing away the flies and carrying canteens of water from which he bathed and soothed Blackbird's head. I am sure he didn't eat a single bite of breakfast or lunch or supper that day. He seemed to live for Blackbird alone.

The next day was like those that preceded and those that followed. Not a cloud in the sky. The sun marched over the horizon in its relentless third degree. Men parched in the heat. The railway squirmed and wriggled like a snake in the shimmering heat waves reflected by the sand. The water tank was doing a dizzy dance, and looking to the south and west I saw the mirage more real than ever before—truly the ghost of a long-dead and forgotten sea.

That was the day Blackbird died.

When Sirano left the dead Blackbird that afternoon, he walked slowly to the railroad track about a hundred yards from the camp and sat alone on the end of a railway tie, with his elbows resting on his knees, his hands supporting his scarred face.

As usual we hitched the troop team to Blackbird's hind feet, dragged him about three hundred yards south of camp and, despite the heat, buried him in the sand.

For a long time Sirano sat without moving. Then he got to his feet, came hesitatingly to my tent and asked that one of the new bugles be issued to him, and I directed the issue. Some time later I noticed Sirano down at the storage tent. He was working under the fly with a saw and hammer. After supper, and just before sunset, while most of the troopers were lolling about a crap game near the cook tent, I saw Sirano walking slowly south across the sand toward where Blackbird was buried. He was carrying his shiny new bugle, his revolver, and a small wooden cross.

No one at the crap game seemed to notice. The usual patter and talking to the dice droned on.

Then, just at sunset, three well-timed pistol shots broke the desert stillness. Troopers at the crap game sat up in the sand and looked south. A moment later the long-drawn and melodious notes of Taps filled the air. They rolled and billowed in as troopers sat utterly silent.

THE final vibrant notes lingered for a moment and died into silence. No other trumpeter could have done better. A trooper laughed too loud, and broke the oppressive quiet that held the men. The trooper came to his feet, circled restlessly about for a moment, cursed his luck and sat down near the blanket.

In a subdued way, the crap game started again. But now, there were fewer wisecracks and less talking to the dice. Turning my attention from the crap game, I saw Sirano again. He was still carrying his revolver and his bugle, but the wooden cross was left behind. In the lowering dusk he approached the same railway tie and sat down, his elbows resting on his knees, his hands supporting his scarred face.

This time, the troopers apparently saw him. They watched him a moment saying nothing to one another. Then, old Perkins got up from the sand, brushed off his breeches and walked over to Sirano. I watched him touch Sirano on the shoulder, and Sirano immediately came to his feet. I could not hear what Perkins said but soon they turned and approached my tent. Before me, Perkins halted, saluted and said, "Sir, for a long time I have been wantin' to take a try at old Buck. And, sir, I wish the troop commander would give Buck to me and assign my horse to Trumpeter Sirano."

"Very well, Perkins," I said, "the assignment is made."

Both saluted and as they marched away I heard Perkins say, "Come on, Wop. We'll go down to the Dutchman's and get a drink."

From then on, Sirano was a full-fledged member of the troop. And once more we were the Bugling Troop.

THE END

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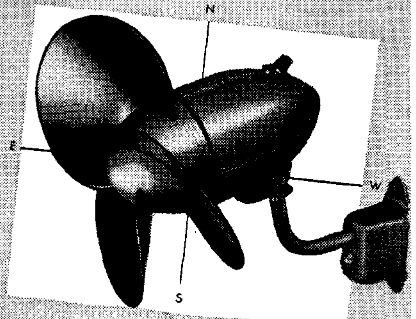

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Continued from page 19

a right to give it to another girl, until you find someone else to give me another one."

Henry let his jaw drop way down.

"We have always had a Wednesday night dinner date here at the house, haven't we, Henry?" she said. "So may I expect you for dinner tomorrow night? With a suitable young man for me to meet?"

And since Henry just stood there, staring at her, she said gently, "Goodby, Henry," and went inside.

Henry stood a moment longer, and then he turned and started around the corner of the house.

"Goodby, Henry," called my mother cheerfully. Henry didn't even answer.

The next day I had to go to school. All day long, until after I got home from school, I didn't know who was coming to dinner with Henry. It was very hard waiting to find out. It was the first thing I asked.

My mother Bessie was in the kitchen making a chocolate cake, and my sister Janet had on a new pink blouse and a new pink skirt and she was standing on a dining-room chair for my sister Suzie to see if the skirt was the proper length all the way around. Our cat Violet was in the window washing her face.

I put my books down on the bottom step of the stairway and went into the kitchen to sample the icing. "Who's coming to dinner tonight?" I said.

"Why, Henry, of course, darling," said my mother Bessie absently, and she gave an extra swirl to the icing.

I ran my finger around the mixing bowl and tasted the icing. "But who's he bringing with him?" I said.

"Gordon Somebody," said my mother Bessie, and she tasted the icing, too. "Janet, honey, I think my pearls would look nice with that pink blouse."

"Gordon Who?" I asked patiently. Talking with my mother Bessie is like reading the footnotes of a book without reading the book.

"Gordon Walters," said my sister Suzie, looking at Janet's skirt critically. "He's the new high-school science teacher who came here day before yesterday. Henry knew him in the Navy."

I LICKED my fingers and went to stand in the dining-room doorway and looked at Suzie. "You've changed your hair-do," I said. "It makes you look very sharp. But older."

Suzie stepped back and smiled at Janet approvingly, and then she looked at me thoughtfully. "Does it?" she said. "Bessie, honey, you run upstairs, and put on your pretty blue crêpe dress, and I'll finish getting dinner ready."

Gordon Walters was a very nice-looking young man. He had brown eyes and brown curly hair, and a nice smile, and all of us Whitsetts liked him right away. Even our cat Violet, who is a very discriminating cat, came up and rubbed against his ankles.

He smiled around at us when Henry introduced him and said how nice it was to be in a real home so soon after coming to town, a stranger.

"My goodness, Henry," said my mother Bessie approvingly, "I *didn't* really suppose you would know such a nice young man."

"Mrs. Whitsett is a wonderful hostess," said Henry hurriedly. It would have been quite like my mother Bessie to explain the whole thing to Mr. Walters and tell him why Henry had brought him to see us.

"I understand you have your degree from the East," said Suzie when we had all sat down at the table. With the smart black dress and her hair done up on top of her head, Suzie looked very fashionable. "I know little of science, of course, but I am especially interested in psychology and philosophy. I suppose you know a great deal about philosophy, Mr. Walters."

We all looked a little surprised, for while my sister Suzie is a very smart girl, she had not ever mentioned before that she was especially interested in psychology or philosophy.

"Why, no, I wouldn't say that," said Mr. Walters, and he looked across at my sister Janet who was wearing the new pink blouse and my mother Bessie's pearls. "You know," he said, "I don't think I realized before what a beautiful state Oklahoma is." The way he said it, Janet was Oklahoma.

"I read a book on advanced psychology just the other day that I thought was extremely interesting," said Suzie. "I wonder if you have ever read it."

Mr. Walters looked at Suzie a little surprised. "Why, no," he said politely. "I *haven't*."

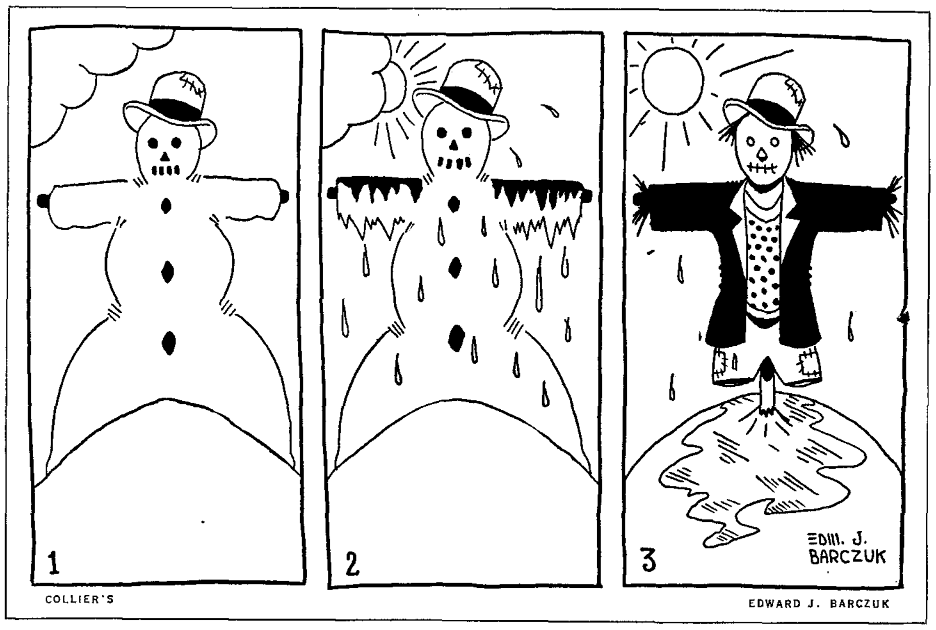
"But I haven't even told you the name of it, yet," said Suzie gently. And even though my mother Bessie tried to say something, Suzie went on discussing the book, which seemed to be a very long and learned one.

All through the fried chicken and the hot biscuits and the strawberry preserves and the chocolate cake and ice cream, Suzie told about the book. And Mr. Walters said yes, and no, and he thought so, and looked at my sister Janet in the pink blouse.

After dinner, my mother Bessie said that maybe we would all like to sit in the living room and listen to Suzie play the piano.

"Oh, but Janet is really the musical one of our family," said Suzie, and she smiled at Mr. Walters. "I think maybe you would rather hear Janet sing and my mother Bessie play her accompaniment. And then we can talk some more about philosophy."

And because somehow people always do what my sister Suzie says, we went into the living room and sat and listened to Janet sing and my mother Bessie play the piano. They looked very nice together with their blond hair shining in the light.



COLLIER'S EDWARD J. BARCZUK

Then the telephone rang and I went out into the hall to answer it, and it was Mrs. McNalley, one of my mother Bessie's friends, asking for a recipe for ice-box cookies.

"You know," said Mr. Walters, and he jumped up and smiled around at us, "I used to play the piano a little. Let me try your accompaniment, Miss Janet, while your mother is talking over the telephone."

IT WAS like that all evening long, with Mr. Walters playing the piano for Janet to sing, and Suzie and Henry and me just sitting and listening. And finally when they stood up to go, Henry was looking at Mr. Walters very grimly, as if he had been greatly disappointed in the judgment of a friend.

But Mr. Walters didn't even seem to notice. "My, I don't know when I've had such an enjoyable evening," he said, and he shook hands all around beginning with my mother Bessie and ending with Janet, and then he just stood there, holding Janet's hand. "It's wonderful to talk again with such a beautiful and charming girl," he said, smiling down at her. "You can't imagine how tired I am of so-called intellectual conversations."

Henry looked at him a little coldly. "I shouldn't say that intellect is exactly a handicap to anyone," he said.

But Mr. Walters stared back at Henry just as coldly. "It depends on your point of view," he said.

And when Henry said goodby, he pressed Suzie's hand, almost as if he were telling her not to feel bad about Mr. Walters' liking Janet more than her. "I'll call you tomorrow, Suzie," he said.

After we had closed the door, my sister Janet turned to Suzie and there were tears shining in her blue eyes. "Oh, Suzie," she said, "he asked me for a date, and I didn't know what to say, and he's going to call me tomorrow." Her pretty, soft lips quivered.

"You'll say yes, of course," Suzie said, and she went over and hugged Janet's shoulders. "He's just the man for you."

"Do you really think so, Suzie?" said Janet, and she looked at Suzie anxiously. "Don't you like him at all?"

"I'd love him—for a brother-in-law," said Suzie firmly, and she smiled and kissed Janet and turned out the lights in the living room.

THE next day was Thursday, and my sister Janet had a date with Mr. Walters. We helped her get ready. She wore her green silk dress and a little green hat with ribbons and with her pretty blond hair she looked like a daffodil shining in the sun.

"Why don't you wear my pink blouse tonight, Suzie?" she said. "It would look wonderful on you, and the new man hasn't seen it."

The new man was the man Henry was going to bring out. His name was Mr. Tomlison, and he was Henry's uncle from Texas. He was sorry, Henry had told Suzie over the telephone, that Mr. Walters had been so young. His uncle, he said, was older. He was a widower and forty years old, and had some sense in his head, but, of course, he was very young for his age, too.

"I believe I will wear it," said Suzie. "The pink will go nicely with my hair. She held the blouse up to her. It did go nicely. With her dark hair shining and loose, she looked about sixteen.

At six o'clock Mr. Walters called for Janet to take her out to dinner, and at eight o'clock Henry came with Mr. Tomlison.

Mr. Tomlison was very nice. He was little and plump and wore a checked suit and his hair brushed carefully over a bald spot.

My mother Bessie opened the door, and at first everything was confused because Mr. Tomlison got mixed up. He thought my mother Bessie was Suzie. And even when Henry explained that she was our mother, and that Suzie was Suzie, Mr. Tomlison still looked mixed up.

"I'm so happy you could come, Mr. Tomlison," said my mother Bessie. She had to talk very loud because our radio was playing dance music. "Do come on into the living room."

Mr. Tomlison followed my mother Bessie.

"This is my favorite dance program," said Suzie. "Do you like to dance, Mr. Tomlison?" She held up her arms gracefully and snapped her fingers.

Mr. Tomlison looked startled and backed off a little.

"My goodness, Suzie," said my mother

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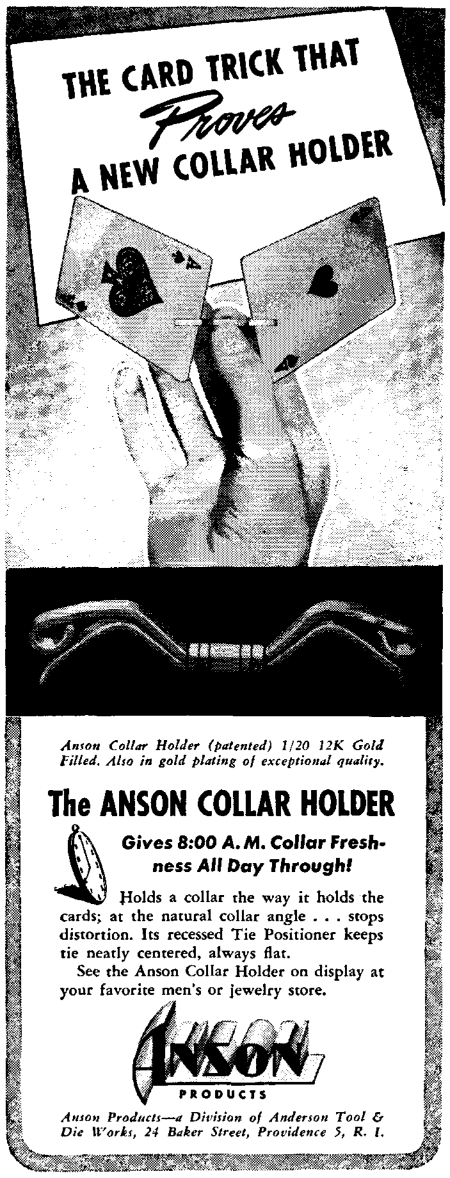

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Bessie, and she smiled encouragingly at Mr. Tomlison. "Of course, Mr. Tomlison dances, but he probably would prefer just sitting and talking."

"Yes, indeed," said Mr. Tomlison eagerly and he looked around for a chair. "You know," he went on after we had all sat down, "I can't believe that you are the mother of these two strapping big girls, Mrs. Whitsett."

My mother Bessie looked at Suzie and me surprised, the way she always does.

"Suzie is a very talented girl," said Henry, looking at Mr. Tomlison. "She is a rare combination of youth and beauty and brains."

Suzie smiled at Mr. Tomlison, but he was still looking at my mother Bessie. He hadn't even listened to Henry. "You know," he said, "it's nice to see such a lovely old-fashioned home again after having lived in hotels with furniture that is all angles."

"Mother is a wonderful housekeeper," said Suzie. "You must come to dinner sometime, Mr. Tomlison, and eat her fried chicken and hot biscuits."

Mr. Tomlison looked at my mother Bessie warmly. "I would love to come to dinner," he said.

"Why, of course," said my mother Bessie, and she smiled but looked a little puzzled.

"Look, Henry," said Mr. Tomlison briskly, "why don't you two young people go somewhere and dance, and let Mrs. Whitsett and me visit? I know," and he looked at my mother eagerly, "that we must have many things in common."

Suzie got up and turned off the radio then, and looked at Henry a little sorrowfully, and Henry put his lips together in a thin line and looked at his uncle disapprovingly.

"We can all go to the movies," he said.

"But, Henry," said Suzie, and she frowned a little, "do you think that Elsie would understand? I mean, if she saw us together again?"

So Henry sat back down again, and my mother Bessie said nervously why didn't they all play bridge? Everybody liked bridge. So she and Mr. Tomlison played partners against Henry and Suzie. From where I sat at the dining-room table working on geometry, I could see them. Mr. Tomlison treated Suzie as if she were just a child; he said he couldn't believe that she was a grown-up young lady. He said that Mrs. Whitsett didn't look old enough to have a grown daughter.

And finally when he and Henry left, Mr. Tomlison turned and shook my mother Bessie's hand and told her that this was certainly the happiest evening he had had in a long time, and he was going to be eternally grateful to this young scamp, his nephew.

Henry just looked at his uncle, Mr. Tomlison, as if he were seeing him for the first time. As if the checked suit he wore, and the little bald spot he tried to hide, didn't really mean he was young for his age at all.

"You know, Suzie," said my mother Bessie when we had closed the door, "I believe Mr. Tomlison likes me."

"Of course, he does," said Suzie warmly, and she leaned over and kissed my mother Bessie. "I bet he proposes right away."

My mother Bessie rounded her eyes and said as if she were shocked, "Oh, no, Suzie, I couldn't."

"Of course, you can," said Suzie firmly; "you'll be the prettiest bride in Oklahoma. You and Janet." She turned out the light thoughtfully then and went up the stairs without even looking around at us.

THE next morning Henry telephoned early. I went out into the hall to listen.

"Why, that's all right, Henry," Suzie was saying. "That's fine, Henry," and she hung up the receiver very quietly.

"Is Henry bringing someone else tonight?" I asked interestedly.

Suzie looked at me absently. "We're double-dating tonight," she said. "Henry and Elsie Butterfield, and Howard Burke and me. Howard is from Chicago. Henry knew him in college."

It was odd having so many men coming to our house. First, Janet and Mr. Walters going out to dinner, and then my mother Bessie and Mr. Tomlison going to a concert, and now here was Henry bringing out another man.

It was exciting.

Janet and my mother Bessie had already gone when Henry came. I opened the door, and there was Henry and Elsie, who is a short plump blonde with very light blue eyes, and a tall dark young man with shiny hair.

"Is Suzie ready, Laurie?" said Henry. He looked a little unhappy, and he stared around the room and then up the stairs. "We thought we'd go to the club dance." Every Friday night there is a dance at the Sunset Country Club.

ELSIE had on a fluffy green dress that made her look like a badly wrapped Christmas package, and I wondered if maybe her underclothes were green, too. "Goodness," she said, "but I do believe I could dance the whole night through," and she put one hand on Henry's arm and the other one on the arm of the dark young man and took a couple of steps. She looked silly.

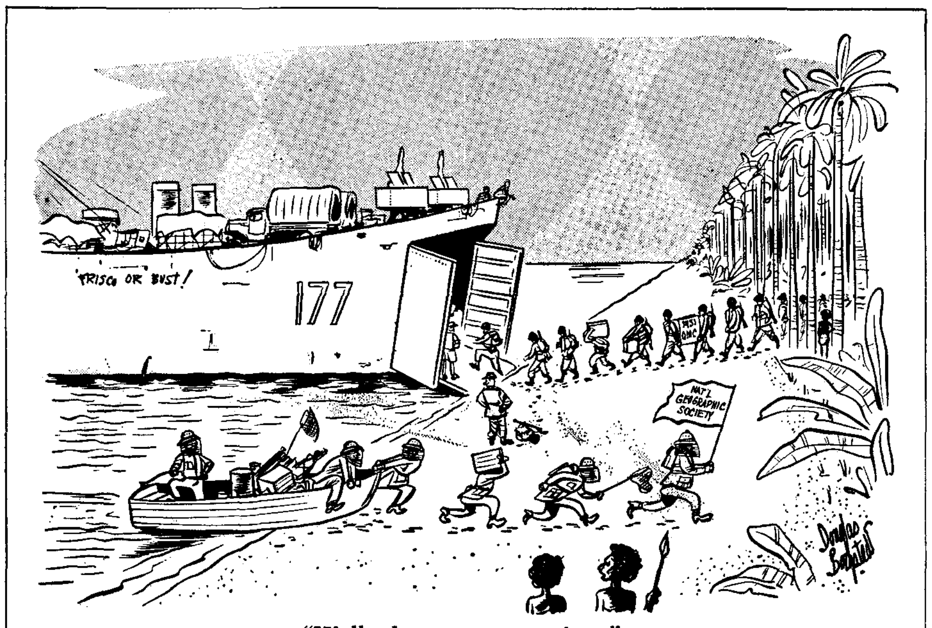
"Suzie!" I called up the stairs. "Henry's here!"

Suzie came down the stairs. She had on a yellow dress, and her dark hair was very smooth and shining, and she looked beautiful. She looked neat and trim and all of a piece, like a flower. The man with the shiny hair gave a low whistle and took a step toward her. "Hel-lo, Princess!" he said.

Suzie smiled at him.

"Suzie," said Henry, and he stepped forward between Suzie and the young man, "this is Howard Burke."

Howard Burke went around Henry and took Suzie's hand. "Well," he said, and showed his teeth, "I always thought that surely I had some reason for living."



COLLIER'S "Well—here we go again—" DOUGLAS BORGSTEDT

Suzie smiled at him again.

"Surely," he said, and he pressed her hand, "you don't live in this little jerkwater town!"

"Suzie," said Henry firmly, and he moved closer to her, "is a small-town girl."

"I don't believe it," said Howard Burke. "New York, maybe, San Francisco, yes. Paris, certainly." The way he said the words, they sounded like poetry.

"Now Elsie here has been in all those places," said Henry. "Elsie is really well-traveled. You certainly can't call Elsie a small-town girl."

Elsie tossed back her hair and simpered at Mr. Burke, and Henry looked at her as if he were really seeing her for the first time.

But Mr. Burke didn't take his eyes off Suzie. "You need a proper setting," he said softly. "Jewels, limousines, servants . . ."

Henry looked disgusted. "Suzie is the best fisherman in Sunset," he said. "Suzie won't go out with a man who can't set a trotline or rope a steer."

Suzie looked at Henry and then at Howard Burke and she let her eyes widen. "I sure do like he-men, mister," she said. "Can you rope a steer?"

Howard Burke looked surprised. He also looked suspicious. "If you are being humorous," he said formally, "I'm afraid I fail to see the humor."

"Our friends," said Elsie, and she moved over and put her hand on Mr. Burke's arm, "have a queer sense of humor. I'm afraid they are being funny at your expense."

"I see," said Mr. Burke.

"Look," said Henry quickly, "why don't you two go on to the dance, and let us come later? Howard is a wonderful dancer, Elsie. And he's got charm and money and personality, none of which I have."

"Really," said Elsie coldly, "you're being very rude, Henry!" But she tightened her hand on Mr. Burke's arm.

"Well," said Henry and he looked at Suzie humbly, "it certainly isn't the first time."

Mr. Burke bowed a little formally then to Suzie, and he and Elsie went out of the room.

"Good evening, Henry," said Suzie, and she started to go up the stairs, but Henry caught her hand pleadingly. "Suzie, please listen to me. I want to talk with you."

Suzie stood and tilted her head politely. "Yes, Henry?" she said.

"No," said Henry miserably, "not here. Come sit down, Suzie, and I'll explain."

Suzie went over to our old wing chair by the fireplace and sat down and Henry sat down across from her and wiped his forehead with his handkerchief.

"Suzie," he said, "I've been an awful fool."

Suzie didn't say anything.

Henry cleared his throat. "Can't you possibly forgive me, Suzie? Just a little bit?"

"Why, everything is quite all right, Henry," said Suzie, and she smiled at him. Henry got up eagerly and then he sat down on a footstool at her feet and took her hand.

Suzie withdrew her hand gently. "I mean it's all right, you don't have to find someone for me, Henry. I've decided not to marry anyone."

"Oh, Suzie," said Henry, and he brought out the ring and held it out to her. "Won't you take it back, Suzie, and be engaged to me all over again? I love you, Suzie."

SUZIE looked at the ring thoughtfully. "It's a beautiful ring, Henry," she said, and she sighed a little. "But I don't know. I think maybe we might start all over again, though. Would you like to start over, Henry? We could pretend that we've just met again."

"Oh, yes," breathed Henry, and he took her hand once more. "Can I have a date tonight, Suzie? And tomorrow night, and the next?"

Since they weren't paying any attention to me at all, I went out to the kitchen to see if there was any more angel-food cake. Our cat Violet got up from the window seat in the dining room and yawned and stretched and came out, too. It occurred to me that in two more years I'll be seventeen. By that time no doubt my mother Bessie and my sisters Janet and Suzie will be old married people.

I cut myself a piece of cake and gave some to Violet. I decided that I will live with my sister Suzie. When you are seventeen, it is nice to be associated with a woman who has brains.

THE END

QUIT YOUR SKIDDIN'!

SKIDDING time is here again. In the tread designs of LEE DeLuxe tires you have the finest anti-skid protection that can be bought. Yet even that—the result of ten years' research and development—can be nullified by factors which go far beyond the tires.

The *only thing* any tire can do to check skidding is to wipe off the road surface so the rubber gets a firm grip. But this squeegee action must be uniform—equalized. If your wheels are out of alignment—your brake linings worn unevenly—your tires out of balance from countless patches, newly acquired interliners, etc.—if air pressures vary from wheel to wheel—if treads are smooth in varying degrees or include different patterns in recaps—if wheel bearings, king pins, tie rod ends are loose—the braking action on all four wheels is no longer equalized.

"Brakes stop the wheels, *but tires stop the car.*" And anything which stops one wheel quicker than another is a skid-breeder.

Old-timers say the best way to get out of a skid is not to get into one. So, for ice or snow, put on your chains—then drive as gingerly as if you didn't have them. Brake early and gently, not late and hard, leaving the clutch in until the last moment. Above all, have a competent check-up of tire balance, wheel alignment and all other factors of unequalized braking. And, as soon as possible, safeguard yourself with the maximum skid protection that money can put into any tire—

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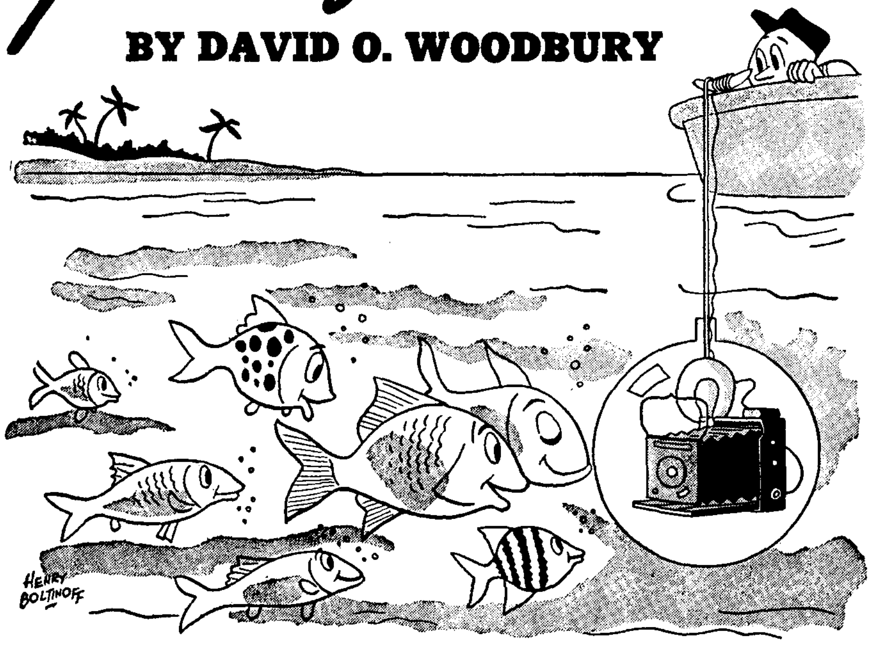
Your Life TOMORROW

BY DAVID O. WOODBURY



Pictures Under the Sea

Five battleships and three other vessels were sunk at Pearl Harbor and could not be salvaged till accurate knowledge of hull damage was obtained. When divers could not get enough data at the muddy bottom of the bay, the Navy sent out an emergency call for underwater photographic apparatus that would take flashlight pictures of the wrecks. A submarine, watertight camera was immediately invented, which helped save six of the eight ships, and was used throughout the war in clearing harbors of mines and enemy obstructions.

Encased in a rubber-sealed metal tank with a shutter and film winder operated by electricity through a cable, the camera contained its own flashlight magazine and could stand any water pressure found in wartime operations.

The new submarine photography will be just as valuable in peace. Hundreds of treasure-laden vessels now sunk in shallow water can be salvaged after pictures have been taken to show divers where to attach their raising lines and what metal to cut with their submarine torches.

Cameras can easily be lowered thousands of feet, also, to photograph broken cables and aid in grappling for them. In shallow water they can be used to examine dam and bridge foundations and survey harbor and river bottoms.

Geologists expect to take pictures of deep-sea areas, learning details of submarine mountains and chasms. Pictures of the shape and size of sand ripples along coastal shoals will give new data on ocean currents. And marine biologists hope to use the deep-sea automatic camera to photograph live fish in their native haunts. Underwater photography will permit us to gain almost as accurate knowledge of the deep-sea floor as we now have of the dry land.

Leather Grown to Order

Those G.I. shoes that carried so many Americans through mud and jungles did more than merely protect millions of feet. They helped test out a new method of *building* leather in whatever shapes, sizes and thicknesses shoe manufacturers required. Not synthetic but natural leather was the result. Soon it may mean an important new supply of cheap durable material for shoe soles.

The new leather duplicates nature's own, by machinery. Instead of waiting for cattle to grow their own hides, the tough, fibrous collagen found in animal tendons and hides is salvaged from slaughterhouse offal. It is then dissolved in large vats, chemically treated and drawn out into long fibers. These are compacted to form sheets of actual leather, which are then tanned in exactly the same way as are natural hides. The sheets can be made in the most economical sizes to suit any use.

This artificial-natural leather is the invention of an independent chemist, Charles T. Davis, who worked for years at the University of Illinois on his own time and money and had about given up hope of success when government scientists backed him to produce a material for shoes that would break the leather bottleneck. The results are so valuable that many other applications of the new leather are likely besides shoes. Belts, bags and upholstery can also be made of this material.

Meanwhile, in the process of developing the machinery for the job, Davis has hit upon a chemical method of drawing out long fibers that is said to be much cheaper than the standard extrusion method used in making rayon.

Stop Those Blinding Headlights!

The glare of other people's headlights is a menace constantly discussed but never cured. Now that war is over, however, we may get action on a plan that was proposed long ago but sidetracked by military necessity. Polarizing screens placed in headlights are suggested, to pass only the light that vibrates in a single plane.

Similar screens on car windshields or in drivers' goggles, set to cut out light in this plane, will thus reduce oncoming headlight glare to a soft blur, sufficient to locate an approaching car but not enough to blind or confuse a driver. His own headlights will not be affected by his screen.

On paper the scheme seems perfect, but there are still a number of problems to settle. The polarizing screens cut down the light considerably and this must be balanced by using much stronger head lamps. The driver without a polarized windshield or goggles will get the full blast from these, and might be unable to drive at all at night. Thus it is unsafe to install polarized equipment till it is made universal on all cars. This brings up a legal question. Forty-eight separate state laws regulating headlights must be rewritten uniformly to specify polarized no-glare head lamps.

Recent tests with several cars properly equipped have shown that the system works perfectly and makes night driving a brand-new experience. The next step is to sell the idea to automobile manufacturers and after that to the motor vehicle officials throughout the country. ★★★

Mountain Time

Continued from page 13

make any notation that the postoperative care was responsible, as loyalty would demand." The other assistant, Moss, who was in charge of Private Wing, gave him a grateful look. Cy closed the incision. He had a donor wheeled up to the table and gave the transfusion himself. "Better spend the night with him, Moss. At Mercy we keep our noses clean—and the Old Man's nose too. But Feinman'll be all right."

Pete and Reynolds strolled back to quarters with him and Cy was pleasantly relaxed with consciousness of a job properly done. "I thought I'd made it clear," he said, "that in Private Wing, and in fact with all paying patients who have a correct background, we never permit ourselves to get careless. Only with the underprivileged."

"Sure, Cy," Reynolds said wearily, "you're a better man than McAllister. We get it. We got it long ago."

Reynolds turned up a corridor, pointedly disliking snootiness, and Cy grinned after him. Pete said, "Weren't you scared, Cy? I mean, Feinman being on the staff?"

"That isn't the sort of thing that scares me."

"Well, what does?"

"I'll let you know."

Pete grinned at him: nothing could scare Cy Kinsman. And nothing could be wrong with Cy Kinsman in the eyes of Pete Estey. In the surgical service of Mercy Hospital there were six assistant residents and eighteen interns. Pete, who was Cy's second in command, was his friend and perhaps among the others there were as many as two who wished him well. The rest in varying degree disliked him, loathed him, or hated his guts. It was perhaps all right to be clearly the best man, but to be the best man and to know you were and to act on the knowledge was insufferable.

TWO evenings later a symposium on war surgery at Mount Sinai Hospital offered legitimate reason for Cy to absent himself again, and after it was over, he made his way through spring rain to Twenty-third Street—the scientific mind wanted to observe behavior some more.

He heard the third floor before he reached it—there was a party at the Willards'. It proved to be an impromptu party, Sam Willard's friends and fellow artists having drifted in to celebrate his release from drudgery. Cy was delighted. He had seen these gatherings before and they gave the inquiring mind matter for reflection that lasted for days on end. These people said the damnedest things! They appeared to believe that the things they said had meaning. You could collect idiocies here that had the bouquet of vintage wines.

The two rooms were smoke-filled and crowded. Josephine came to welcome him with satisfaction, her face lighting up. A pleasant, picturesque girl, happily formed if too slender, tall, her glorious dark hair piled high on her head, a green-and-gold tunic over a black skirt, with scrolls of gold embroidery running down the sleeves that closely sheathed her arms. And too glad to see him, too taut under a brittle gaiety.

"Where's Sam?" Cy asked.

"Oh, around!" Her voice was flat and he knew at once that Sam was off in some corner with Cassie Morton. Impersonally he made a memorandum: Josephine ought not to give herself away so easily. She said quickly, "He's gotten right to work. He's rewriting the novel from the beginning."

Cy said, "Well, how good is he? How good a novel will it be?"

He had asked the question honestly enough, and after all it was the basic question; everything turned on it. But it struck sparks from Josephine. She said angrily, "I know you despise him. You'd better not, Cy. Not if you want to keep on coming here."

She went away from him under tension, retreating to a shadowy corner of the room. But she did him an injustice! He by no means despised Sam Willard. He was merely curious; he was merely interested in an impersonal problem. And one that touched Josephine closely. For if a man were good, if Sam Willard were good, why then, of course it was admirable to risk everything on the book. But if a man weren't good, if Sam were merely one of the talkative artists who filled this room with their arty idiocy and pseudo-intellectual revolt, then the sacrifice was just a farce. . . .

Cy wandered happily from little group to little group, listening to those vintage ideas. And presently Sam was back with Cassie Morton from wherever they had been. Cassie had a pinkly demure self-satisfaction but Sam's espousal of the New Freedom trumpeted its own advertisement. And just how long, Cy wondered with scientific detachment, was Josephine going to stand it?

The pair of them were standing on the edge of a group, and Cassie, blond and short-haired, ringleted and resolutely Greenwich Village, was wearing batik. It was an emancipated costume. You tied the stuff in knots, dipped it in dyes, and got a garment that expressed both beauty and reform. As Cy was thinking this, Cassie caught his glance. He went up to her.

"Hello, Kinsman," she said cheerfully. "Are you enjoying the droll antics of your inferiors?"

"At the moment I was admiring your—well, is it a dress?"

Cassie went thoughtful at once. "Let's say it's a uniform. Most of America feels the way you do about artists. If we're going to feel safe we'll have to get them all in uniform."

"You mean you'll sew an A on your gabardines?" Cy said. "And the Village will be your ghetto?"

"I just wonder if you know why you're afraid of us."

"Come back to the dress. Is it supposed to give pleasure to you or to the beholders? Or do you dress purely on principle?"

"Are you afraid of artists, Cy?" Sam asked.

"I don't think so."

Cassie's mind was only a quarter of an inch deep but all there was of it was dedicated. "Of course he is," she said. "If the bourgeoisie don't kill us, we'll destroy everything they believe in."

Sam said jauntily, "Cy's an artist himself."

The boy, newly refreshed by an obvious triumph over a woman, was having ideas. Cy looked at him between shock and admiration. Sam went on, "Why isn't he quartering beef instead of performing operations? Same psychic impulse, of course, only Cy has the instinct for workmanship. He wants to perform the perfect operation."

There! Cy thought: Wasn't that an idiocy worth traveling any distance for? It gratified every atom of his soul. Sam patted his shoulder, said, "We're both small-town boys. I come from Utica, you come from Custis. We both want to create beauty," and turned away to another group, leaving Cy to deal with Cassie.

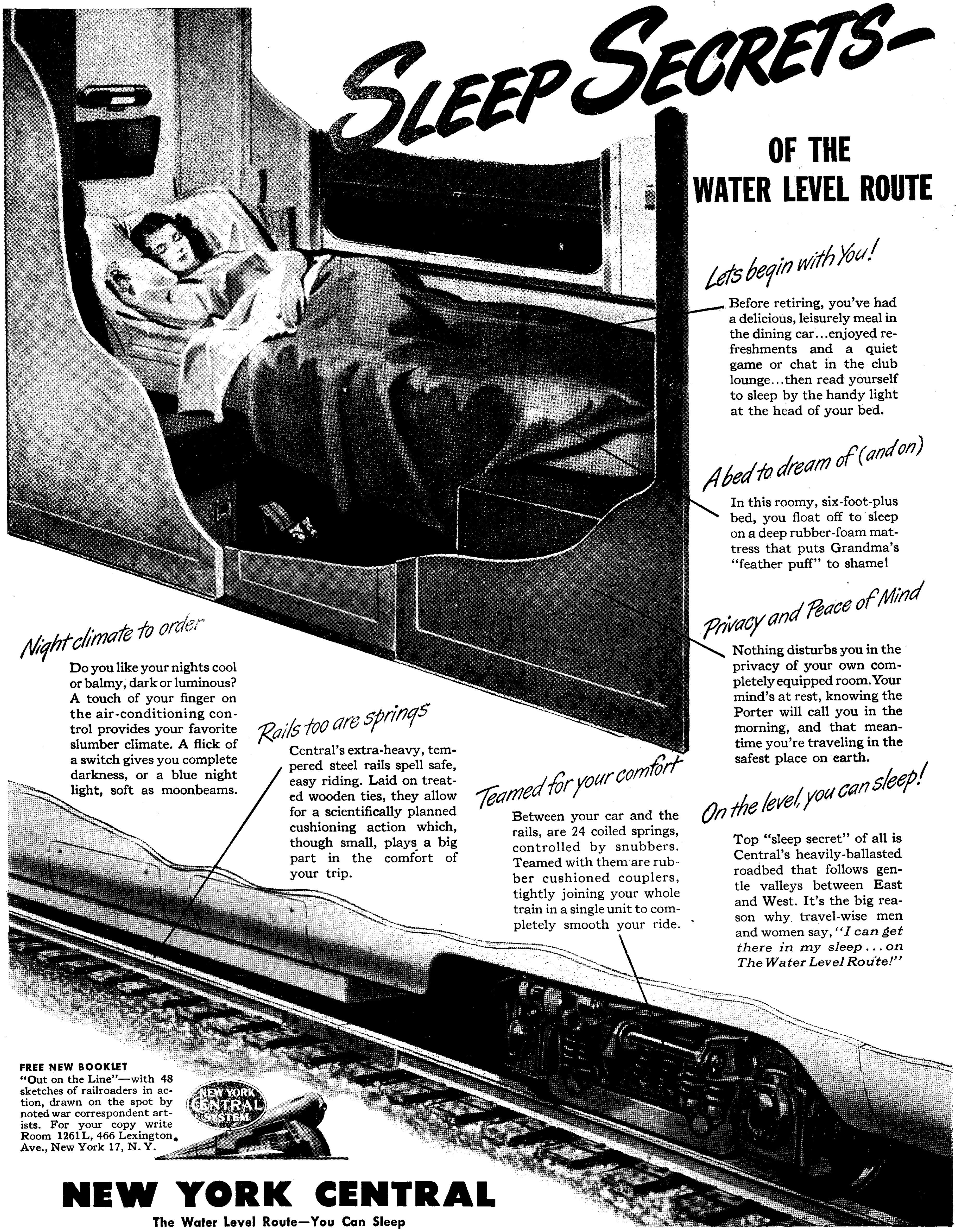
"I want to write the Great American Gastrectomy," Cy said with reverence. "Well, Cassie, you tell me. How good is Sam?"

But Cassie was the Enemy again. "He's so good that you'll remember tonight when you're an old and barren man," she said and turned her back on him. Cassie had clearly dedicated more than her quarter inch of mind. And the question was, did Josephine know it?

HE WATCHED Josephine for a while. She listened to the artists or competently talked their nonsense herself—for after all she had intended to be an artist too, though she hadn't made the grade. Sitting on the floor, hugging her knees with gold-embroidered arms, her face in shadow, she fell easily into abstraction. Someone asked her to play the piano. She refused sharply and moved to another corner. But there were those who would play the shabby upright and presently there began to be bursts of song. Some of those bursts were from the little red song book, for these artists were dedicated to revolution, and this also delighted Cy, for he was certain that no one in this room had ever dwelt among the Industrial Workers of the

SLEEP SECRETS—

OF THE WATER LEVEL ROUTE



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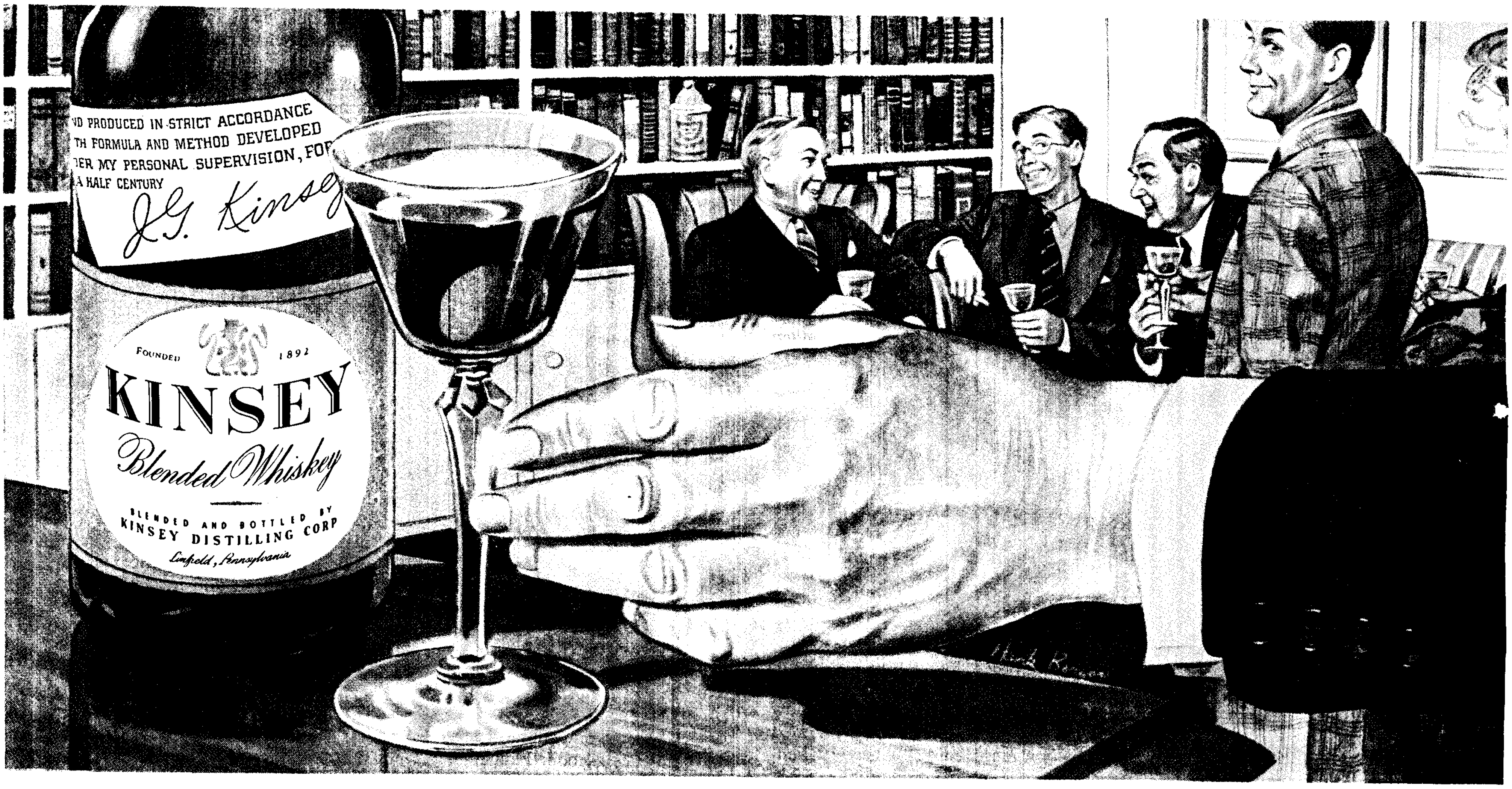
They'll always beat a path to the door of the man...



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One part Vermouth...

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Add a dash of bitters... stir with ice... strain into a glass... garnish with a cherry.

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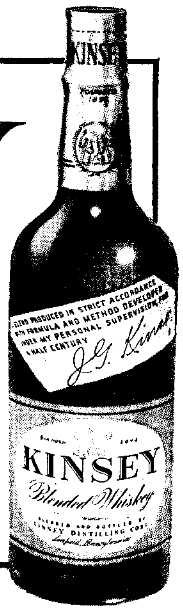

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KINSEY
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Kinsey Distilling Corp., Linfield, Pa.

World, or had any conception of their aims.

In a moment of sudden quiet, a voice came across the room, "And still I wish you'd pose for me, Jo."

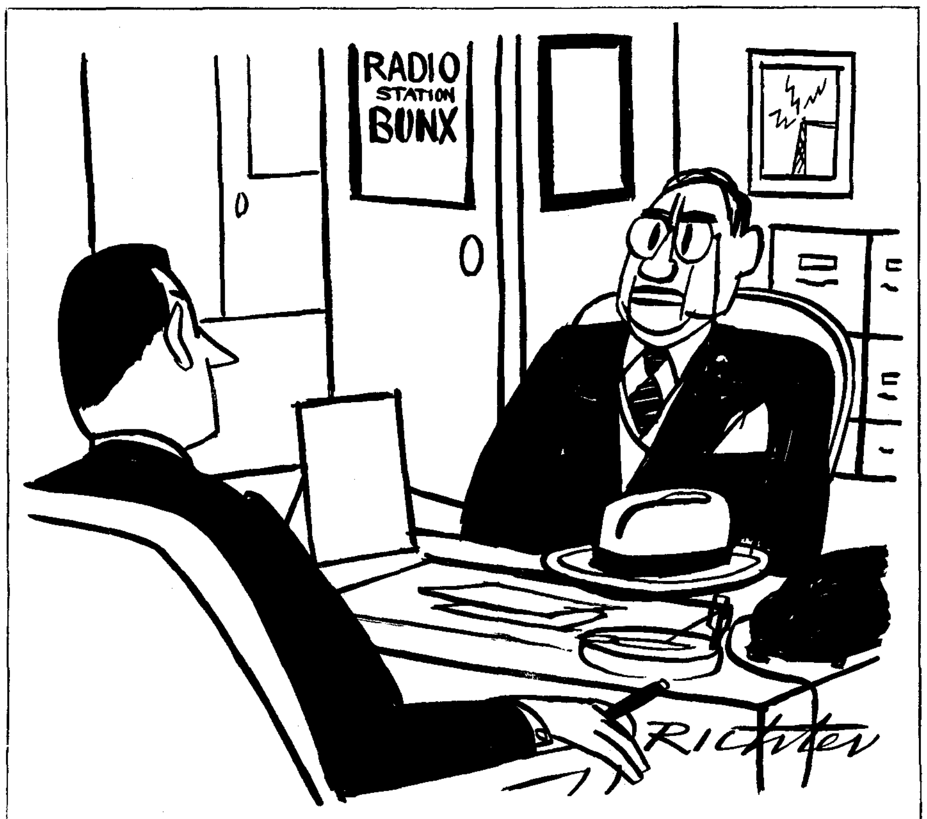
It was a swarthy, intense young man who was known to be doing revolutionary things with a camera. Josephine said, "No."

"I guarantee the lens will do wonders for you."

Sam called out, "Go ahead, darling. About the best hope any of us can have of lasting a century is to get into a photograph by Tony."

Josephine was looking at Tony with distaste. "You'd have too good a time," she said, and crossed to still another corner.

Here was more gratifying behavior; Sam would certainly undress his wife in a store window if some thinker told him the good life called for it. Sam would eagerly act on anything any thinker told him, any certified thinker. And as red wine and stronger drinks increased the uproar, Sam presently seemed to feel the need of a more general admiration than Cassie Morton's. Sam had a subsidiary reputation as a monologuist—and as he prepared his performance Josephine retreated into still deeper shadow. But, Cy admitted, Sam was good. Sam had a genuine gift for caricature. In the center of the cleared floor he became a Four Minute Speaker, bidding the audience of neighborhood vaudeville houses close their ranks, buy bonds and win the war. It was fully as good as the applause made it out to be. Sam was President Wilson at Versailles and then Vachel Lindsay celebrating the Palace of Art in Springfield, Illinois. And Sam was very happy: the little mustache twitched, the boyish cheeks shone, everybody was admiring him. He began to be Isadora Duncan but this required him to take unstable attitudes and he fell on his face.



"The name of my product is Knits—and don't spell it backwards!"

COLLIER'S MISCHA RICHTER

THE room shouted—and a high wail rose against the noise. It was Deborah, standing in the doorway, her nightgown twisted in her hands, her little lower portions bared. She was sleepy, she was scared by light and noise—and Cy reached her a full step before Josephine. He carried her up to her room, where it was dark and even quiet. She nuzzled her face against his shoulder and whimpered.

"Just pick up that dream again, honey," he whispered. "Sleep hard and maybe a good wizard will come and fill Twenty-third Street with popcorn before you wake up."

Josephine smoothed the crib, took Deborah from him, and knelt on the floor to hold her hand. He could see her dark hair against the sheet. After a while she stood up, leaned over to kiss the child's forehead, and whispered, "She's asleep." They started downstairs together.

At the turn of the stairs between floors Sam had nailed a length of blue silk to the wall and set up a small Winged Victory on a pedestal in front of it. Josephine smiled and sat down on the landing. The moment beside the crib had made her softer and warmer. She wasn't often soft or warm. She got little chance to be.

"You're tired," her physician diagnosed, sitting beside her. "I'll go down and run the artists out."

"Oh, Lord no, Cy! As it is, every single one of them thinks I'm a coarse-souled *hausfrau* who doesn't understand the beautiful. Besides, I'd only lie awake."

"Still an insomniac?"

"Sure. It's okay. I don't need sleep."

Her arms were round and soft in their embroidered sheaths, her cheeks soft in the dim light as she leaned against him and yawned. She had to keep herself so hard, she had to drive herself with such tension, that you seldom noticed she was lovely but she was. . . .

"What are you grinning at, Doctor?"

"I've decided you'd better cut your hair."

"I will not! I never will."

"It's only logic, Jo. You wartime women have flattened your breasts and your hips, thinned out your legs and generally reduced yourselves to mere tissue and metabolism. You must weigh twenty pounds less than Nancy did at your age."

She laughed. "Oh, I see—it's my sister. You'll worship that ideal form through life, won't you? Sweetie-pie, Nancy was fat and she has got fatter. What a revolting calf you were, Cy! . . . Would you like to go back to Custis?"

"God forbid!"

"I suppose not. You're going to stay on in the great world and be a great man."

"Sure. I've started to write my novel."

She shrugged resentfully and then slid off into a reverie that he could follow as easily as if she had been thinking out loud. Clearly, Josephine would like to go back to Custis, the golden town of childhood, and she was seeing those unimaginable peaks stand up in her dooryard. Presently she said, "No one should bring up a child on Twenty-third Street. There aren't even bushes." A little later, "I'd better get some insurance." Several yawns later, "If I went to night school, what could I learn about business?"

Cy said, impersonally, "You don't have to be the head of the family."

"Oh, don't I!" She turned aside, disliking him. Presently, "I asked Howe and Bergstein for more money. They promoted me instead. I still get thirty-five dollars a week but I do twice as much work for it. And how can I run a family on thirty-five a week?"

"Can't you get more singing?"

"Hardly, with my voice. Certainly not at odd hours after work."

"How much did you want to be a singer, Jo?" he asked. "How good did you think you were?"

"I was simple-minded, Cy," she said. "All the Canedays could play the fiddle and the jew's-harp and practically anything. They were always singing. So when your adored one, the fat girl, the honey-and-gold but mindless Nancy—when Nancy said I could be a great artist, well, didn't it follow I'd be singing leads at the Met in five years at the outside?"

Cy went on probing: "So when you couldn't make great art at the first try, you thought maybe you could get it by marriage."

She scowled. Sure, he thought, you're in love with Sam, and don't you wish it were as simple as that; don't you wish you could respect him too? Her face smoothed and he watched her withdraw into Custis again.

"Actually, Custis is a dreadful town," he said. "If you went back, you'd find it duller than Twenty-third Street and the artists."

"I don't have to go back, I'm still there." She hunched a shoulder. "The Twenty-third Street cars run straight up Bannock Avenue."

Cy laughed. "I know. East is toward Mount Gallatin. That's how I find my way around New York."

JOSEPHINE laid a soft, warm hand on his —she had liked that. Suddenly he and Josephine were very close—and in Custis, in the lost place and the forgotten time. A warm accord was flowing between them on the half-lit landing. Her eyes were gentle, brittleness had gone from her, her defensiveness had lapsed. She rested her cheek against his shoulder and a faint perfume in her hair was profoundly disturbing. "We're just a pair of hicks," she said, "just small-town minds wishing we could go home."

"Stop wishing it," he said. "Stop longing for Colorado and childhood or you'll burn your fingers."

"It was a good childhood. I wish I could make one as good for Deborah. . . . You're swell with her, Cy. You're good for her. I think she's good for you, too."

"It's fascinating to watch a blob of protoplasm expand."

Jo raised a derisive lip. "You don't take me in for a minute. Protoplasm! That's supposed to make me think you're tougher than the rawhide hinges of hell's trap door. You're a terrible softie and I've always known it."

"See here, Jo. There were six Canedays. There's only one young Willard. Aren't you being a little slow about that?"

"Oh, good God!" Josephine sat up, clothed suddenly in steel. "Oh, Cy! If I should have another child—"

Here was sharp panic. Cy at once related it to the Cassie Morton affair—yes, and in six years how many predecessors of Cassie Morton had Josephine had to take? Also he related it to Sam Willard's splendid new typewriter for which he had paid enough to run his family for a month, and the artist's courage in resigning the only job he had ever held as long as a year. Also Josephine's thirty-five a week at Howe and Bergstein. Then detachment got marred a little as Cy found himself resenting the idea of this slender body being fruitful again—by Sam Willard.

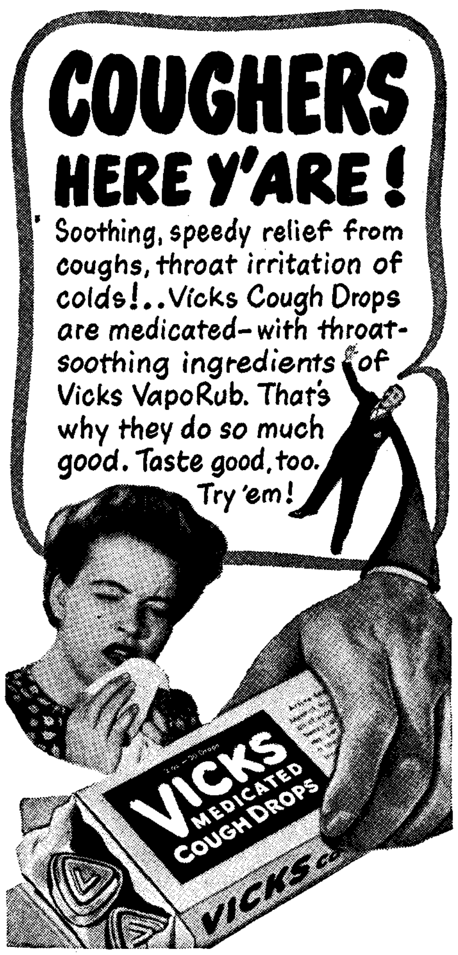
"Is worry about that what keeps you from sleeping?" he asked.

"I don't think so—not consciously, anyway. But it might happen. Cy, it mustn't!"

"Get some sleep," he said roughly. "Don't lie awake thinking how tragic never to sing arias at the Met. Or thinking about fidelity, either. . . . Shall I bring you some sleeping pills?"

"No," she said. "That's too easy. But you *are* a comfort, Cy." She stood up. "Well, Doctor Kinsman, shall we go back to beauty and revolt?"

She was silhouetted against the Victory of Samothrace. A tall woman, not yet 25 years old, unfulfilled and desirable, with a half-sad loveliness that clutched at your heart. She had—well, what? Call it steadfastness, gal-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THE
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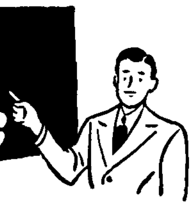

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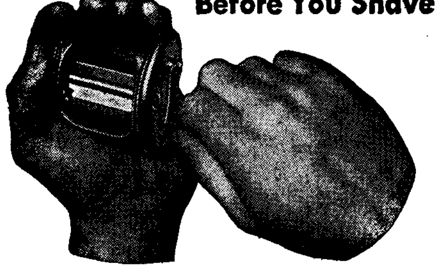

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lantry, guts. Yes, and what would it get her, Cy thought. Nothing at all. She had been stopped short. Forever.

"On the other hand," she said, "nothing on earth can stop you, Cy."

"Oh, clairvoyant, huh?"

"Enough. About half as clairvoyant as you."

They were looking at each other hard, both aware that they knew each other disturbingly well. There was this potentiality of hostility between them—it could flash and strike at any moment without warning. There was potentially something deeper, darker, more binding, perhaps more dangerous.

Josephine stood her ground. "Something has been bothering you, Cy," she said. "What is it?"

He snorted. "Nothing."

"Nothing could bother the head resident of Mercy, of course," Josephine said. "Still, if I had to guess, I'd say you're scared of something."

Cy laughed and in a moment Josephine was laughing too. She squeezed his arm, softening again. "Well, come often and watch the blob of protoplasm expand, my dear. And remember to stay tough. If you see a weakness in anyone, tramp on it hard. If you don't, people might wonder if you're weak and that wouldn't do. Never let your guard down, you might get smacked on the jaw."

She started down the stairs.

JOSEPHINE'S idea that Cy was afraid of something was obviously absurd, but there was something increasingly wrong. It was probably finding out that daydreams differ from careers. It was probably a duel with Dr. Alexander McAllister, great man and great surgeon and head of Mercy Hospital. It was probably Alexander McAllister himself. . . .

Now Dr. McAllister was, so he said, going to remove a cancer. He came into the scrub-room where the juniors were already assembled and started washing up in silence.

"Did you pack a lunch?" Cy muttered to Charlie Moss from Private Wing who was also going to assist. "This is a field day for the McAllister Excavating and Marching Club. We're going to spend it inside a millionaire."

Charlie played them close to his chest. "Want to bet he's wrong? One dollar there's no cancer?"

"I didn't say there wasn't," Cy pointed out carefully. "I just said the indications are contradictory, the Little Giant doesn't really know."

So, with the incision made and the stomach in view, Little Mac paused and turned a poker face toward Cy. "Don't see it, Cy?"

"No, Colonel."

"Moss?"

"No, sir."

Mac usually ignored the nurses except when there was a chance to curse them picturesquely. Now he remarked to them, "Wasn't on the X-ray plate. Dr. Kinsman couldn't see it and neither could I. Can't see it now. Obviously can't be there." He thrust a hand into the incision and brought up the pylorus. And there it was on the back, a round, hard mass.

McAllister became McAllister the Great, lordly and wise. He kneaded the growth gently with a gloved finger. "Feel it, Cy." Cy felt it, though he had no doubt whatever. "Feel it, Moss." Charlie felt it.

McAllister raised an eyebrow at Cy. "Science said it couldn't be there, eh?"

"Wait a minute, Colonel," Cy said. "What I said was, you weren't sure."

Mac was deftly and swiftly exploring inside, talking as he worked. "That's quite right, Cy. If I'd waited to be sure, that would have been science but the patient would have died. As it is we're in time and he'll live."

That's a guess, too, and you'll probably stay in too long anyway. For a wonder, Cy didn't say it. What he did say was, "Going to send a section to Pathology before you take it?"

"What for? Trying to tell me it's not m'lignant?"

"No. But you still don't *know* whether it is."

"Oh, hell, Cy. . . . Nothing on the dome of the liver. . . . Nothing on the mesentery. . . . No metastasis. We're in time. Science is a pretty thing, Cy, but a surgeon thinks with his fingers."

"So I've heard you say. A surgeon bows to the infallible reflex."

Getting apprehensive, Charlie Moss muttered "Shut up, Cy."

Little Mac heard. "Yes, do shut up, Cy. And don't be a laboratory surgeon. All right, it couldn't be there but it was. I will now operate."

He did so for more than two hours, performing one of the most drastic jobs in abdominal surgery. Mac took about two thirds of the stomach and the upper part of the duodenum. Then he hooked up the intestine. And Cy, placing clamps, tying bleeders, using sponges, following those gifted fingers with fingers equally gifted, watched his master with critical vigilance, aware that Mac was watching him just as narrowly. No need: neither would catch the other in a mistake.

In the four months that had passed since those simple days at Base Hospital 98, Cy had come to understand that Mac was a prima donna, a little tyrant, a snob, and more than a little of a phony. And none of this mattered in the least, when the chips were down. When Mac began to operate, Mac became a great man, and Cy completely and from the heart admired this perfection of skill.

When it was over Mac was too pleased by his performance even to bawl Cy out for impudence on the operating floor. "There is no substitute for clinical experience, Cy. Didn't show on the X-ray plate, huh?"

"Your honor, Colonel. And still you didn't know it was there."

"The hell I didn't. You get to know. There come times when you have to tear up the tests and go ahead. When you've worked as long as I have, you don't question what you know you know."

SO THE surgical juniors at Mercy were looking forward to today's six-thirty meeting. Every day they met at this hour in the head resident's suite to discuss their jobs, to talk over their cases, and to receive an orderly-room lecture from Cy. It was a hideous little two-room suite. The sitting room, all of ten feet square, was voluptuously furnished with a desk and several chairs that had come down the ages. Furthermore, it was decorated. By tradition when the head resident left Mercy for the great world he had a photograph of himself framed, at his own expense, and added it to those of his predecessors in the long line along one wall. But Cy had already hung his there, ten by twelve whereas the others were eight by ten, and stern in the uniform of a captain of the Medical Corps. It was swank, insolence, snootiness. The boys would have been disappointed if he hadn't done something offensive.

BUT tonight's pleasant anticipation stemmed from Cy's indiscretion of last night, when he had pointed out that the X-ray plate of the distinguished gentleman from whom a cancer had now been removed gave no one any right to believe that the gentleman had a cancer.

"Okay, Cy." That was Cameron Steele, an assistant resident. If some of the others disliked Cy vehemently, Steele had come to hate him. Steele was just a little unbalanced about him. "Now tell us about today's miracle of modern surgery. Or should I say, diagnosis?"

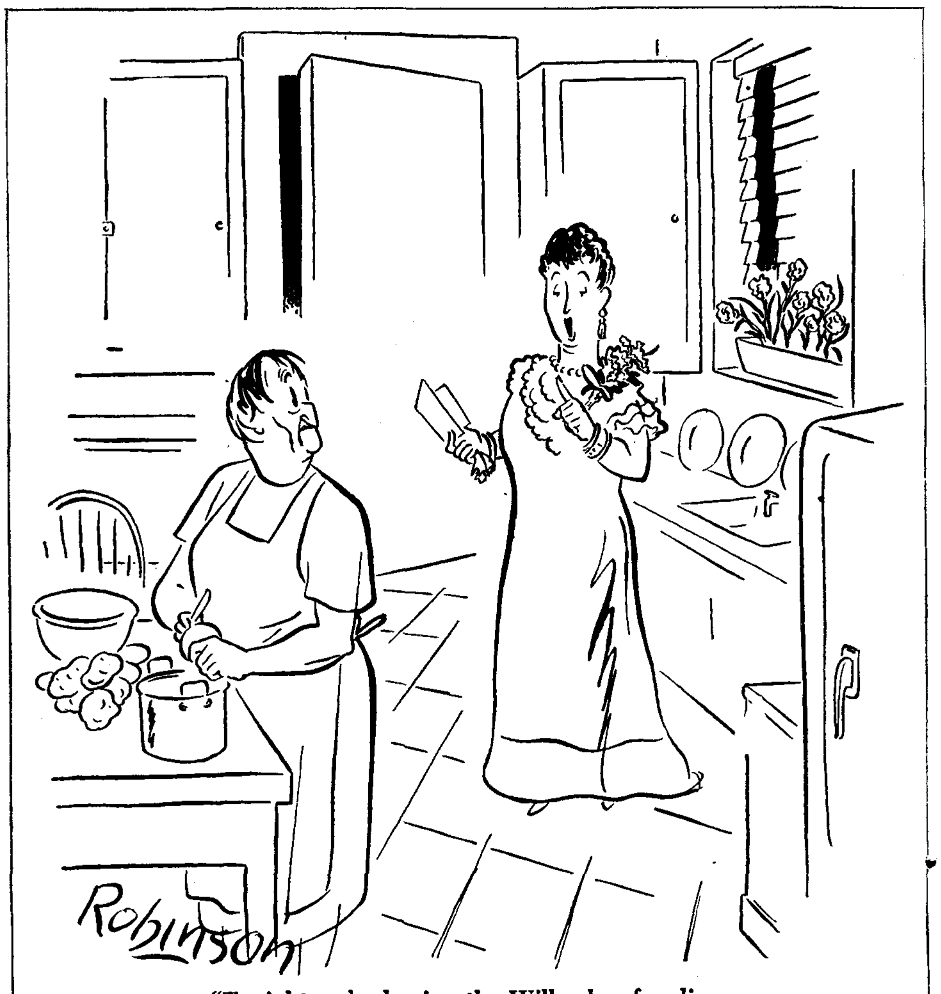
Cy propped up the large X-ray plate on his desk. "Sure." He beckoned them round the X-ray plate. It was big enough to show the entire abdomen and there was not the faintest shadow to be diagnosed. Cam Steele whinnied. "Science said there wasn't anything. The Old Man said there was, and Pathology's report on the specimen confirmed him. You still want us to string along with science, Cy?"

"The great surgeon was right as rain," Cy said equably. "The great surgeon thought it all out with his fingers. That's very pretty, but you gentlemen are a millimeter short of being great surgeons and you don't know Braille. Better stick to the tests. . . . Kinsman's simple point for eager minds is just this: If you guess something's there and something is there, it's still a guess."

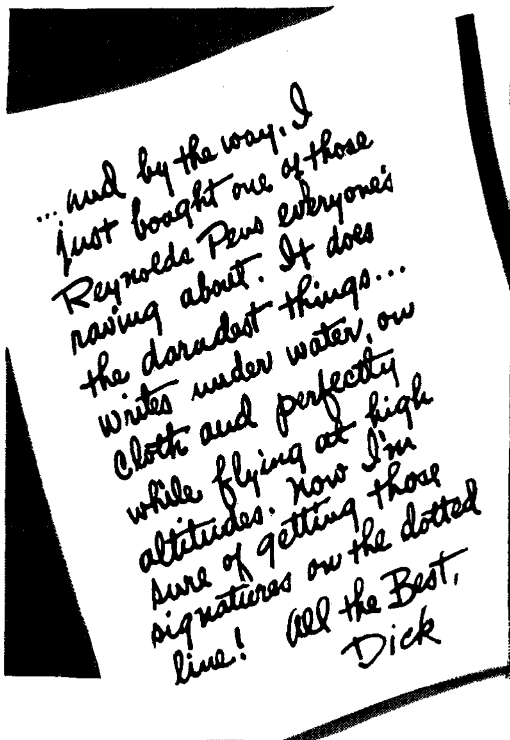
"Or maybe if you say it's there and then you find it there, that's surgery."

"Sure. Also it's surgery to disembowel them. The Old Man did a job today that was just like a poem. Like a wholesale poem. He's in the wrecking business. When he sees something in front of him, it just has to come out."

Trust Pete Estey to ask intelligent ques-



COLLIER'S "Tonight we're having the Willowbys for dinner. Remember, we owe them a meatless one" ROBINSON MCKEE



...and by the way, I just bought one of those Reynolds Pens everyone's raving about. It does the darndest things... writes under water, on cloth and perfectly while flying at high altitudes. Now I'm sure of getting those signatures on the dotted line! All the Best,
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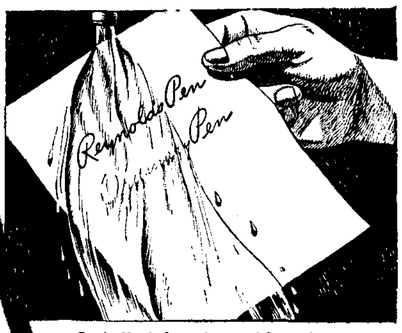

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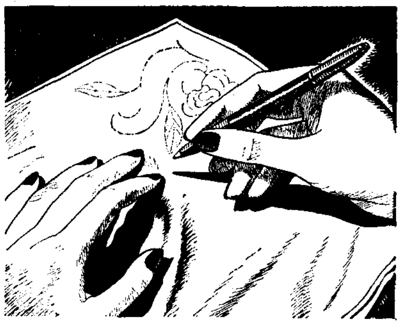

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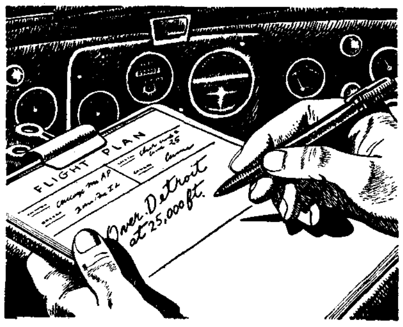

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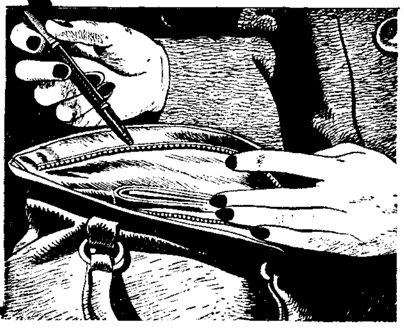

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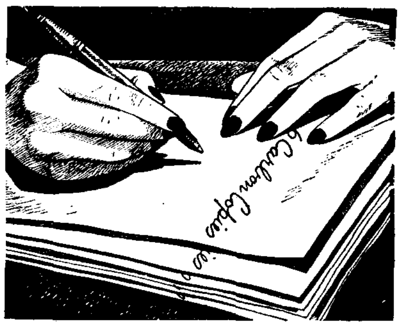

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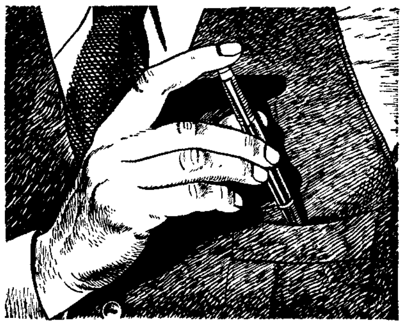

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tions. "Sure, but what's your point, Cy? Is it that we ought to wait till the X-ray shows it, even if the patient dies? Or is it that you kill them anyhow if you do things in a big way? That's two points."

"Cy's point," Cam Steele said, "is Point *X* and let's talk about it some more."

They snickered, for Point *X* was a Kinsman obsession. It was supposed to mark the great divide, the limit of human endurance. On one side of it the patient died, on the other he recovered, and a flaw in surgery was that no one could tell where it was.

"Well," Cy said, "I'd guess we spent at least three quarters of an hour on the far side of it this morning. The Old Man's cancer case will die by tomorrow night."

But it didn't. The patient began to make an excellent recovery. So the witty thing to do at Mercy was to come up to Cy and inquire whether his young rival, Dr. McAllister, did not have a promising talent for surgery.

And Cy's Point *X*, which bored the juniors, was getting him down. The Mystery of *X*. What happened when you were able to save John Doe whereas you lost Richard Roe, who had seemed to have more in his favor? What was the threshold of mortality and how could you locate it? Cy ranged unhappily through the records of Mercy Hospital, trying to find clues, correlations, or conclusions about preoperative or postoperative indications. No clue at all. Nobody knew enough, nobody, in fact, knew anything.

ONE of McAllister's patients died on the table. There was no reason why she should, she just died. And it wasn't resentment of Little Mac that made Cy indiscreet afterward, for Mac had worked superbly and for once economically. It was just resentment of ignorance and the affront to surgery.

"Damn it, Colonel," he said, "that woman had no right to die."

"Can't save them all. Certain percentage of them are bound to die. Just a problem in statistics."

"Sure. We're strong for statistics at Mercy. We even manipulate them a little."

That was scandalous. It was also indiscreet—and Cy couldn't care, for that woman had a right to live. But he had brought Little Mac out of the lordly phase. Little Mac said, softly, "I said in France I'd make a surgeon of you, and I'm going to. But if I have to teach you discipline, too, by God, I can."

"There's a lot I'd like to learn. How to guess gracefully, for instance."

Mac said, "You know, Cy, I can shut you out of the practice of surgery."

"Easy. A lot easier than you can teach me to think with my fingers."

But the old boy could relax into geniality, even from such an affront as this. He lit a long, thin cigar and waved it companionably at Cy. "I've got to find a lectureship in anatomy for you. Nobody ever learns anything till he has to teach it and you'd better get letter-perfect in anatomy."

"Yeah, more finger-thinking. You know, Colonel, some of us believe that sometimes it's a good idea to think with the frontal lobe, too."

And as time went on, Cy persistently harried the house officers at six-thirty meeting with his monotonous questions: Why did this one die? Why did that one live? How are we going to tell?

One of the boys protested. "After all, Cy, there are those statistics. Little Mac is right. Some of them do have to die."

"Everybody's name comes up eventually, sure. I'm not bellyaching because they die. I just don't like them to die of our ignorance. Or of our guess. Or of our love of the spectacular."

"Well, how do you expect us to know?" Cam Steele said, with vast and ever-ready antagonism. "Are we supposed to know by smell?"

Steele could not know it, but he had stopped Cy short. For there came instantly into his mind the big, bearded face of Wesley Wales Kinsman, M.D., of Custis, Colorado. Old Doc Kinsman, the sagebrush general practitioner, dead these eight years. Old Doc Kinsman, Cy's father, who had been the science of medicine and the healing art in Custis for so many years. Old Doc Kinsman who thought he could smell death the moment he came into a patient's house, if death were on the way. . . .

"You know," Cy said, "my old man believed *that.* He claimed he could smell death."

"Could he?" Steele demanded.

"He couldn't. No, and Little Mac can't feel it with fingers, either. You don't locate Point *X* by smell or touch. But it's there," Cy said. "Every man can take so much, can take it up to a point. When you get to that point, there you are. And if you get a millimeter past it, you draw a ticket to the hereafter. Someday we'll know enough to calculate just where it is."

"You mean that, Cy?" Pete Estey drawled. "Someday we're goin' to have us a test or something so's you'll know when not to operate, or just when to stop carvin', or how to figure the victim's odds? You mean, just like a metabolism rate?"

Cy said cheerfully, "We'll work out a mil scale. Or invent a precipitin. Or a coagulate. Or whatever. If we don't, we'll stop saying we're scientists."

Pete was unconvinced. "You don't believe that for a minute, Cy. You can't. You've seen too many of 'em die when they had everything on their side. It's beyond science, Cy. You know what you want? You want a pinch of goofer dust, or maybe some holy water, or a thunder stone—anyways, something that'll tell you is there a demon out there in the dark, and which side is he on, yours or the other?"

And the meeting roared and broke up, for that was a good line. But Cy was unshaken. There was an unknown factor; the providential, the unforeseeable, and, he insisted, let science get to work on analyzing it—let it stop guessing, stop killing people through ignorance. Or through pride and magnificent technique.

HE SPURRED on the juniors, too often obnoxiously. He worked in the dog laboratory, odd half hours snatched from being adjutant and general manager of a great hospital. He lectured to classes of student nurses. He conspired with Dorothy Sponberg to raise efficiency a notch and another notch. Day by day, economically, easily, with the negligent brilliance of a man fit to be McAllister's understudy, he performed the operations that were the admiration and the despair of the young men.

And restlessness and rebellion grew on him —restlessness without cause and rebellion against no one and nothing he could name.

It was Pete Estey's turn to escape from Mercy for an evening and Cy met him in the corridor, dressed for a big time. "This must mean marriage, Pete," Cy said. "You're *shined up like a cowpoke coming in to spend* Saturday night in Custis, Colorado. You've never introduced me to your girl."

"No, nor I don't aim to," Pete said amiably. "Not till I've proved to her that honest worth beats empty brilliance every time. She don't get off till six."

Cy was suddenly overcome not so much by a desire to get away from Mercy as pleasure in the knowledge that he would be fracturing rules wholesale. "How would you like a drink?"

"They'll fire you sure," Pete said. "You're bein' unfaithful to the healing art."

"They won't fire me." Cy put on a raincoat over his hospital whites. "Come along to the Harvard Club." He laughed. "I'm like the Twenty-third Street artists. I'm in revolt. Against the Old Man with a Beard."

THE Old Man with a Beard had come to be the legendary explanation of everything that went wrong with Mercy Hospital. And it was odd that at once, in the lounge of the Harvard Club, they encountered a slight, stooped, fragile man with faded hair and scrawny, pointed beard, and with the Yankee face that never grows older, being as old as time. Cy hurried forward and introduced Pete to Ezra Bartlett, speaking with a deference that would have caused surprise at Mercy. Bartlett was a professor of physiology at the Harvard Medical School and his name had gone round the world. He stood talking to them, in a querulous falsetto.

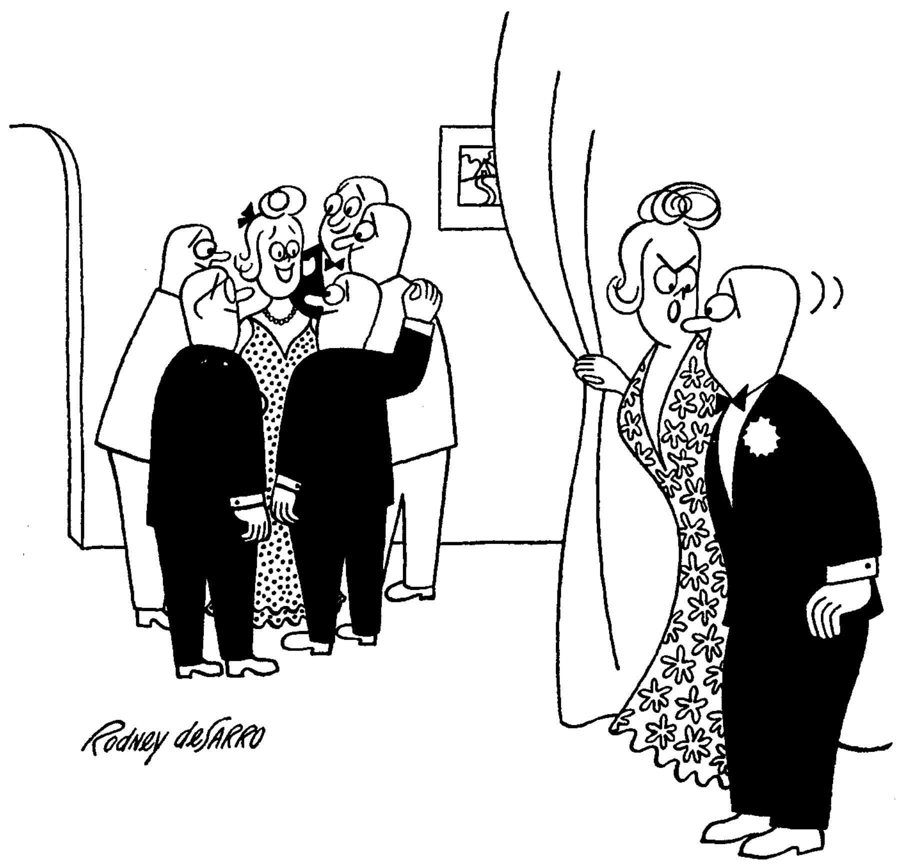
Cy mentioned a paper from Bartlett's laboratory on the isolation of mysterious, vital potencies in food. Bartlett didn't want to talk about it and pushed the topic away with both hands. "You've settled everything in your own mind, Kinsman? You're going to settle down and open bellies for Sandy McAllister?"

"Yes, sir. And get appointed to all his boards, committees, and foundations."

A magisterial lip flared out and upward. A sniff raised the falsetto at least two notes. "Just what is it you admire, Kinsman? His circle of familiars, his chauffeur, or merely his bank account?"

Cy loomed twice as large as the great physiologist. "His technique. He's a good workman. That's all I want to be."

"Workman? Technique? Slitting intestines? Almighty God," the fifelike voice prayed in the Harvard Club, "forgive me my



"It was a mistake to give the maid the night off—she came with one of the guests"

COLLIER'S RODNEY DE SARRO

miscalculations. When you were doing gastric analysis for me in Boston, I used to think you had brains enough for science." Professor Bartlett turned his back and, tiny but enormous, strode toward the elevator.

Cy stared after him. "All right," he said belligerently to Pete, "I'm nothing but a pair of hands. They're good hands. The hell with him."

He was certainly in revolt, hurrying back to Mercy in a cab. Ezra Bartlett was unquestionably a great man. But Ezra Bartlett was by no means entitled to sneer at Cyrus Kinsman. Dr. Kinsman knew to the last division of a mil scale what he was doing. . . . Or did he?

A FEW days later they brought to Emergency a stevedore who had lost an argument with a hoist. He was dreadfully mangled, so dreadfully that higher authority had to be consulted. Cy finally located McAllister at a banquet uptown, where he had to be summoned from the speakers' table, beside the mayor of New York City. He described the case. "I think Dr. Epstein should be called but I can't locate him. I think you'd better come, sir." Notice the careful "Sir"—this is the well-subordinated junior speaking to the chief.

"Lost your genius, Cy?" Little Mac inquired. "Or just your nerve?"

"It says in the rule book," Cy reminded him, "that when something like this comes in I'm to notify you."

"You've notified me. Carry on." Little Mac hung up, and Cy went to summon Pete Estey and Cam Steele.

At the end of two hours he turned over the job to Steele for a transfusion in the operating room. He didn't make his usual crack about Steele's clumsiness. He and Pete staggered out to the bare, nakedly lighted scrubroom, and exhausted nurses helped them pull off their gowns.

No one said anything. There wasn't anything to say. It had been a perfect and probably impossible job.

Wavering back to the two little cubicles that were his home, Cy sat down on his iron cot, took off one shoe, then sat with his head in his hands. Yeah, he thought, my old man could smell death—so he said. Yeah. He could smell death and Alexander McAllister can think with his fingers. I can't. But they didn't do this job and I did.

Cy laughed aloud—and jumped, startled by the sound. Me, I can't guess pretty. I get in fast and I get out as fast as I can. I'm a plodding soul. I don't like 'em wholesale. I don't guess and I can't smell death. I'm nothing but a pair of hands. But it was my hands that did this job. He took off the other shoe.

Pete Estey pushed through the door. Pete was haggard from the long job he had helped to do. His morning beard was beginning to show black on his cheeks. But he had a pint of rye.

Cy looked at it. "That violates the sacred trust of Mercy Hospital. I mean, better not let Sponberg or one of the boys catch you with it."

"I reckon. Question is, have we earned a drink or haven't we?"

The rye opened little pockets of fatigue, then drained them blissfully. Not the rye, however, but something in Pete radiated warmth. Stanchness, friendship, solid courage and no doubts or questions. Simply call it warmth. Cy was suddenly aware that he had been cold. He seemed to be cold a lot these days.

"Cy," Pete said, "I won't never do a job like you did tonight."

"Nuts."

"No, nor Little Mac, he won't neither," Pete added.

They passed the bottle ceremoniously. Silence late at night, with the living prescience of a great hospital enveloping them. And there was in Pete Estey something admirable and strong. He admired Dr. Kinsman; much more than that, he liked him. Cy repudiated it as waste and folly—Pete should choose his admirations more wisely.

"Something wrong with you these days, Cy?"

"Hell, no."

"No?"

"Well, what's the word you poor whites use? Fitten. Sometimes I get an idea I'm not fitten for the healing art."

Pete laughed. "Who's fittener than you are?"

"Somebody that doesn't have to fight it all the time."

Pete gave him a long look. "Cy," he said, very carefully, "I wouldn't like something to go wrong for you."

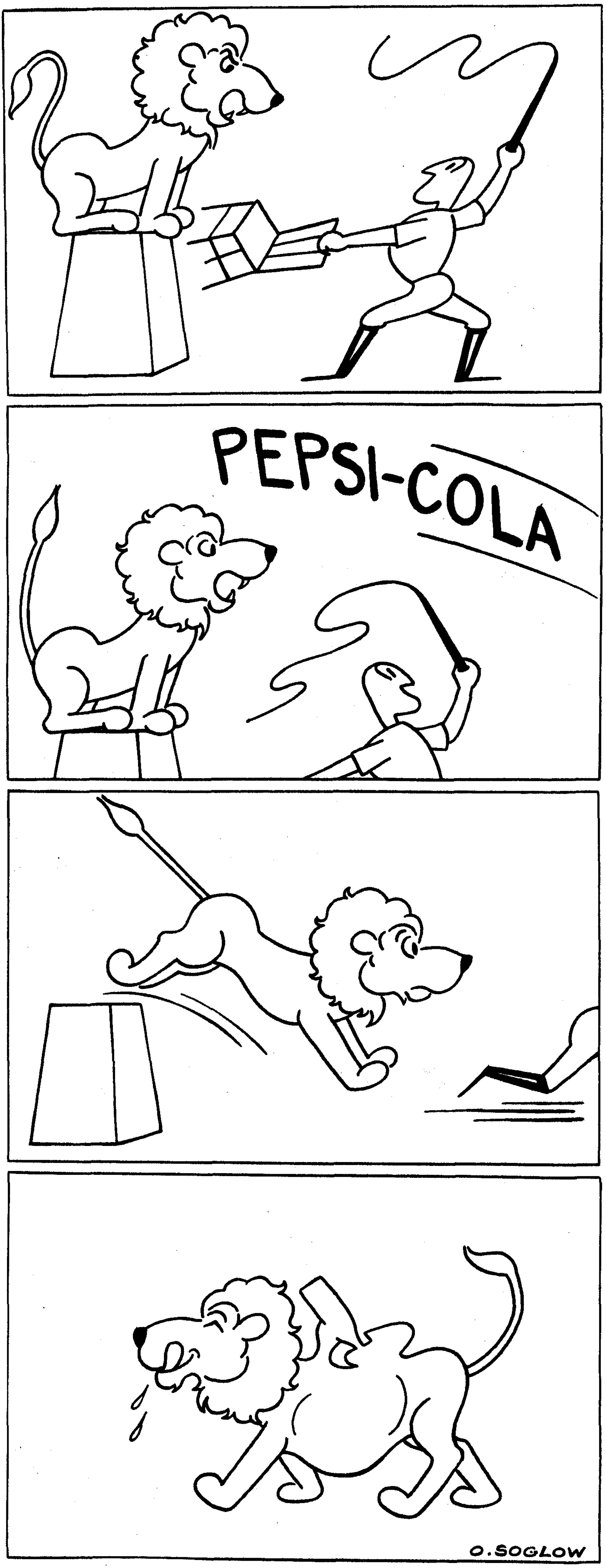
THEN there came a night when the poor chose to die. Cy gave a transfusion. He decided against another one. He had a hand square over a heart when a wandering clot lodged in the valve. He reopened a peritoneum that had been all right yesterday and found that it was no use. He galloped back to stop an inexplicable hemorrhage.

Mostly the poor had died with a decent or a proud reticence. But now in Ward C the intern was standing by one who made a choked, hoarse screaming. It came hard. It roused the sleeping from thin to thicker pain. . . . Night after night. Here. And in France.

In France. So many and so often, in clearing stations by the Somme, in Mobile Hospital 47, in Base Hospital 98. Cy's mind filled with flickering snapshots of hundreds of nights. We had something then, he thought. I had something I have by no means got now. There was a decency. There was a function. There was a function you never questioned and did not need to. There was—what in God's name was there?

The intern—he was just a kid, two months on the service—beckoned an orderly, who came on soft soles to place a screen around that bed, where the screaming sank to quiet as Cy watched. The intern and the orderly went away. Cy swore and made a gesture of helpless fury. Then he withdrew the oath, for he knew they had work to do for Mercy Hospital and the patient was as good as dead. He went to stand looking down at the face that was now drained of agony, and five minutes later the man died quietly. Cy called an orderly.

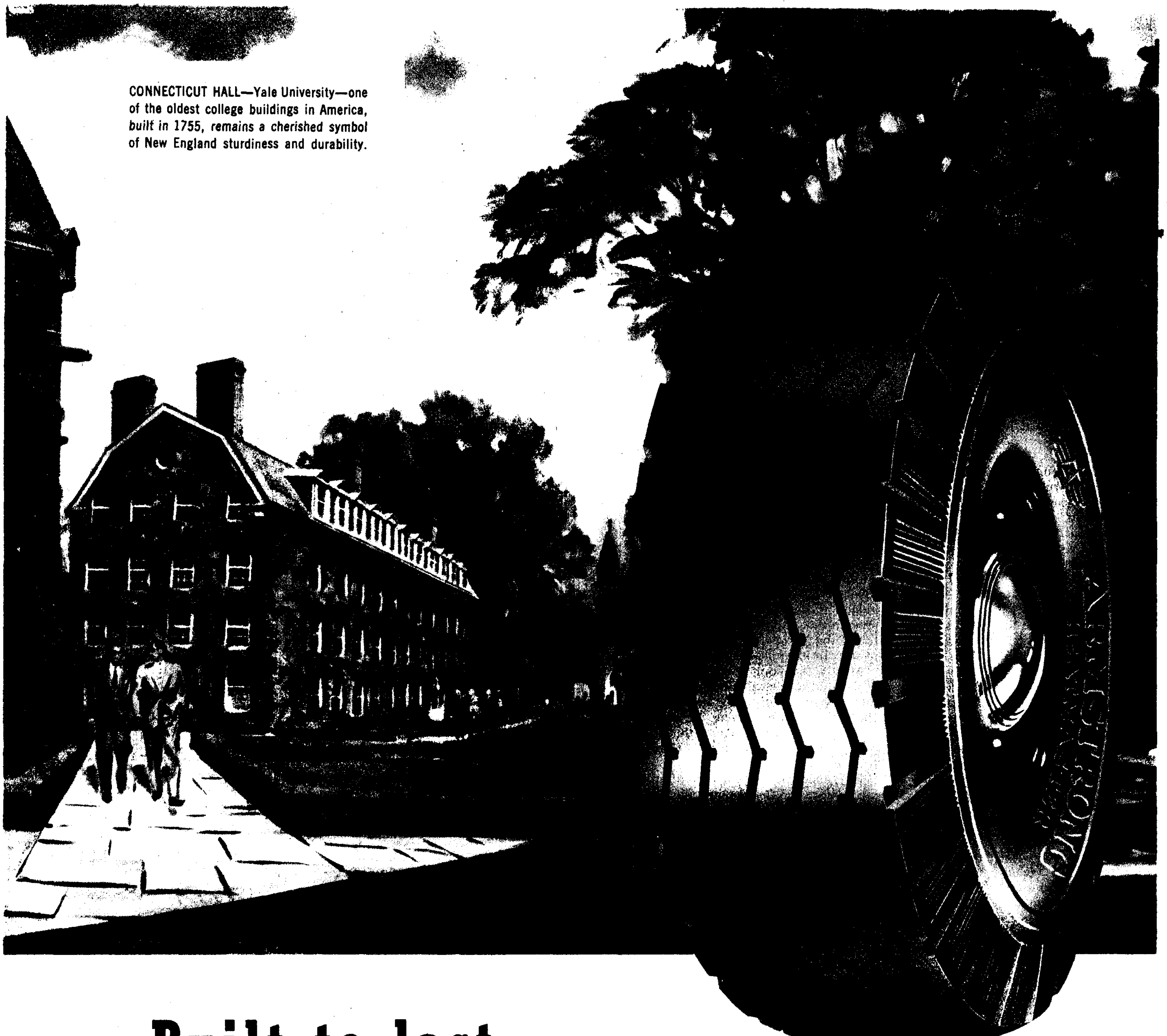
Back at the window at the far end, he saw



REALIZED AMBITIONS

REALIZER	REALIZATION
Gentleman, Minneapolis	He bought and smashed six large watermelons on the sidewalk—"my lifelong ambition."
Bombardier, Italy	He dropped a kitchen sink on the target from his Liberator.
Soldier, Flora, Mississippi	He finished his twentieth year of daily shaving with the same safety razor blade.
Gentleman, Salt Lake City	He waited until the dead line before filing his return, in order to be the last person in Utah to pay income tax.
Clothing salesman, Little Rock	He sold a two-pants suit to an undertaker shopping for burial clothes.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN



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Dorothy Sponberg coming to join him. "You needn't have done that, Dr. Kinsman."

"By God," Cy said, "there should be someone in New York who would wait while a man dies."

"By God, there was." At a guess Dorothy Sponberg had never before called on her God except in prayer. She went away, and as she left, Cy thought with complete clarity: I've gone wrong somewhere; Wes Kinsman had something I'll never have; I'm running a bluff; I'm phonier than Little Mac, and maybe I won't choose to keep it up.

He started for his quarters. A light came through the open door of Dorothy Sponberg's office. She was sitting at her desk by the hooded green light, had taken off her cap, was holding a pen in her hand. She was motionless, looking at nothing at all—worn face, gray hair, bowed shoulders, wrinkled neck, and all the stanchness in the world. Cy went in to stand beside her.

AT THAT moment the phone on her desk rang. She picked it up, then turned to him. "Emergency wants you to look at a case. I'm sorry, Cyrus."

He put an arm round those bony shoulders. "I never was so glad in my life," he said.

He hurried down basement corridors and across a court. In Emergency were a nurse and three interns. One of them was bending over an unconscious man, the other two were working over a woman whose legs had been horribly crushed. They were just boys. One of them looked up, very scared.

"The nurse thinks she's in labor, Cy."

The nurse nodded. "They must have been on their way to some hospital. Their taxi was crushed against the El."

Cy's mind had taken hold at once, brushing away the night's fog. "Get Reynolds here—fast. Get the hemorrhage stopped," he commanded.

He laid a hand on the woman's abdomen and felt the spasm of a contraction. He waited, timing the next one.

"You'll do a Caesarean, won't you?" the boy asked.

"Certainly—Reynolds will. Send her up, Nurse. I'll help Reynolds."

He turned away but a scream swung him round again. The woman was conscious. He bent over her and her eyes came out of syncope and held his.

"I must not lose my baby! I must not lose my baby, Doctor!"

"Your baby will be all right."

"Am I going to die?"

He nodded. . . . But no. The tide that had been ebbing seaward in the sick dawn had turned. The night had seen all the deaths it was going to. "No, by God, you aren't," Cy said. "You're not going to die."

He picked up the telephone. "Tell Dr. Estey to get to Emergency on the run. Get Dr. Moriarty, too." He faced the nurse. "Too damn' many are dying! We won't waste time—we'll do her right here."

Emergency had only a dispensary—but it would have to do. "Get a nurse to anesthetize her. Get a couple more nurses. Get oxygen." He gestured fiercely at the interns. "Move your feet and hands! Get her blood typed. Get some donors here on the run. I'll have to transfuse her on the table."

Reynolds came in and Cy began to issue orders: "You'll do a Caesarean. Pete will do a fast guillotine on the left leg. I'm going to save the right leg."

After one glance at the woman, Reynolds was looking at him with complete skepticism and that didn't matter a damn. He was not going to let her die, not tonight of all nights since time began to flow.

SOMETHING was ending, something was falling away. Josephine did not know whether it was marriage, or what the artists called illusion. There were good moments and bad, but as April grew into May and May warmed toward summer, in Chelsea it was splintering like glass.

Always five o'clock woke her from stupor to life. She grabbed her hat, fled from Howe and Bergstein, and hurried uptown. She would rush into groceries, fruit stands, pastry shops, and it did not matter how few of their delicacies the Willards could afford—for she was going home. The clogged streets were the double bass of a great music, for this was the hour when magic might always come true. . . .

Tonight was one of the good moments. Deborah, playing on the steps under Anna's calm eye, ran squealing and threw herself in Jo's arms. And together they went in to Sam, Deborah yelling, "Here's Daddy!" Sam yanked a sheet from the typewriter and got up from the table where he had worked all day. His arms around them both, Deborah's laughter was in Josephine's ears, Sam's mustache against her lips.

"A good day, darling?"

"Two thousand words. Maybe twenty-five hundred."

"Still a masterpiece?"

"Superb."

"I know it is."

"Do you honestly, Jo?" His eyes clouded with anxiety and the mustache began to twitch. "It's got to be. Suppose it isn't? Suppose it's cheese?"

"It's the best damn' novel ever written."

"How do you know?"

"You couldn't not be wonderful."

"It's got to be. You're swell, Jo, you're wonderful. It's going to be a masterpiece."

Here was what she had been born for, and the muted sounds of Twenty-third Street were an offstage obbligato to this overwhelming reality. She thrust Deborah into his arms. "You're a teller of tales—create some masterpieces for your daughter while your wife changes her clothes."

She sat on one of the two blue-covered couches that were beds at night, unlaced her shoes, wiggled her toes, and was all glow.

On Sam's knee, Deborah flung her head back, shouting. "Mustn't tickle her, I guess," Sam said regretfully. "It will make her stutter."

"That's an ignorant folk taboo from Utica. She loves it—go ahead."

"Sure, I've got a peasant mind."

Deborah said, "Sing, Daddy."

"You've got it wrong—it's Mummy who sings." But Sam broke crowlike into "Maxwelton's braes are bonny."

Josephine giggled, went into the bathroom, sang, "Where early fa's the dew," *bel canto*, and pulled her slip over her head. Damn! Where was that smock, and wouldn't it be nice to have an apartment that had closets, including one of your own. She put on worn slippers and went back to look for the smock.

Sam stopped singing. "Well!" he said.

She stopped and glanced at him over her bare shoulder. Sam dropped Deborah, crossed in haste, and took her in his arms. He kissed her throat, and she moved closer. "You have such perfect responses," he said. She whispered, "Who cultivated them?"

She picked up Deborah and a picture book and ran out, Sam's laugh following her, "The neighbors will love that teddy—don't be long, darling!"

Upstairs, she plumped Deborah in her crib—"Look at the Three Bears, Snooks, look at the Tinman of Oz, look at the window and think about modern love. . . ."

And a little later the rumble of Twenty-third Street began to sift in again slowly through curtains that the bridge lamp shone on. She could hear Sam's subsiding heart, voices on the sidewalk, the everlasting trolley cars—oh, orchestrate them in a splendid hymn! Touching his lips, standing up, the woman who found the smock at last smiled fulfillment in the mirror and went upstairs again for Deborah.

OH YES, sometimes there could be such splendid moments. But a few nights later Sam wasn't there when she got back from Howe and Bergstein. And now motherhood was laborious. Deborah's giddy whim to spray cereal across the floor fell short of amusing. Josephine yelled at her and slapped her fingers, then damned herself for a shrew and hugged the whimpering child tight, kissed her, sat at the piano, and sang Oats, Peas, Beans and Barley Grows. . . . And that was ghastly, it was unforgivable—to bully and then bribe the confused baby. Worse still, there was no use pretending that Deborah had anything to do with it. Sprayed cereal would have just been childhood's happy hour if there hadn't been those ideas about Sam.

Ideas? "The worst thing of all is to kid yourself," Cy had said, and she was kidding herself when she said ideas. She looked at the pile of typescript on the table. It was neat—which meant that Sam had not written a word all day. She looked at the lines of the top page crossed out with x's. Sure, she was spying on her husband and that was pretty low. But she knew damned well where he had spent the afternoon! He had spent it with Cassie Morton. A pain that hit her in the stomach might have suggested appendicitis to Cy, but to Josephine it meant that too much of Custis, Colorado, still clung to her. She was not able to rejoice in the emancipated life. She was jealous as hell and murderously mad.

Here Sam came in, bearing a small, crumpled bouquet. She seized it thirstily. "Arbutus! Where did you get it?"

"A man selling them in the Square." Like a speeding arrow came the thought that in the Square he had been just two blocks from Cassie Morton's. But he broke the barb right off the arrow. "I thought they might be from the Catskills."

"Darling!" She turned to find a cup for them and hide her eyes. From the Catskills! Their friends had jeered, for a truly emancipated couple would simply have tacked up their names together on the door without fuss or display. But the bourgeois rituals of Custis had prevailed and they had gone on a honeymoon, in the Catskills. . . .

They sat down to dinner, and Sam talked so insistently that she knew something was wrong. And Deborah had learned some new words from the newspaper and had to shriek when he clearly didn't want any part of it. "Oh, damn it, Deborah, leave me alone!" he said sharply. The child stood back and her face crumpled and she began to cry. "That's right, bawl! Stop it!" He picked her up and spanked her, then handed her to Josephine, "For God's sake, can't she be put to bed?"

Josephine took her upstairs, soothed her for a while, then went back. Sam was feeling sheepish now. "Sorry. But damn it, I've got a book on my mind."

A BOOK and what else? Josephine waited for it to develop. Sam was in and out of his chair. He leafed through his typescript, his mustache sulking. Moment by moment he was growing into a younger boy.

Finally Josephine said, "Yes, Sam, what?"

He looked up from the typescript. "It's good, Jo. It really is, it's hellish good."

"I know it is, darling."

He flung it across the room, hundreds of typed pages snowing over the floor. "It stinks! I'm not a writer. I'm going to burn it."

"Sam!" She started to pick up the sheets but his need was more urgent and she knelt by him, pressing his head to her breast.

He refused to be comforted. "Either I'm worth believing in or I'm not!" He stood up, his eyes desperate. "I'm not! Jake Cameron doesn't believe in me. He said maybe I had a novel in me but there was nothing to show I did. He said it was up to me. He said he wouldn't lay a nickel on the line I could write a novel."

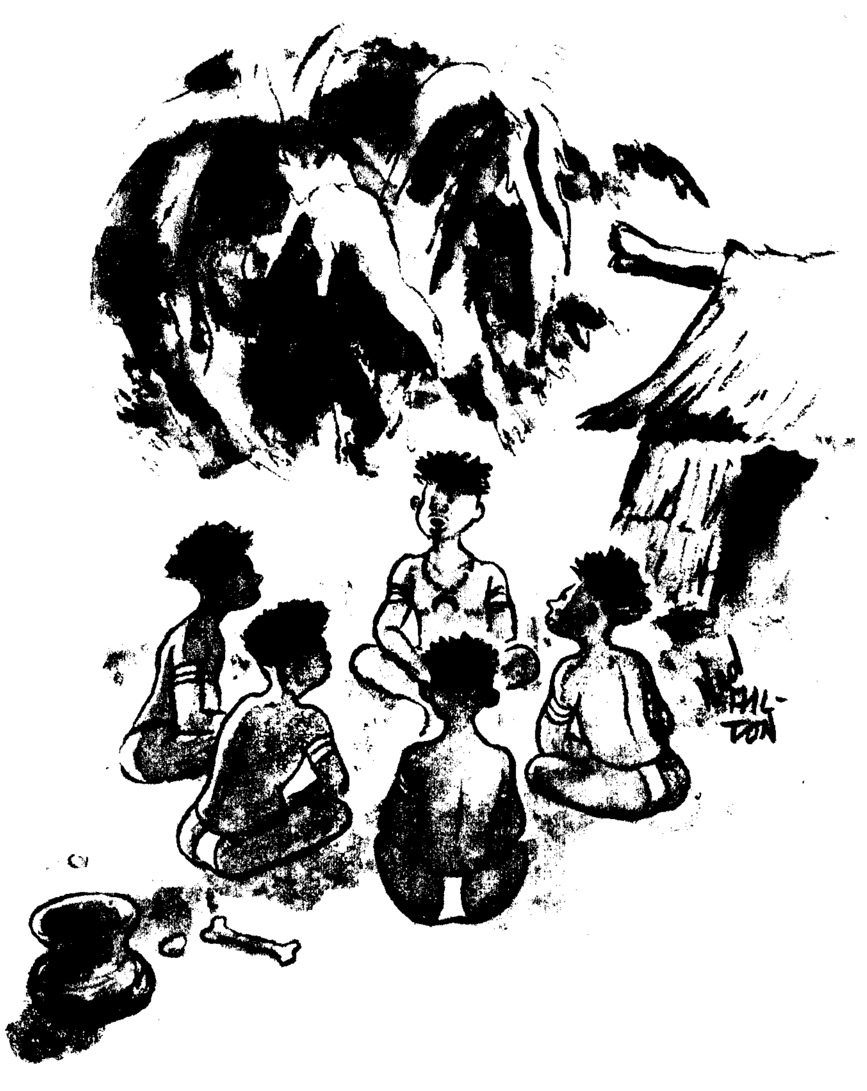
Jake Cameron was the former Village bookseller who had been making a spectacular success as a publisher. "What's it all about, Sam?" she asked, puzzled.

"I went to see him this afternoon. He said all I'd ever done so far was be a fearless basement-tearoom genius. He said maybe I was a novelist but maybe I was just a case of arrested puberty. My God, he used to be my friend!"

Tears ran down Sam's cheeks. She had never seen him cry. She cradled him in her arms again. "Jake Cameron can't hurt you, darling. He's—oh, he's lost out somehow. He has to be cruel or he couldn't keep going. He's nothing. All that matters is doing what you want to, doing it as well as you can, and living with your family."

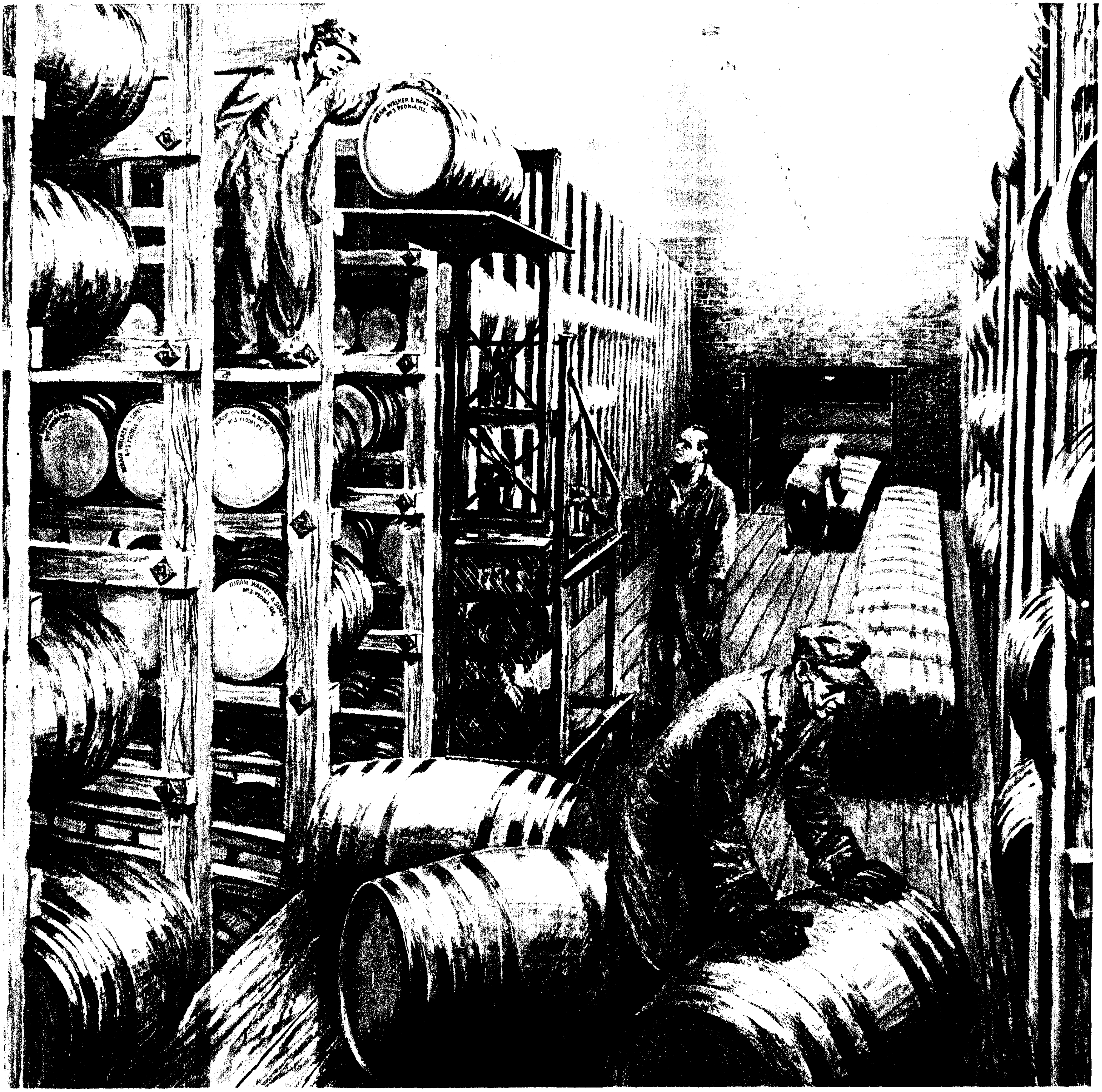
"Nine years in New York, Jo. I've never done anything good. I'll never be a success. I'm just one of the little people."

No point in reminding him that he de-



"So it's agreed. If they let us in on atomic energy, we'll give them the secret of our poison darts"

COLLIER'S NED HILTON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spised success, the venal goddess, the false idol of souls that could not take art as a sacrament. It wasn't her job to remind him of his ideas and contradictions. It was her job to make him whole. She dissolved in tenderness, holding the world away from him. So she healed the wounds and brought back his self-esteem—the job she had been born to do. His lips lost their pout and he could sit up, boyish, jaunty and unbeatable.

"The hell with Jake. Plenty of publishers will be fighting for it."

"Why did you go to see him today?" she asked him.

"I offered him the novel for a thousand dollars advance."

"A thousand dollars? A *thousand?*"

"I want . . ."

"What do you want?"

"Wouldn't you like a little more cash?"

She certainly would—and she promptly hardened with anxiety. Figure any way she could, they were still going to fall short this month by fifty dollars if not more.

"I hate to have you always tired out," Sam said. "How you sweat, Jo—and like a louse I let you do it. I sit here and write and let you work."

That pierced her and she damned all the vicious thoughts she had had. "I'm doing what I want. It's your job that counts, darling, it's the novel. You write it. And then when it has lodged us in the Waldorf we'll weep with longing for the precious poverty of Twenty-third Street."

"I'll beat that! I can't write the novel all the time. I'll get some reviewing to do. I'll do squibs for the Smart Set. I'll get some manuscripts to read. I'll—"

He wouldn't. He was just seeing for a moment how dauntless and heroic he was. But it was a generous impulse. And for tonight he was through being the world's victim. . . .

THEN she got a different slant on that incredible thousand dollars. There came a succession of days when he was obviously not getting anything done, when he wasn't even trying to. He pouted and growled. Or said that the novel was no damn' good and he was going to throw it away and start over from the beginning. But one evening his mustache began to quiver and the grudge came out. "There's no point in giving up everything to write a book unless you write it in circumstances that will allow you to do your best work. You've got to do your best work or what's the use? I can't work here. Who could?"

"Why not?"

"That's the exact hell of it, Jo. You absolutely can't understand."

She repressed the spurt of anger. "Use simple words and I'll try."

"You can work anywhere. The kind of work you do can be done anywhere. But with art—Jo, there is such a thing as sensitiveness. How can anyone be an artist in this damn' town? The very air stifles the creative impulse. It's a hostile world."

"I'll bet it looked pretty good from Utica, once."

That burned him up but he turned patient. "It has already happened to you, Jo. You're surrendering, you're getting obsessed with tawdry, unworthy things. What difference does it make whether we pay the rent on the first or the twentieth? Who gives a damn whether we eat hamburg or turnips? Some morning you'll wake up and find out that you're licked. New York will have killed your soul." He slipped an arm round her. "Darling, you've got to resist. You've got to hold fast to what counts."

At the moment there was no magic in his touch and she jerked away. "Just what do you suggest?"

"I want to go to Paris."

She had finally bought some insurance last week. The three-year-old dress she wore to sing in had to be replaced right away. It was almost time for Sam's hay-fever treatments and they were expensive. . . . She laughed.

"Don't you dare laugh at me!" he said fiercely.

"It's certainly not funny. So how do we go to Paris?"

"We've got six hundred dollars, haven't we?"

The savings from her job. She had heaped it up while Sam was working, and it stood between her and terror. She was impelled to say, "We haven't—I have."

That did it, and now there was a real quarrel on Twenty-third Street. And it produced a prompt result, for at the Schurz Street Presbyterian Church next Sunday her voice was wooden and her throat gritty. She knew about that and it had to be attended to at once or she would do no singing for three months—which would sink them all. She begged some time away from the office and went to a singing coach and paid him ten dollars for fifteen minutes of relaxing exercises. . . . Do that twice a day, Mrs. Willard, and see me three more times, and you'll be all right. You have been worrying about something—you must not worry, it is death to the voice. Better take a short vacation—a week in the country, or why not Atlantic City? . . . And afterward, a bill for forty dollars! One that at a time like this was sure to produce more brawling on Twenty-third Street. They brawled like immigrants these days.

SAM was exuberant one afternoon when she came in, but Anna had gone. "Where's Deborah?" Jo asked.

"Out. By the grace of God I didn't have to be a parent at all this afternoon. Cy Kinsman came and took her somewhere."

They came in presently. Deborah's face had chocolate on it and she was carrying a doll almost as big as herself. "You shouldn't, Cy!" Josephine said, as pleased by that doll as Deborah was. "I know exactly how much you make—sixty a month."

MICHAEL BERRY

COLLIER'S "This is Mr. Kroll. He imitates birds" MICHAEL BERRY

"Hell," Cy said, "you can buy Paradise for a kid with sixty a month."

He had bought a large part of it today—had taken Deborah on the Staten Island ferry, had taken her to the top of the Woolworth Building, had fed her ice cream and candy, had promised to take her to a zoo next time. Deborah climbed all over him ecstatically—and just how did the massive and aloof Cy happen to have this magic touch with children? Jo warmed toward him.

"She adores that doll. It's probably reactionary, though, isn't it, Sam?"

"Oh, without a doubt."

When Cy had gone, Josephine said, "Still, it's something or other when someone else has to give her her dolls."

"Excellent arrangement," Sam said jauntily. "That's Cy service to the fine arts. No artist ought to have children anyway. A child is just an absent-minded moment, a biological accident, that plays hell with art."

"That's not funny," Josephine said indignantly. "You mustn't say such things in front of her."

"Sorry, darling, this just isn't my day to be paternal." Sam fluffed his tie and picked up his hat. "Where are you going?" she demanded. Sam said, positively alight with self-esteem, "Out. I'm in no mood for a mood." And she perfectly well knew where he was going. . . .

But then, on a Sunday afternoon the Willard family might stroll along deserted wholesale streets or to the Square or along the waterfront, quite as the Caneday family had strolled in the foothills on Custis Sundays. New York seemed kindly then, with young lovers in the Square or the wind making patterns on the Hudson, the ease of people reading the papers on fire escapes. And it was in Sam to be kindly too, to hold Deborah's hand and compose nonsense stories, to find an agreeable nonsense for Jo too. When he wasn't wrung by doubts of his greatness, he had the charm that had melted her virginal heart six years ago. They were a family, Josephine thought. They could go on being one.

Until the time came when they sat up half the night quarreling over five dollars worth of vellum typewriting paper. Because the novel deserved the best, because an artist respected his instruments, because Sam's deepest instinct was for perfect things.

Sam's cheeks paled, his eyes were hot, his mustache rose like quills. And all because she had laughed. "An artist may be a contemptible person in your eyes, Jo. But if you're going to live with one, it would be good sense to try to understand him."

"I can understand your fine talent as a stationer. That could pay dividends."

"Sure, I quit my job!" he yelled. "Sure, I'm not a breadwinner. You're a breadwinner. You've got a filthy drive to beat me down—crush my resistance—break my will. What a triumph you'd feel if I gave up and sneaked back to a good, sound, paying job."

Without intending to, she took the dreadful plunge: "You won't, though. You'll always find it more soothing to the ego to sneak back to Cassie."

That was cheap and, what was worse, it made him jaunty. Then he grew expository. "We're individuals, aren't we? We said we were. You don't try to be any more—and you refuse to let me be. You grow more Victorian every day—more possessive—more small town. You—"

She said wearily, "Advanced is what we say. How advanced would you feel if I allowed myself the same freedom?"

"Look," Sam announced. "No two people can be absolutely everything to each other. If part of you fell in love with someone else, I'd wish you happiness."

"If I did, I'd just have to scrape up more money to support the brave affair. My men live greatly and do the vision-following. I pay the check."

That was the dirtiest thing she had ever said, and what of it? The quarrel went on and on. And this time there was no ecstasy of reconciliation, no nobility of forgiveness while her heart swelled. There was only a green glare from Twenty-third Street seeping past the curtains while she lay awake and tried to work up a beautiful vision of how to make fifty dollars extra this month.

IT WAS a ghastly fact that Josephine was getting to feel grateful for the office because it could keep her from thinking about home. . . . She shoved her card into the time clock and went to the rest room. She made up her lips and combed her hair and stood staring at the mirror. Mirror-staring was getting to be an obsession and a sinister one. What did she expect to see? She felt a sudden revulsion. She ought to be yearning for the touch of Sam's arm and the sound of Deborah's voice—for peace and reality and fulfillment on Twenty-third Street. Actually, she was shrinking from more frustrated anger and another brawl. . . . Well, get going, dear.

But in the lobby, there was Cy! "Coming to carry my books home from school, Doctor?" Jo asked.

"How would you like to play first base in a savage revolt on the barricades?"

"Free verse, dress reform, or the single standard of morality?"

"Dinner. I'm off tonight, I've got sixty-two dollars, and I've been hankering for the feel of chiffon."

"Chiffon?" She glanced at her wrinkled suit. "My dear, I'll never be anything but calico. And who'll take care of my daughter?"

"I've been to Twenty-third Street and given Anna two dollars. She'll stay till someone gets home—she can read the novel."

"Cy," Jo said, "it's shocking how easily you've made a pickup."

He piled her in a taxi and asked what music she would like to hear. But she didn't want any music. She didn't want a busman's holiday.

"Let's do what you want, Cy," she said.

He stopped the cab and they got out. "Florist," he explained.

"Wait! Cy, you idiot! Find a subway station."

They found one and, of course, a man selling flowers. She pinned a bunch of violets to her jacket. Twenty-five cents. "You don't know how to be a rebel," he said.

"They would have cost you a dollar. Do they look nice?"

"They look nice."

The satisfaction in his face warmed her and, in a taxi again, she leaned against his shoulder. The contact was very pleasant and Cy would understand.

"Sure I do," he said, with the old clairvoyance for what she was thinking. "You enjoy a little admiration that knows its place."

He put an arm around her and she settled into it. "I don't know if I like a surgeon to be a mind reader, too," she said. But it was good to know that Cy was fully aware it was no bloodless manikin he had that arm around.

He took her to some upstairs place full of men playing chess and speaking Yiddish, and ordered two Bronxes—which no lady would ever have touched in Custis. "Relax the higher centers a little. And we won't be able to get them much longer. Prohibition'll be upon us all too soon." Outside again, "Want to eat at the Waldorf?"

"Cy! That would be perfect."

They walked toward it and night was coming up like a blue velvet backdrop and the streets were growing quiet. Josephine was splendidly at peace in this arrogant, imperial city. A diamond necklace spat blue fire in a jeweler's window. There were others with teakwood and ivory, brocades, lacquers, ebony, gold, crystal. Shoes for the kind of

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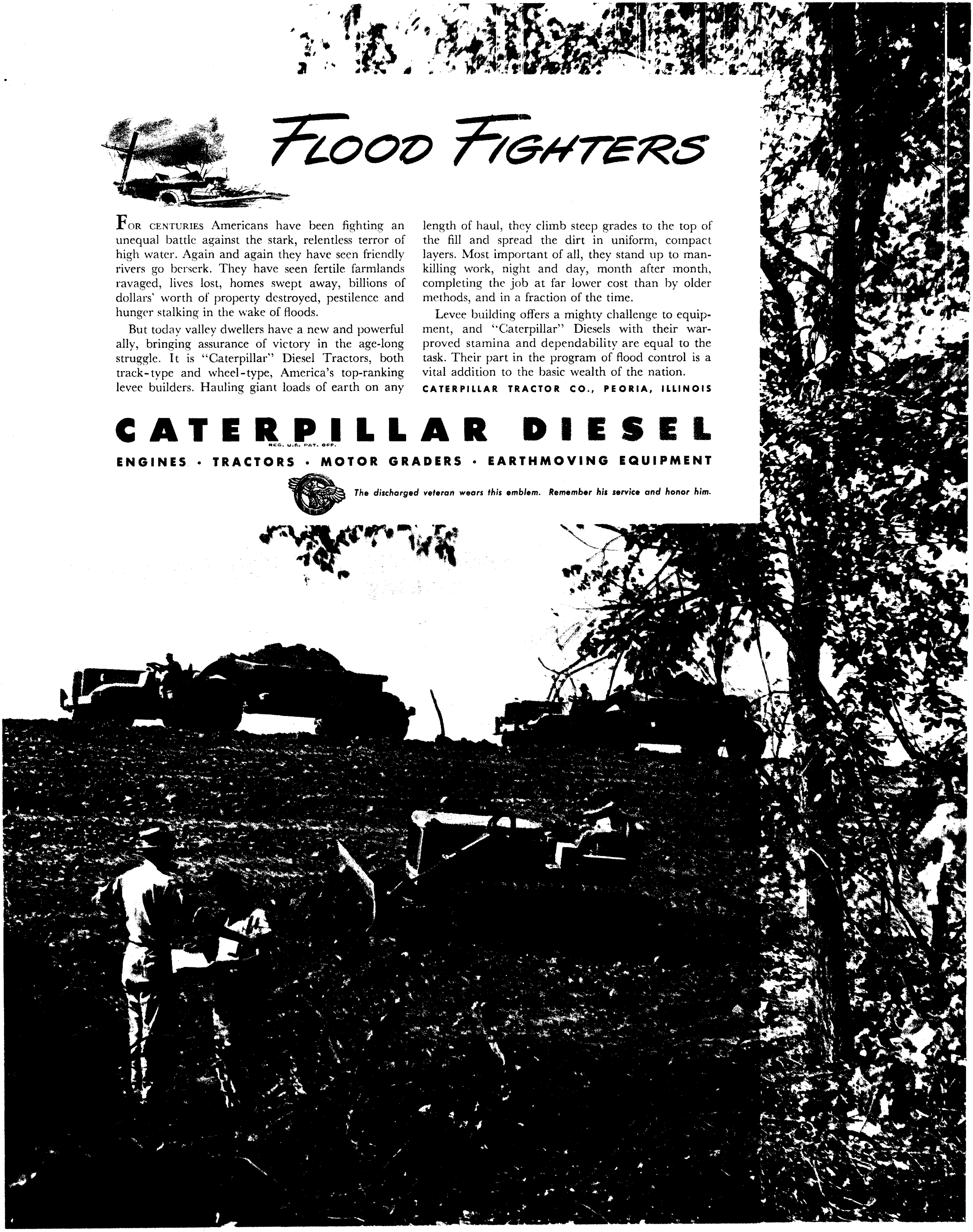


women who gave men desirous dreams. A single pair of sheer lacy stockings spread against white satin. There were women in this town who could wear twenty-dollar stockings—and Jo's legs, longing for the touch of that silk, felt rough and ugly. And farther up the Avenue there was an evening gown which only an empress should wear.

She stopped to worship. Apricot, deep-cut corsage, draped skirt falling in folds but narrowing, then parting to reveal gold slippers.

"Not on sixty-two dollars," Cy said.

She smiled, "Sure, I was trying it on in my mind. Is that pretty silly?"

"I'd drop you cold forever if you didn't do just that at sight."

ODD that tough and skeptical Cy could understand her trivial rapture, whereas the faithful in Chelsea would have ridiculed it.... The great hotel turned them away from the main dining room because they were not dressed, so they found a more intimate place upstairs, softly lighted, an orchestra playing Brahms songs. Josephine had never been in such a room. She had tasted champagne just once before—half a glass permitted a young girl at some forgotten but probably majestic party in Custis.

It softened and blended colors, enhanced Brahms, even brought out a touch of Abe Lincoln in Cy's massive face.

Suddenly she said, "You were intended and designed to do it. You're the only one who has done it."

"Done what?"

"A lot of us were bright as bright could be. The world was absolutely sure to be our penny bank. But you really got somewhere. You were the only one."

A strange darkness lowered in his face, a sudden repudiation that fascinated and a little frightened her. "Don't be a romantic damned fool! I'm the surgical resident and head errand boy at Mercy."

"You're the boy who took destiny by the tail and held on."

"I'm a guy who carpenters damaged drunks. I'm a guy who thinks that medicine is lying half the time when it claims it knows something. I'm the guy who thinks that the great surgeon is a phony and irresponsible popinjay and the hell with him."

It was amusing to have him dodge her so earnestly. And champagne was a serviceable and benevolent drink. For here they were, Cy and she, out of a little Rocky Mountain town, at a quiet table, unpredictably friends, old friends.

Accord flowed between them. How they knew each other!—and how she could lean against that massive strength and somehow renew herself from it.

"You've changed, Cy," she said. "And just since winter. I don't know how or why. Tell me."

Cy said, "I just go on trying to be a brilliant phony," but he abandoned that idiotic scorn. "You know, Jo, you've got a perceptive skin. You take things in fast. They go right through your skin without waiting for your mind. Well, that's the kind of skin I've got too."

He looked square at her. So she hadn't hidden it from him after all. He knew about Sam, he knew about her. Shame should have flooded over her, but somehow it didn't, she didn't care in the least. Whether it was the champagne or something else, for the moment she was invulnerable, raised to a high, grave serenity. Reassured that there was such a thing as being decent and that it was not silly to believe in being stanch.

He said something that would have been brutal if it hadn't been so completely understanding. "If you did go back to Custis, you couldn't hide any better there." That set him off at a queer tangent, as if it had opened a new meaning. "My old man tried to keep a notebook. I found a stack of them when he died—fifty maybe. Not much medicine in them, though that was the idea. He listed every trout he ever caught and every sagehen he ever shot. But maybe once a month he would really make a note and some of them are the damnedest. 'Only prospector I ever knew that didn't get sick in the winter was Appanoose Bob. Appanoose carried a bag of pine nuts and ate some every day. Said they kept off his rheumatiz. Didn't keep off his rheumatiz. Did take the curse off sowbelly and beans.' My old man was just an upcountry sawbones in the sagebrush. But thirty years ago Old Doc Kinsman had his hand for a minute square on what Ezra Bartlett is finding out."

And that seemed to have released a catch. For though Cy absolutely never talked about the hospital, now he began to tell her curt little stories of the wards, sardonic tragedies, sharp ironies, sudden crises in the operating room, death at dawn, laboratory experiments that came to nothing, his savage wish to know more than was known.

Josephine listened with fascination, hardly breathing, for nobody had ever talked to her like this. And fascination grew swiftly to be awe. How much he had known! How this razor-edged reality cut through the fatty pretenses of Chelsea's beauty-floggers. And then that feeling faded into another one. Why, they were side by side. They were an island of friendship in New York. And Cy—well, it was quite impossible that he should need reassurance but he was reassuring himself. For the moment he was humble and she was his friend. He was holding out his hands to warm them at her. Then she must have warmth! And Cy needed it.

He broke off. "Lord, how I talk!—Let's find a supper club and dance."

Josephine stood up, feeling that she had been deeply healed. "No. Take me back to Twenty-third Street." But if Sam were there, she thought, they would find a supper club instead.

"Look, Jo, I've got all this money. I want this to be a big night."

"Save your money. It already has been."

SAM was not home, and for the first time in her life Josephine was glad he wasn't. For now she could keep this oneness unimpaired and secret a little longer. There could be a few minutes more of feeling that she had dignity. When Anna had left, Cy sat on the blue-covered couch in the living room that was Sam's bed at night, and Josephine sprawled on the blue-covered couch that was hers.

Chin in her hands, she scrutinized him most favorably—massive face, heavy-set shoulders, a grin that had no illusions about her but obviously liked her a lot.

"I used to think you were homely as Job's turkey, Doctor. Now I begin to trace a slight resemblance to Abraham Lincoln."

"You look pretty good yourself. Must resemble some nurse at Mercy."

'Let's Give These to the Victory Clothing Collection!'

"I don't know whether that's a grin or a leer you're giving me. Swell and very flattering, if you really are the connoisseur that people say you are. But I have an uneasy idea you're just an anatomist."

Cy was very deadpan. "What interests an anatomist is a-typical formations, and yours are. Science always looks most carefully at the abnormal."

"What about me is abnormal?"

"Take the ischial tuberosities. Yours aren't at all textbook. The *gluteus maximus* is so less than average that it could be called vestigial. The extensors are not what we're taught to expect. I'd go so far as to say that the gastrocnemius is actually deformed."

"Coming out of the clinic, say that in English."

"Just that you've got a small fanny and your thighs are flat, very charmingly flat. And slim calves are, well, my dear, they catch and hold the eye. In fact, you're a damned attractive woman, Jo."

She peered over her shoulder at what she took to be her ischial tuberosities. "Lord knows you give it all the icy fervor of science, but thanks, Cy. It's pleasant to catch your eye."

And suddenly Josephine had an overwhelming desire to know who his women had been and what they had meant to him. What women, what kind of women, had transfixed him with a beseeching necessity, had served to light a need in him deeper than she could reach? But she shifted to, "What are you going to do, Cy, about all this that's been on your mind about your work?"

"I'll tell you when I find out whether I've got something my chief hasn't got," he told her.

"What's that?"

He said much too quietly, "The Old Man has got everything in the world except one thing. If I haven't got it, I'll raise hogs or take up some other useful occupation. But I won't practice surgery."

His words were quiet and without color, but they weighed more than the world. A gulf of dark apprehension opened at her feet. "What is it, Cy?"

"The integrity of the job."

No one talked to her so truly, and she was altogether sure that Cy talked to no one else so truly. And in a moment he said something that she felt she could not hear and survive. The words were only, "I'm on your side," but the meaning was: I know what you're living through, I know what it does to you. Now that someone had said it from the outside she would never be able to deny it to herself again—which was maybe what he had intended. She looked at him, stricken, pierced through, and yet somehow strengthened.

"It doesn't matter as much as you think, Jo," he said. "Fidelity is just a word. What matters is having integrity. You've got your own. Nobody ever had more. Nobody is ever going to violate it. You've got it for good, come hell or the wrath of God."

Her eyes stung with sudden tears. She had been made whole. She would never again be altogether without self-respect, and Dr. Cyrus Kinsman had truly been a physician tonight.

"That's a good chin, Jo—don't let it sag," he said, far from gently.

"You don't need to say anything, Cy." It was as if they had clasped hands across the room.

NOW he glanced at his watch and Josephine could see the resident surgeon come alert in him. Dinner, friendship, intimacy, a pretty woman, this living comradeship—they could not in the least prevail against the wards, the staff, the sick, the dying poor. And that, Jo, she thought, that is discipline, and it's ever so different from what you're accustomed to in Chelsea. She gloried in it.

She sat up. "Don't go for a minute. We've had a good time."

He came to sit beside her. She pulled his arm around her, rubbed her cheek against his, laid her head on his shoulder, murmuring, "A little admiration that knows its place."

Why, she thought, if you had a taste for ironies, there was this one: that these walls had inclosed a living warmth between two people tonight, this room had had the human worth it was supposed to have, and it was not Sam who had given it that dignity and life, not Sam but Cy.

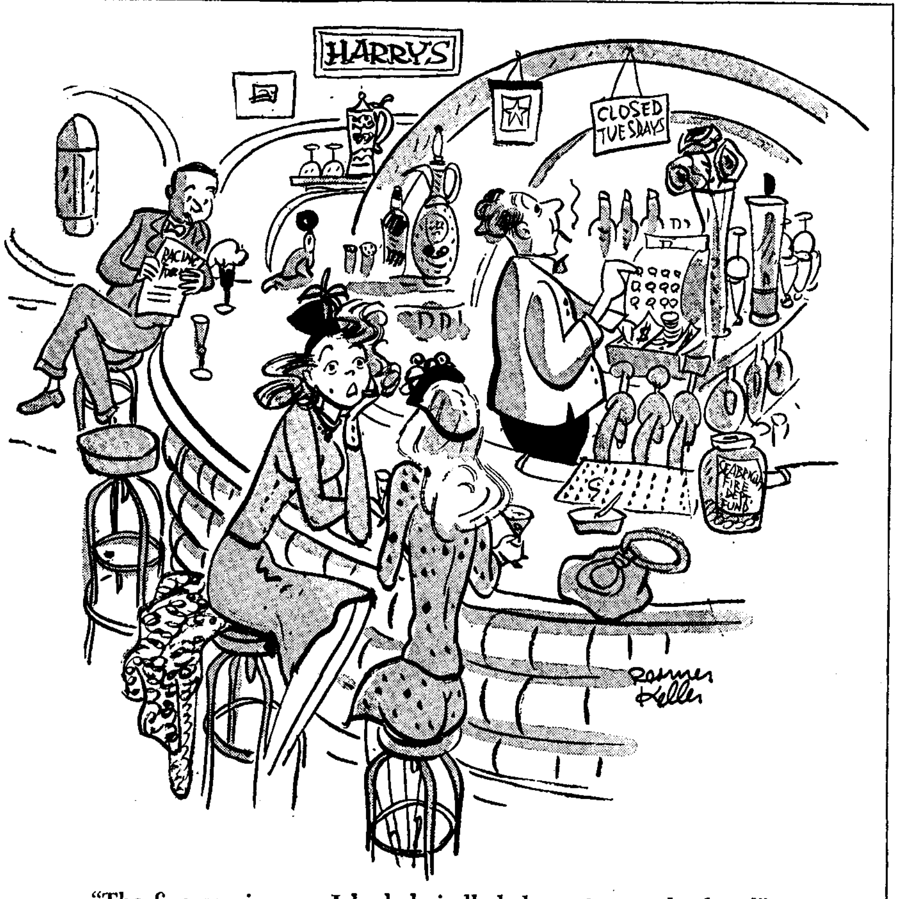
They sat so for a while, silent, companionable. She was glad that he had not had his guard up tonight. She was glad that her a-typical formations pleased him. She was damned glad to know that Chelsea could produce a friendship after all. . . . She took Cy's face in her hands and kissed him. She had intended a casual, friendly kiss, recognizing companionship, thanking him for restoration, but it turned out to be not that kind of kiss at all. For her lips warmed and clung with sudden passion and his lips answered hers fiercely. For a moment, for a moment. . . . She stood up, more than a little frightened. . . .

No need to be. Something fundamental had happened, something had been changed forever, but a moment of alarming danger was behind her smoothly enough. They stood with their shoulders touching, their hands clasped.

"Good night, Jo."

"Good night, Doctor. . . . Wait a minute, Cy. Well, just this. You aren't tough as hell's cellar floor. You aren't half tough enough."

(To be continued next week)



"The five servicemen I had dwindled down to one husband"

COLLIER'S REAMER KELLER

End and Beginning

Continued from page 16

though some deep nerve in her body had been touched.

Lottie towed her across the room with Bill, and stopped before the new man. She said, "This is Frank Morrison, Barbara. Barbara Lane. And Bill Agnew."

Morrison nodded at Barbara and shook hands with Bill. He smiled and said, "How are you?" His glance returned to Barbara and she saw the gathering of his interest, and once again the deep nerve pulsed. She knew then it was some old dormant memory, but though she searched for it she could not bring it up. He continued to watch her. He was a thicker man than Bill, with burly shoulders and big fists. His sort of life had weathered his face and left its little wrinkles of experience around his eyes.

She said, "When was it?"

His voice did not match his physical appearance; it was rather low and hesitant. "The eighth grade here," he said.

The others looked on with puzzled interest. Bill stared at Barbara, and Edna watched her and was not pleased.

"It couldn't have been," Barbara said.

"Allbright's wood lot, the night somebody set the tar barrel on fire."

"Oh," said Barbara. He had touched a spring and a door opened and the memory sprang out, round and full. "Yes," she said, "now I remember." She put her hand on Bill's arm. The room seemed warm and she wondered if she showed anything on her face.

Lottie said to Frank Morrison, "We were all in the eighth grade, too. Were you in it? I don't remember you."

"My folks only stayed here for a couple months," said Morrison. "Nobody knew me in class. I never got acquainted."

Lottie said, "Jack, you get the drinks. I'm going to get that old picture." She left the room.

Edna turned to Morrison with her light reproach: "You never mentioned you lived here."

"No," he said. "It was such a little item that I didn't think of it."

"Well, imagine that," said Bill. "Small world."

"Yes," said Morrison, and seemed to want to say no more. Lottie returned, flourishing a picture. She was quite excited. "Is this you, Frank?" They all got around Lottie and looked over her shoulders to the stiff grouping of youngsters on the steps of the school building.

"Yes," said Morrison. "There I am."

Jack Dale came in from the kitchen with the extra drinks and passed them around. "Good lord, Lottie, put that chromo away."

"I love it," said Lottie. "But I'd never've recognized you, Frank."

Bill said, "None of us did."

Edna said, "Barbara did."

"My memory's always been good," said Barbara.

LOTTIE continued to stare at the picture until the silence of the group warned her. She raised her head and a shadow moved over her face and she spoke with the slightest accent of haste: "Well, let's sit down to dinner."

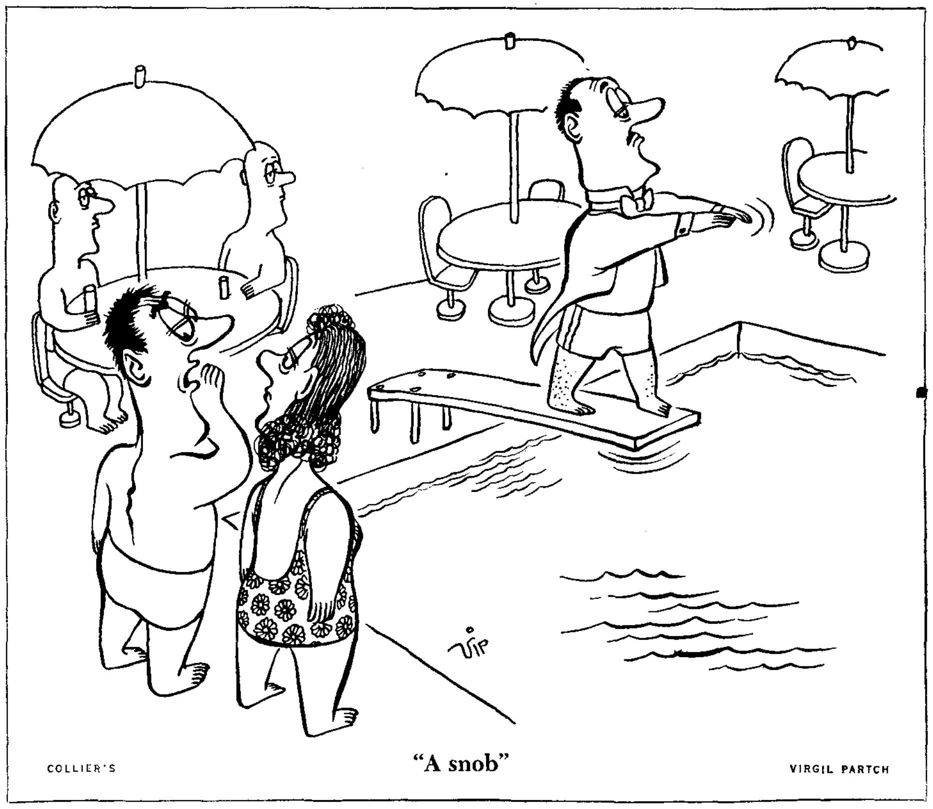
Barbara moved toward the table, but while she waited for Lottie to point out their seats the long-ignored memory grew stronger. It claimed her, and she went willingly back to the long-ago night in the wood lot, illumined by the tawny blaze from the tar barrel. Neal McInery had said to the crowd, "I'll count twenty, then I'll start looking."

The crowd broke and voices shouted through the wood lot and feet rushed over the dry, dropped leaves. She was running. Somebody came up beside her and took her hand and she heard Frank Morrison's voice say, "Up by that shed's the best place." They ran together and reached the shed and stopped there. He still held her hand. She let him hold it. A wildness was in her from the running and from the night and from the weird shadows dancing through this wood lot. She remembered that wild, frightening goodness. Until that moment she had never felt it, but from that moment onward it was a part of her girlhood. Frank Morrison, deeply breathing from the run, said nothing. She stood with her back to the shed and she sensed at once what he wanted to do. She wanted him to do it, and maybe he knew it, or maybe the wildness was in him as well. He came nearer and he put his arms around her and his mouth searched for her lips, and she brought them to him. It was her first kiss, and the lawless satisfaction of it was as disturbing to her now as it had been that night.

Bill called her back from this scene. He said, "Let's sit down," and she noticed that he was troubled. Frank Morrison sat directly across the table. He didn't look toward her. He talked to Edna, and Edna listened and kept a tender smile constant for him; yet, as she listened, her eyes were on Barbara, grown cool with suspicion.

THEY crowded into Jack Dale's car, Jack and Edna and Frank Morrison in the front seat, and Bill and Lottie and herself in the rear. Jack drove through town and out the Monitor Hill road, and as soon as they got to the top of Monitor Hill the autumn scents of the countryside drenched them. Forest fires burned back in the hills and the smoke from these lay upon the night in an acrid haze, and red moonlight flushed the earth with an other-world light.

"Right here," said Bill, speaking out of the rear darkness to Morrison, "is where I've bought half an acre. There are some nice houses going up along this ridge."



COLLIER'S "A snob" VIRGIL PARTCH

Edna came up on that remark quickly, as though it were a cue: "Bill and Barbara are getting married next month, Frank."

Morrison said, "That's nice," in a soft, short way. Under shelter of darkness, Barbara looked at the silhouette of his face, the unrelieved outline of heavy chin, full mouth and prominent nose; his eyes, she remembered, were reserved, with latent sharpness in them; but his voice was restrained and slow and pleasant. He was Bill's age, but he seemed older. He had knocked around, had used his fists and his wits, had gone through his experiences with women. His maturity couldn't have been gained any other way.

"It seems impossible," said Lottie, thinking of the eighth-grade picture. "I just can't believe it was nine years ago."

Jack said, "Don't even talk about it."

"Why not?" asked Lottie.

"Nine years ago," said Jack, "I was going to make a million dollars and set the world on fire. High-school pictures ought to be burned."

"Well, now," said Lottie with light indignation.

"I know what he means," said Morrison. "That picture put me on my heels, too."

"Why?" was Edna's instant question.

A strange disturbance started within Barbara and spread through her as she waited for Frank's answer. She was afraid, so she reached out and held Bill's arm.

"It took me back," said Morrison.

Something has happened to this party, Barbara thought. They should be gayer than this; they had always been gayer. She sat still, saying to herself, "Nothing can touch us."

Jack drove into the yard of the country club and parked. They got out and for a moment they stood idle in the soft night. She didn't look at Frank, but she was conscious of him. He turned, and then she noticed that he avoided looking at her, and this was a warning which shot through her and awoke a stinging excitement. He took Edna's arm and walked toward the clubhouse; following with Bill, she noticed Frank's shoulders against the lights. They looked as hard and as rough as the rest of him.

The clubhouse was crowded and warm and the music was on. Bill said, "Hurry back," and gave her a private glance.

She made her way to the powder room. She dropped her jacket on the back of a chair and she looked into a mirror. Her face wasn't the way it had been two hours earlier; something seemed pinched in it and her eyes were almost black. She said to herself, "I'm silly. Nothing will happen." She took her compact and turned to the door and found Edna waiting there for her.

"Look," said Edna. "What's all this?"

"Nothing."

They had been close friends always, yet Edna stared at her without friendliness. Edna was on her guard and ready to fight. "I'm not crazy. You struck each other like a couple of comets." Her eyes narrowed. "You were a mousy little girl in the eighth grade. I can't imagine—"

"Don't do it, then," said Barbara and went out to Bill.

HE LOVED dancing. He took her and moved her skillfully into the crowd; he laid his cheek against her head and hummed the tune to himself. He stopped the tune long enough to whisper, "You're just right."

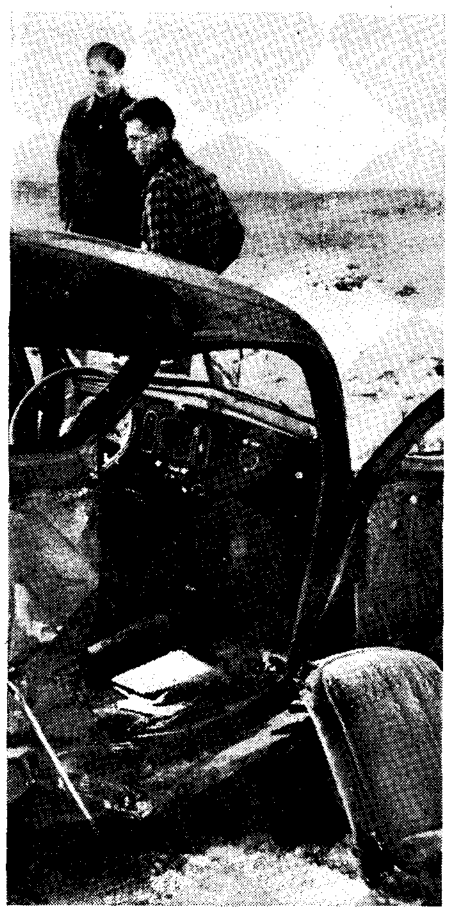
"I'll stay that way for you, Bill."

"What about this strange fella?"

"That's it. He's just a strange fella."

"Let's leave him be," said Bill, and resumed his humming. She knew his ways, his steps, his rhythm; she followed him without effort and she thought: I know everything about him. I love him. Then she added, still to herself: I wish we hadn't waited so long.

Bill made a complete turn and the room and its faces whirled by; then he steadied her and she saw Edna and Frank in a corner. He wasn't a good dancer, she thought. He moved Edna forward in a straight line, and



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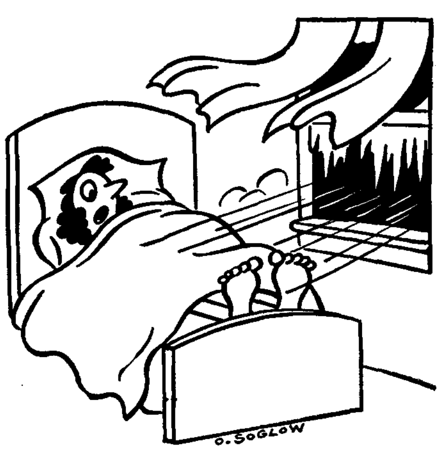

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turned and moved in another straight line. He had no lightness to him and apparently no skill; his face was wooden and it was noticeable that Edna showed some irritation at not being able to stir him. Then Frank, turning on a new course, saw her. The intense directness of his interest came over the crowd and over the distance to her. Bill felt the raggedness in her body and pulled back his head to look at her.

"Tired?"

"No."

"Well, end of the dance anyhow." The music quit. He took her arm and walked her out of the hall into the night's faint coolness. They joined the rest of their group. They stood in a circle, not saying much, and when the music started again Bill took Edna and turned back into the hall. At once, with a quickness very evident to Barbara, Frank stepped to Lottie's side and walked away with her.

She went in with Jack. He liked to dance slowly, in one spot; she followed him, paying no attention. She put a courtesy smile on her face and held it there and she said "Hello" to Page Maquire and Bab Stuart. She saw Frank go inexpressively past, listening to Lottie's steady flow of talk, and she thought of the picture and she remembered all those stiff little figures posed on the schoolhouse steps. Then she saw herself running across the schoolyard toward the wood lot; and night came down and she was still running, and now she was afraid and wanted to run again.

At the end of the dance, Jack said, "I'm not such a hot dancer, Barbara. Don't mind me."

She said, "It's me, Jack."

He drew her through the doorway. She saw the group on the lawn and she saw Frank's figure blackly cut against the shadows, and she thought: He can't avoid me this time without making it obvious. She pulled back slightly and Jack looked at her; but she couldn't think of an excuse, and so she went on to the group. She put her hand on Bill's arm, hoping that when the music again started he would walk away with her. Instead he nodded at Edna and went into the hall with her. Lottie and Jack followed.

It was the first time they had been alone. Frank Morrison looked at her directly. He said, "You don't want to dance, do you?"

"No."

He nodded toward the fairway beyond the clubhouse and she turned and walked with him along the gravel pathway to the first tee. There was a bench here. She sat down and watched the glow of his cigarette.

"Maybe I shouldn't have mentioned the eighth grade," he said.

"I brought it up. It's odd I didn't recognize you. You've changed so much."

"I wouldn't have come tonight if I'd known you'd be here. It's disturbed you."

SHE said nothing. He dropped the cigarette and ground his heel upon it, the gravel gritting beneath the weight of his leg. He stepped forward, but instead of taking a place beside her on the bench he crouched down before her. "Am I making too much out of it?"

"No," she said. "I was disturbed."

"So was I," he said.

"I thought it was only women who held on to memories like that."

The wisest thing now would be to go back to the clubhouse before anything happened. She was afraid, yet excitement smashed roughly through her and broke down the little things which made up the fabric of her life; and the same wildness she had known so long ago came again. She was ashamed, but shame wasn't enough to make her run.

He saw how it was. He rose from his crouch and sat beside her, and turned his bulky shoulders until they were a shadow over her. He was waiting for her to welcome him or send him away, and she knew that if she sent him away he would make no argument. She understood so clearly what was in him; he understood so clearly what was in her. He waited, watching her through the darkness, and when she made no move he put his arms around her and drew her in. She came up to him. She took his kiss. She was willing to let the kiss do whatever it would, to evoke the old violence—or to evoke nothing and so set her free from a memory.

But it was the old compulsion that made her cling to him, to lose her passiveness, to become greedy with the hunger he aroused. The shock went along every nerve and broke into little places that had been sealed, and set off strange dreamings she had forgotten, and woke wild girlhood fancies. . . .

He straightened in the dark and let his hands fall across his knees; the dim light let her see some of the roused violence on his face. She said, "This is where we left off last time."

"I'm sorry about it," he said.

"Maybe we should be, but you're not and I'm not. It's the same old cheap game. I knew what you wanted and you knew what I wanted. That's all."

"I don't know," he said. "Why should I keep thinking about that first kiss? I had never been near a girl before that time. You were the first."

"I woke you up," she said. "You woke me up, too. That's why we remember it. It isn't so nice, but it's the reason."

HE BENT over and rubbed his heavy hands together. She felt the turbulence of his thinking, as she had earlier felt the roughness of his character. He wouldn't touch her again, she knew. He would hold onto himself.

"I don't know," he said in his disturbed, quiet voice. "When a man wakes up he goes on. He sees other women, his tastes change, he forgets the first ones. Or if he remembers them it is only like looking at a picture album. That wasn't the way I thought of you. It was always as if I had started something which never had been finished." He lifted his shoulders and swung toward her. "Your face changed when you saw me tonight. It stuck with you, too."

"Maybe it's shame."

"Shame doesn't last that long."

She said uncertainly, "We ought to be going back." As long as he sat by her she had neither the desire nor the will to move; when he left she would feel his absence and want him close to her more than she now did with him here. But she heard the music stop and she had the shocked realization that she had not thought of Bill at all during this scene.

"I ought to tell Bill," she said. "But there's nothing to tell him—nothing that makes sense." She reached out and touched Frank's arm. She hadn't meant to do that; it was a gesture which came from her before she could stop it. She said, "Your mouth," and she waited while he scrubbed away the lipstick. "That's the usual ending to one of these affairs, isn't it?"

They followed the gravel pathway to the clubhouse porch and crossed the porch to the doorway. Light fanned through the doorway and covered them. She turned to him, smiling. "Don't scowl. That would be obvious."

"It's like the other time," he said. "Not finished."

"Something's finished," she said. She remained a moment by his side, looking through the doorway at the dancing crowd. She saw Lottie and Lottie's significant lift of eyebrows. She saw Bill and she let her smile remain on him; she could see that he was displeased, but the feeling of regret which his displeasure would once have produced within her did not come now. She was far away from him; and then she knew something suddenly, and emptiness came with knowing. She turned from Frank and crossed to the powder room, and sat down before a mirror with her lipstick. She had finished redoing her mouth when Edna came in; she turned, holding her smile and playing this scene out as best she knew how. Edna watched her with a stone-plain expression.

"Nice?" said Edna.

"A nice man," said Barbara.

"Damn you," said Edna. Her lids parted and her eyelids tightened and a look of actual hatred spread over her face. It made Barbara physically sick. She thought: We'll never be close again. But she held her smile, and despised herself.

"I never thought you were cheap," added Edna.

"I don't know what I am," said Barbara.

"I could tell you," Edna said and left.

She sat still. "If I could only go back," she

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thought. "All the way back and change that night." How strange it was to have this one act, the memory of which lay so long dormant in her mind, break out now and shake her life and the lives of people around her. It had done this much. What other things would it do to her? She rose, looked at herself again and went out of the powder room. The crowd had gathered at the usual place in the yard. She came up and stopped beside Bill. He looked down at her with his thin smile, and covered his temper by taking her arm. Lottie's lightly manufactured talk fell upon them effortlessly, and the group seemed as it always was. Edna's demureness remained; she stood with Frank, now and then giving him the benefit of her effective side glance. She was flirting with him, she was making her bid for him. There was no coolness in the night; hot, fragrant waves came off the land and the red moon's light made grass and trees and horizon almost painfully strange.

Jack Dale said, "It's too hot to dance. Let's go home."

Lottie's voice came in with its dramatic expression of fatigue. "I'm just dead." It was a way of saying what everybody knew—the party was no good.

THEY drove back along the country road. When they passed the half acre of ground Bill had bought, Barbara stared at the pleasant knoll on which she and Bill had stood so many times with their dreams. She could not bring back any of that feeling, she could not recapture the excitement or the goodness of it; it had happened long ago and was now only a bit of casual history. She tried to think of Bill and restore the magic which had held them together. She sat perfectly still and remembered his good qualities one by one, the way he spoke, his considerateness and his boyish affection; she tried to use these things to restore her loyalty, but it was as though she were a child dutifully rehearsing lessons which would soon be forgotten. Frank Morrison sat in the front seat with his arm thrown along the back of the seat; she saw the outline of his shoulders and she saw the solidness of his arm and his fists, and a long wave rolled through her, knocking down any thought of Bill. Perhaps she didn't love Frank. She couldn't tell. But she knew that she would come and go as he wished, and would rise and fall as he wished; he had that power over her. Bill never had possessed it.

Edna and Frank got out at the corner of Pennoyer, Edna pausing only long enough to drop her little bread-and-butter remarks. Barbara and Bill left the car two blocks on. She said to Lottie, "It was fun," and watched the car drive away. Bill hadn't said anything. When she turned she saw how blank his face had become; he was angry but he was good enough to hold it down. He was always that way.

She walked to the gate and stopped there. Bill said, "Let's sit on the porch a minute."

"Say it here."

"Oh, well," he said, "maybe I'm too suspicious. What's done is done. Let's skip it."

She kept repeating to herself the fact that he was so good. So good and so young. He would always want to dance and have fun with the crowd; he would always be troubled when things went wrong at the creamery; he would always want teasing and comfort from some woman—and that woman would be lucky.

"I went out to the bench by the first tee with Frank. He kissed me. I wanted him to kiss me. He could have kissed me again if he wished."

He had guessed this but he didn't want to hear it. Strain and haste were in his words. "Let's skip it. You had a few drinks. It was a hot night. You got a little bit lushy. That's all."

"He could kiss me any time he wanted to."

"My *God*, Barbara," he said. She saw feeling spread around his mouth. He wasn't hard; he couldn't be hard. Actually, she was harder than he was. She could stand more than he could stand. Part of her love for him, she thought suddenly, must be motherliness, the feeling that she would be the one to shelter him when he was low. He wasn't a wind beating at her or a shadow pressing her. He was the cozy thought of home, of Saturday-night dances, of all things good and right; he wasn't a heavy arm lying idle with its power, idle but waiting for her.

"Barbara," he said, "what have I done wrong?"

She was hurting him and she wanted to put her arms around him, but if she put her arms around him it would be to shelter him; it was nothing more. He was a little boy lost, looking at her with a destroyed self-confidence.

"Nothing," she said.

"Things like this don't happen," he said. "Not like this—not in one night."

"It started a long time ago."

"He made love to you. You always used to stop me cold. Why didn't you stop him?"

"I couldn't."

"You stopped me."

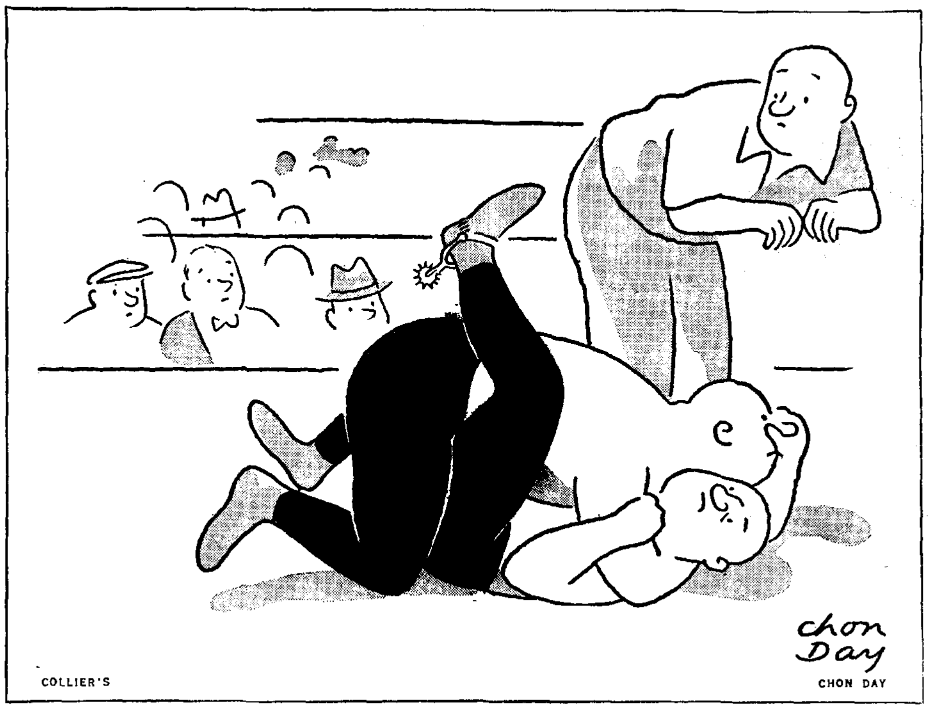
Her silence was a more brutal answer than any other one could have been. It punched into him, it got at his maleness, at his pride and self-assurance. He wanted to be angry but he couldn't make it. He couldn't lift her and shake her out of her indifference, couldn't call her back. He wasn't Frank Morrison and the power wasn't in him.

"Pretty rough," he said. "How can you be sure you love him?"

"I didn't say it was love. I said he could kiss me again if he wants it. That's all, Bill. That's all, isn't it?"

He made a gesture, he gave her a long look and turned away, and suddenly he was a boy walking down Pennoyer Street, one more nice boy in this town who meant nothing to her.

She went up to the house porch. There was a light in the kitchen to draw her attention; her mother would have a glass of milk and a sandwich put out for her. She sat down on the swing seat. She thought: I haven't anything. Where do I start? And her mind went back at once to the tar barrel and the wood lot and to Frank Morrison. Everything started from there.



SHE heard somebody's heavy steps coming up Pennoyer Street and a reaction went through her again. She said, "I'm on edge," but the reaction continued to sharpen her senses. She saw Frank Morrison at the gate. He stopped there and looked toward the heavy shadows of the porch. She said, "Come in, Frank—if you want to."

He walked up the pathway and up the steps and he stood over her a moment, bulky and quiet. Streaks of feeling raced through her, the same feelings which she once had thought were fear. They weren't fear she knew now.

"I've caused you a lot of trouble."

"Yes," she said.

"Edna was pretty blunt. How about Bill?"

"I told him."

"Want me to go explain it tomorrow?"

"What would you tell him?" she said.

He seemed to be thinking about it. He seemed to move it around and around in his head. His shoulders lifted and dropped and abruptly he sat down by her, turning to look at her. She knew what was in his mind.

"You know you can always do this, don't you?" she said.

"I won't, if you don't want me to."

"I do want you to. Don't feel badly about it. You don't owe me anything."

She lifted herself when he put his arms around her. She came up with her own motion to show him he wasn't doing anything against her will. She wanted him to know that. She felt the steady pressure of his arms and she could not think of either goodness or badness. He was the match which lighted her. He had been long ago, and still was. It did not seem to end, or to have an ending.

He drew back. "I've got you, haven't I?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Are you happy about it?"

"It's nothing like happiness."

"Do you want me to tell you what it is?"

"Let's not talk of it," she said. "It might not be. It might not be love. I've used that word before on another man. I was wrong. I don't want to use it now."

"Did you ever feel this way before?"

"No."

"Are you ashamed of it?"

"Oh, no." She straightened back. She held her arms on his shoulders, closely watching him. She said earnestly, "I couldn't be. Should I be?" She was embarrassed for the first time; she was confused and unsteady.

"That's it," he said. "That's what we've got. You never had it before, and I never had it. So how could we know what we had? Are you afraid of it?"

"No. But it wouldn't matter if I were afraid or ashamed, or miserable or anything. It would still be in me. I can't do anything about it."

"That's what we've got," he said. He turned and drew her shoulders against his chest. "Do you want me to say it now?"

"Do you want to?"

"Yes," he said. "I love you."

She said, "That's so nice." She turned to be nearer to him and had the quick and desperate thought which comes of love—the thought that, close upon each other as they were, never could they be as close as the spirit cried for. She said, "Nice is not the word. It is such a poor little word."

"If we have it, there's no word for it. We'll never look for words until we lose it."

"We'll always have it, won't we?"

Waiting for his answer, she knew she should not have asked. It was like asking when the world began and when it would end. If he were honest, how could he answer that? They were not children wishing to be frozen into one changeless moment of ecstasy. They could only take, and give, and grow. But his heavy arms came against her and made a hard circle which closed her into him; he was telling her that while she might have sent him away earlier in the evening, that time was past; he would not let her go now.

THE END

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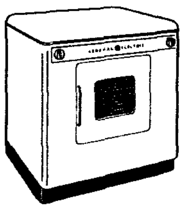

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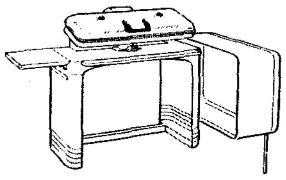

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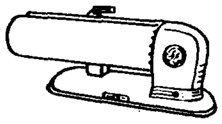

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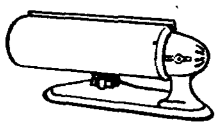

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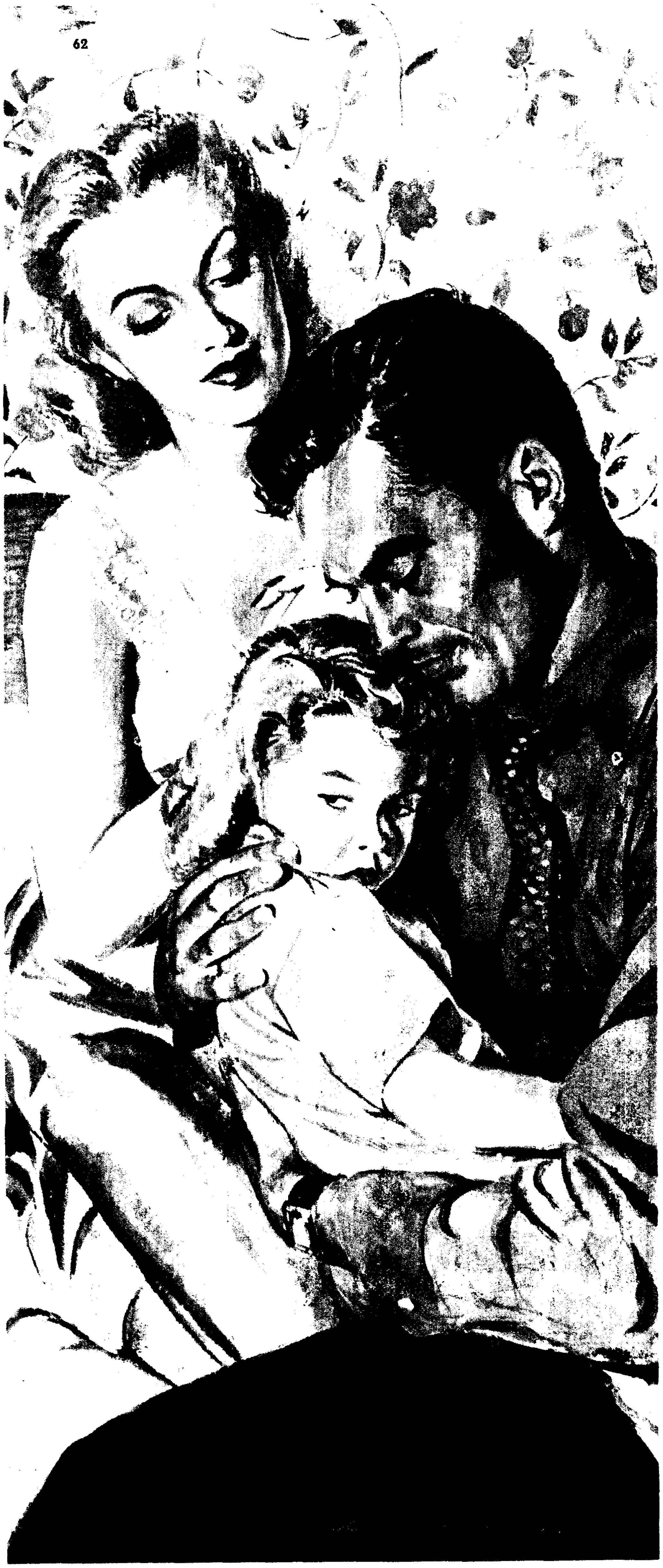


Henry almost grabbed Tanny away from Anne. He held her gently and talked to her. "Scream louder, Mouse," he said. "Nobody on the West Coast can hear you"

The Moving Mirror

BY FELICIA GIZYCKA

A poignant story of a woman's passage through grief into the haven of steadfast love

LONG before their lease was up, the woman who now owned the house came and started digging in the garden. And, on this last day, there she was, out in the golden fall sunlight, pointing and shouting. Anne stood in the kitchen window and watched the narrow black slacks and the chic dark head. The men with the bulldozer were digging up the shrubbery and the little grove of birch trees.

"I'm going to have the whole thing gravel," the woman had said to Anne. "Nowadays you can't get gardeners. There'll be some box here, and a few round flower beds. See," she had said to Anne, professing friendliness and showing her the architect's drawing.

This was the end of the house by the river. The house and the garden with its embankment, the little unused earth dock, and the green lawn with its birch trees—all the things that she and Henry had worked on so lovingly over the years. They had loved each other and this place, and the place had responded to their love. Growth and continuity—this was the meaning of home, and of love.

But now, standing here, Anne said, "Those are the things I used to think. That is the dream I used to have. I no longer know what any of it means."

Henry had given up the house. He had surrendered it up to this woman. One day he had said, "We will live here forever. I will love you forever." And the next day, almost the next day, he had surrendered the house, without a struggle or a pang.

Anne stood there with a strange frightened look on her face. The bulldozer nosed forward, groaning slowly, and a couple of birch trees toppled over, waving their golden arms, as if for help. But I can't help you, Anne thought. I can't do anything.

She saw Tanny out in the garden, standing there helplessly in her little playsuit and her old red sweater. Compared to Mrs. Jolas, she looked pitiful and ragged and warm. Clearly not Mrs. Jolas' child. Anne thought: I should call Tanny and get her into the house. And then she thought: No. No, let her stay away.

During these last days of packing, Tanny had wandered aimlessly around the rooms, with her new look of pain, frozen and dead set. So that her face looked heavy, as though she were asleep.

Henry had said, "We should pinch her. Anything to make her cry." Saying it gently, trying to make a joke. As though he wanted to apologize.

In an hour the moving men would come. When she thought of this, she had the panicky feeling again. I must pack everything. Throw everything out. Make neat piles to take away. Tell Mrs. Johansen to sweep and dust once more. Hairpins, stuff that Henry had left, pieces of paper with things written on them. Books, last-minute underwear and Tanny's toys. All their intimate life in the house. All this must be hidden like evidence against them so that Mrs. Jolas, coming into the house with her rich old husband, would never see a sign that they had been there. A sign that she, Anne, was fleeing in disorder.

She now left the kitchen, getting away from the window. She wandered through the rooms for the last time, seeing the furniture still in place. The wonderful old Dutch colonial rooms, the two bedrooms upstairs. Tanny's narrow sunny room, and their own room, with the low square bed, where you could lie at night and see the leaf patterns in lamplight sliding on the walls. From every window you could see the river, shining, full.

She saw the forlorn look of everything. The bare tabletops, with nothing on them now but dust and litter, and the bare windows, curtainless. Everything stripped naked, helpless-looking. I am like the house, she thought, I who was full and content, clean and strong. I am empty and disordered.

Anne heard Toby, the cat, mewing outside the kitchen door. He stood in the sunlight, lean and black, and uneasily aware that something was wrong. He purred, rubbing against her leg, as though he'd been lost.

"Toby," she said. "Toby."

She picked him up and held him against her shoulder. "Do you know that you're going to live with Mrs. Johansen?" she asked.

He rubbed his nervous soft cheek against her own, purring and waving his tail.

"Do you understand that?" she said to him.

He struggled to get down, and for a minute she tightened her arms around him, holding onto him. Then she let him go, and got the milk out of the grocery box, the things collected for Mrs. Johansen.

A tom in the city. We can't have a tom in the city, even when we find an apartment.

"But why, Mummy?" Tanny had said. "Oh, Daddy, why? Why?"

And she had cried, just that once, running off to her room.

Mrs. Johansen, whose husband was the caretaker, said, "Don't worry, Mrs. Harris. Even if we leave here, we'll take the cat. You have enough, without thinking about that cat." And then she'd said, "Carl and I hate to see you go. We hate to see *her* here."

NOW Anne saw Mrs. Jolas turn and look toward the house. The men with the bulldozer were finished for the day. They were backing across the green lawn, tearing it up in a fresh place. Mrs. Jolas put her hand on Tanny's shoulder and said something to her. They started walking toward the house, but not together. Anne saw Mrs. Jolas' face, dark and clever with its rutting nose. She looked like some clever animal, the fox in the fable, who always got his way.

That's the trouble, Anne thought. None of us liked her here. And now she's got her revenge. Now she's pleased, as though she were right and we were wrong. As though she'd put her finger unerringly on the weakness, the thing I didn't see, living here so safe.

"Your moving men have come," Mrs. Jolas said, standing in the doorway.

She didn't look at Anne but at the walls. "I'm going to have them pale blue. Don't you think that would be good for in here?"

Anne said, "Excuse me," and went to the front door. She could hear Tanny following her. The huge red van was backing up the dirt road. The men in blue aprons stood in the van, waiting. And there, behind the van, was Henry, in the car. He had come back from New York, after all.

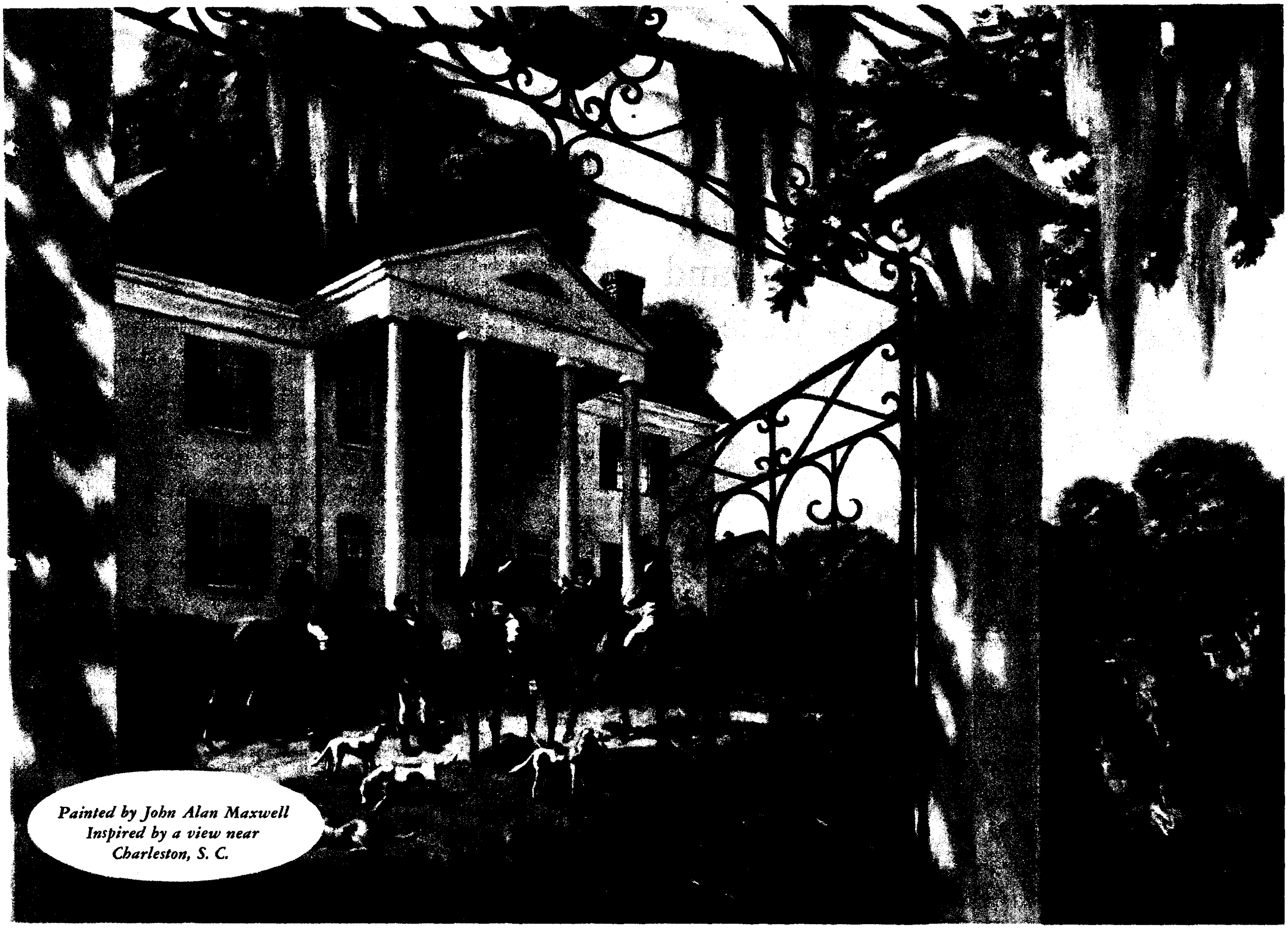
She thought: He had to come, in spite of everything. I should have known. Last night she'd said to him, "Go to the office as usual, and don't come back." And while her words

(Continued on page 72)

ILLUSTRATED BY AL MOORE

Life on the Old Plantation

. . . when gallantry and boldness typified men of action



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Inspired by a view near
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All aboard
Switch from "Hots" to KOOLS
-for good!

Out of This World

Continued from page 24

deckhouse. So he uncoupled both diving hoses from the pump manifold. When he went in the deckhouse to help undress them, he saw only one diver. So he beat it back to couple the second hose again, and signaled the guy below. Of course he was signaling a dead man. That diver's air had blown out of his helmet through the opened hose, leaving him without any pressure at all. And the sea just squeezed him to death!

It was the messiest job I ever tackled, and I must have recovered well over 150 bodies in my time. He'd been squeezed right into his hat, from the waist up. To look at him, you wouldn't believe he was ever a human being. After we were hauled up, they cut off his suit. Then they took a hack saw and cut the hat in two. Why they did that was so nobody could wear it again. You know, some divers are superstitious. They won't wear a helmet in which another diver's been killed. Just like they won't dive on the 13th.

That tender topside, with headsets on his ears and transmitters in his hands, is an important guy. He can't be stargazin'. He's got to be on the ball every minute. Much the same thing happened when I was working on a marine railway in Quincy, Massachusetts. A diver, name of Smitty, was 20 feet under holding the cap in place for the pile driver topside to hammer the "doll" in. The tender jerked the air lines too hard, the diver lost his balance and fell off the piling. His hat got unscrewed when his head hit the piling next to him, and of course he flooded.

How they discovered it, the boss came running along and asked the tender how Smitty was making out. The tender phoned but got no answer. He pulled on the lines, still no answer. So they tried hauling him up and couldn't. When I went down, I saw he'd been caught behind the piling of the dock. His hat was about six feet away, and his face looked as black as the ace of spades. We figured he had no safety catch on that hat. Little matter of a safety catch and another good man gone!

You know, divers have to be all-around mechanics. They've got to know the tools of their trade inside out, because they're always working in pitch dark. They have to have a mental picture of everything below, and then feel their way around like blind men. Those divers the Navy trains are really choice lads. They're supposed to be the best physical specimens alive. They've all been some kind of tradesman before—like carpenters, welders, riggers or else athletes.

Divers Must Be Rugged

I was a professional wrestler myself—middleweight champ of New England. You see, a big chest expansion helps in diving—gives you more lung power. The tall, slender guy is the best bet. Less chance of him getting the bends. Nothing under five foot six, and weighing between 140 and 180. If he's over that, he has to be solid muscle and bone, because fat absorbs nitrogen.

In training school they won't take guys over 30. Most of the pupils I trained early in 1942 were 18 to 26. That was at the diving school in Davisville, Rhode Island, where I taught welding and burning under water. Some of those lads were part of the construction battalion that blew up the beachheads in the Normandy invasion.

Maybe it's because the government pays $9,000 to put one pupil through the six-months course in Washington that a Navy diver's pay isn't so hot. In fact, a dive we do for nothing we call a USO dive. We get $5 an hour on a salvage or hazardous dive, whatever the depth. Like when a ship's been blown apart and there's danger of tearing your dress on the wreckage, or where there are torpedoes to handle. Over 90 feet it's also $5 an hour, if it's hazardous or not, and one minute over is another fiver.

But a commercial diver—which is what I was—makes from $75 to $150 a day. Commercial divers don't go down in stormy weather unless it's a matter of life and death, and then they jack up the price. Shipwrecks are treacherous things to work on, you know, and then in bad weather you get an undertow. Those currents will foul a diver's lines—take and twist them around. That's one of the many times a man has to keep his shirt on.

Matter of fact, the natural-born diver doesn't have nerves. He can't afford such things, because when you're excited you use up twice as much air. When he gets in a jam he stays right there and figures things out. He learns all that in the Navy school. They push him around plenty—put him in a harbor with all kinds of muck and trash. They can tell topside, by the way he breathes, if he's scared. When he breathes normal, those air bubbles come up in a steady stream, but when he's rattled they come up in clusters—and big.

I guess maybe that's what my tender saw the time I was working on the auxiliary fishing schooner O'Hara, that went down in Boston five years ago. She ran into a barge and sank. I went down looking for the engine first, and then in the fo'c'sle for bodies. Soon as I turn around I feel a pair of arms closing in on me. I'd walked right into a corpse that was floating near the ceiling! This guy had his arms out like he was welcoming me. I'll never forget that dead man's embrace!

A Good Reason for Nerves

But still that didn't unnerve me so much as when I was in Bermuda, retrieving an anchor under a lost ship sunk 150 feet. They phoned below and said to come topside. I asked what they wanted but they wouldn't say. I said okay then I'll stay below. I wanted to finish my job. But they phoned down it was an order. So then I had to come up. When they lifted my helmet, the lieutenant said, "You're a father, Griffin. We just got a radiogram. It's a son!" Well, I wasn't much good down below the rest of that day. It was all I could do to keep from rushing that job through and getting topside to spread the big news. I was dying to get to port and buy a couple boxes of cigars. It was my first kid.

Bermuda was where I struck my pleasantest job—a commercial one. In 1944 that was, when Blackie and I recovered all that Canadian whisky off the S.S. Consolation. She was headed for South America when she hit a coral reef. Her bow was down about 17 feet, her stern about 27. We'd slip from amidships to the fo'c'sle where there was an air pocket. Divers often strike these air pockets in a ship that hasn't capsized completely. Remember, every 33 feet of depth is equal to 14.7 pounds of air. So in a wreck, this air that can't escape to the surface is compressed into a pocket. Now in the fo'c'sle the water only came up to our chests. So I'd open Blackie's face plate and he'd take a swig of whisky. Then he'd open mine and I'd have one. We killed about a quart a day, and this went on for a whole week. The guys topside never knew about that air pocket—we never told them—and they couldn't understand why we'd come up plastered. Anyhow, we saved $75,000 worth of liquor that went for medical purposes, so we called the seven quarts we knocked off just a little bonus.

Now that Casablanca job—that was something else again. Toughest assignment I ever had, and I still get the shakes every time I think of it. Happened back in November, 1942, when our fleet was all set to move in and only the submarine nets had to be cut. I was one of the 18 divers that volunteered for this secret mission.

Late that night of the 8th, we Seabees slipped away in rubber floats from the salvage boat lying five miles off harbor. Our rig was made up special for the job—this gas mask and oxygen hose. On our backs we carried air flasks, because with compressors the enemy would have heard the exhaust under the water.

It took us close to four hours to make that stretch to shore. We spread across the harbor and then waded in with our gear—hack saws, wire cutters, TNT, blast caps and wire for stringing along the nets. The first thing we did was lay our dynamite. That was in case we didn't have a chance to finish the job. Then we started cutting, feeling our way along in the dark. There were four layers of nets with three-quarter-inch cables. The deepest we went down was about 42 feet.

We'd been working close to two hours—got a passageway cut about 400 feet—when we heard the first shot. Machine-gun fire. So we pulled out fast as we could. About half an hour after came the order to set off the dynamite. The radioman signaled that the fleet was coming in—a whole task force of 70 or 80 ships. The blast caught eight of our divers. We knew those eight divers were still out there, and that's why pulling the switch on the hand magneto was the toughest part of the whole business. But those nets had to be cleared, because if the enemy had dropped any stuff before we blasted, it would have blown our wires apart, and destroyed the contact.

Then hell broke loose, and for about five hours the ten of us waited on shore, hiding behind trees and bushes. Some of the bombs dropped 15 yards away from me. The concussion banged me down pretty hard, and I had pains in my back for quite a while. When the fighting was all over and a little cruiser picked us up, we saw that the stern of the salvage boat had got a direct hit.

They gave us the Purple Heart for this job, but I figure those eight men out there should have had ours besides the ones their families got. (Of course that was before they started giving out medals to every guy with a bloody nose.)

This demolition job was something I sandwiched in between shows. You see, I'd been shipped across to entertain servicemen—put on wrestling and boxing matches. I never did tell my folks back home about cutting those nets. There would have been too much gossip around town, and I don't go in much for headline hero stuff.

When the Japs surrendered August 14th, I'd been retrieving practice torpedoes like I said 10 miles off Provincetown, where they were training dive-bomber pilots. After the jobs I'd tackled, that was a cinch. Those duds were all experimental babies, worth from $15,000 to $50,000 apiece. I got only three in one year, there's so much mud in these waters. Fishermen picked up more in their nets. In the Solomons, they were easier to find. There I used to get about four a day.

What we do, we track them down with King Kong locators. These are cylinders 18 feet long and 15 feet thick, trailed by the boat. One of them is lowered over the bow of a 45-foot power launch by a half-inch cable and kept two feet off bottom. Then it's towed from a reel, and when it passes over a torpedo it rings on the dial. A King Kong will register on anything metal—even a tin can. That's how sensitive it is. As soon as the torpedo hits the water, the crash boat tails it and drops a cement block on a buoy. Then when the range is cleared, the diving tug comes along, cruises to the moorings and I'd go down carrying a duplicate King Kong—a small one-footer, called The Queen. This gimmick attracts objects like a magnet.

When the King Kong rings on the boat, the tender phones me the direction the sound is coming from. He may say, "You're going too far to the left," or, "Stay where you are." If I still don't locate it, he phones that he's sending down a fire hose on the shackle line, and with this I spray a big hole in the ocean floor. Lots of times a diver will trip into his own washout hole, and then a relief man has to come down and wash him out. My first move after I locate the torpedo is to put my safety lock over the propeller to prevent it from kicking over. Then I send topside for a cable to go on the nose of the torpedo.

In the Solomons, the Allies used "pingers" —torpedoes that went ping-ping-ping for 72 hours—so you could hear them topside. Those were live babies. Working with them, the greatest danger is when your life line (or air hose) gets caught on the propeller before you can reach it with your safety lock. That propeller can cut the diver's air hose. In 1943 we lost Diver Novak that way. He got a fatal squeeze when his lines got tangled in a torpedo propeller. All I could find when I went down was part of his suit and one shoe. The torpedo he was after took a nose dive and hadn't exploded. We call that a hot shot, when the run isn't finished. The propeller will keep revolving until the air runs out. You never know when your life line's going over a propeller. You may be carrying too much slack and not notice that the tide is taking it in the direction of the torpedo. Then it's goodby, Mamma!

Time Waited for This Man

A diver's always working against time. Once I volunteered to go down 82 feet on a plane wreck, A PB-213 carrying a crew of eleven had taken a nose dive and crashed. I found eight depth charges all set to go off at 25 feet under water. Some of them were just hanging by a thin steel thread, ready to explode. The reason they hadn't yet was because the safety locks on them were still in position.

I had to work fast, believe me, to get the booster and detonator out of them all. Stayed down there four hours, working. The bodies I just left in the plane. Easier to haul up that way.

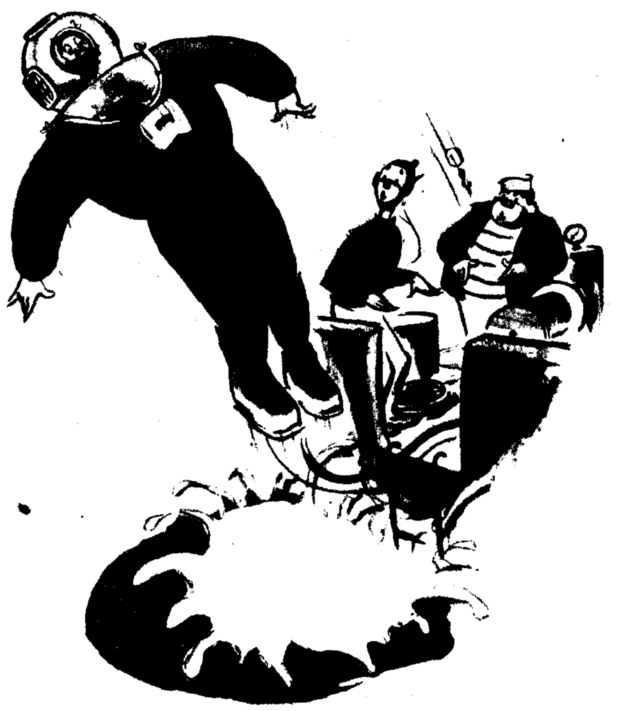
I guess maybe the closest shave I ever had was off St. George's in Bermuda. We were building a sea wall, and I had a charge of dynamite set below at 22 feet. The wires were all hooked up, ready to blow the foundation so we could get a hardpan. I was almost out of the water when I heard a terrific roar, and shot right up in the air about 15 feet, like a skyrocket! Of course if I hadn't been out of that water I'd have been blown to smithereens. The concussion would have finished me. Why, I had five sticks of 80 per cent dynamite set there at the bottom, and I was right over my job.

What happened was one of the crew tripped on deck and accidentally pushed down the switch on the power box. Sure they should have disconnected the current till I'd come all the way out. They said I looked white as a sheet when I landed on deck. Funny thing was I didn't feel the concussion in my head till next day. Then my eyes acted just like sparklers, and I was sick to my stomach for a week later.

Well, I figure I have five more years to go. You know the average life of us guys is 18 years—that is if we come through every dive okay! I suppose why we get the hotfoot topside is because of dangers like that below. A diver doesn't feel natural unless he's got water over him. It's something else, too. I look at it like a contest. Just as an athlete's always thinking how he can beat that guy in the ring, I'm always trying to get the best of that old sea witch down there. Bucking nature, know what I mean? And if I come up alive, I win.

THE END

"I shot up in the air about 15 feet, like a rocket"



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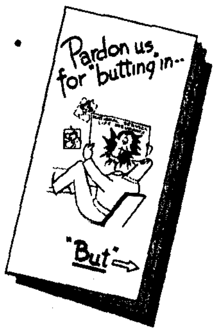
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Justice Comes to Nuremberg

Continued from page 17

its twin city of Fürth—a sort of Manhattan-Bronx arrangement—and beyond Fürth to Würzburg.

Highway road blocks on both sides of the Palace turn off all traffic lacking courthouse passes. The defense cordon includes tanks and "air cover." You must display your pass again to enter the Palace yard, once more to enter the court wing, and then show a special courtroom pass which is scrutinized at least twice before you finally reach your seat. Guard duty outside the Palace is shared in daily turns among soldiers of the four prosecuting nations. The security guard inside courtroom and prison is American.

The prison is attached to the courthouse by a viaduct walk—which, by the way, has been covered since the day a knife thrown by a person unknown landed among the defendants as they were crossing. Several windows of the courthouse look over this viaduct; also the yard in which the prisoners are exercised. No office worker dares go near them now, however, when the prisoners are out, because they are watched by soldiers with tommy guns and orders to shoot to kill. In addition to other guards there is—since Ley's death—one soldier constantly outside each cell 24 hours a day whenever it is occupied. There is never a moment waking or sleeping when each prisoner is not surveyed by a pair of young American eyes. The score of men whose privacy and license and freedom were once the most heavily guarded in the world—are still the most heavily guarded men in the world.

Movement of prisoners to and from court proceeds in lots of six; three prisoners and three guards. They mount to the courtroom floor in a special elevator, invented by the Nazis themselves for the trials they used to hold here. It contains individual steel cabinets into which each prisoner is squeezed and locked, then watched through a peephole by his guard during the brief ride. The elevator lets out at a panel that opens into the defendants' box into which they are immediately herded. They are seated long before the rest of the courtroom fills.

Interpretations in Many Tongues

Now it is a few minutes before ten in the morning. Practically everyone who has business here is in his place awaiting the tribunal. This is a good time to learn about your headpiece earphones, a set of which is linked to every seat in the courtroom. With them you can listen to the proceedings in the language of your choice: English, German, Russian or French. Specialists in each language maintain a running interpretation. The system was installed and is serviced by a team of United States Navy electricians.

The International Military Tribunal—its official name—sits at a long desk on a towering platform on the windowed side of the room. Behind each judge is the flag of his country. Before him is a microphone. In front of the right end of the dais is a boxed witness chair and microphone. At the left end is a podium for the attorneys. Between are ranged stenographers and court assistants, underneath and in front of the judges. Against the opposite wall facing the tribunal are the defendants. They are surrounded by American soldier guards who have sidearms and white helmets, belts, gloves and small white clubs. Some of the guards speak German and it is part of their chore to listen to the prisoners' by-chatter; also to shove the prisoners back if they attempt to lean out of the box toward their attorneys. Some of the prisoners make voluminous notes and exchange many with their attorneys, but these must be handed through the guards. Partly this is for decorum, but chiefly it is to avoid passage of suicide weapons such as razor blades. Attorneys and defendants get ample opportunity to confer out of session in the prison through a wire screen.

The defense attorneys sit in front of their clients. Each defendant has one or more. Some were selected by the prisoners themselves. Others, where defendants had neither choice nor means, were appointed by the tribunal. Each defense attorney will receive for his work 4,000 marks—about $400 at the imposed rate—from the tribunal; but it is known that rich men like Goering and Ribbentrop have made private arrangements for additional payment.

Among these lawyers are the best legal brains of Germany. A few are Nazis, which may be taken as a mark of the tribunal's fairness. Von Papen's son, a graduate of Georgetown University in Washington, is a member of his father's counsel. The German attorneys in their black court robes and black skullcaps lend a medieval aspect.

On a low platform at the far end of the room and near the witness chair, the interpreters sit behind a glass partition. Also at that end in cubicles high in the wall, behind thick glass windows through which they can survey the courtroom, are the broadcasters. The black middle of the wall is where the movie screen and charts and maps used in evidence are hung. At our end of the room are the prosecutors with a table for the staff of each nation. Behind them is a railing back of which sit the main body of correspondents on the floor level under our balcony.

In the balcony are other correspondents and some visitors, mainly "Vips"—Very Important People. The entire room is floodlighted, for the benefit of the still and movie photographers, who usually stand on a continuation of the judges' desk. There is one Polish cameraman who, when he is on duty, spends the whole day photographing Hans Frank, erstwhile Nazi Governor of Poland. "That's the only son of a bitch I'm interested in," he says.

William Williams

COLLIER'S WILLIAM WILLIAMS

A bailiff calls attention. The judges are coming. Everyone stands up. Hess fairly leaps to his feet, thrusts out his thin chest, draws back his shoulders until his coat collar is two inches from his neck, and tries to look superalert. Once, in the days of his strength, he might have succeeded. Now, cadaverous, he is like a flapping scarecrow. Goering heaves himself aloft graciously, as if doing the tribunal an honor. Keg-shaped, triple-necked, bulletheaded Frick looks no taller when standing. Keitel and Jodl are as erect as two broomsticks. Doenitz and Raeder are superciliously correct. Von Papen and Schacht eye the judges like businessmen sizing up prospective customers. Ribbentrop looks wistful as if thinking that, if he could only talk to the judges privately at some week-end party, everything would be all right. Streicher and Sauckel always begin to perspire as soon as court opens. Their heads and faces glisten like surf-wet clamshells under the light. Whenever either is mentioned in the evidence he bubbles grease.

An Imposing Group of Judges

The eight members of the tribunal—four judges and four alternates—file through a door at the end of their dais entering in the order of their seats. De Vabre and Falco of France, Parker and Biddle of the United States, Lawrence and Birkett of Great Britain, Nikitchenko and Volkhov of the Soviet Union. All wear long black capes except the Russians, who are in uniform. Lord Justice Lawrence is president of the tribunal. He is courteous, efficient, patient and, not being himself a word master, he tries hard to cut down the prolixity to which the American prosecutors seem addicted. Frequently he has to correct the Americans' habitual reference to the Soviet Union as "Russia." He often whispers to or exchanges penciled memoranda with Biddle, who sits on his left. When the tribunal confers in session, a Russian and a French interpreter busily slide up and down behind the judges' chairs.

The prosecution staffs of the four plaintiff nations afford a contrast in methods and court habits. The Americans talk the most and say the least. The French talk the least and say the most; the English are neat speakers but you always feel they are not telling all they know. The Russians are the quickest and most emotional and you feel that they are saying more than they know.

The obscene record begins to unroll again where it left off the night before. Many "firsts" are involved in this trial. For one thing, with its microphones, earphones and the red "Stop" and amber "Go slowly" lights, which the interpreters can flash on the desk in front of President Lawrence if they get outpaced, it is the first mechanical trial in history.

But you soon become aware that it possesses, too, a more chilling uniqueness which makes it unlike any other ever held. It deals in mass and not solitary crime. It is unrelieved by those human-interest and sometimes even amusing touches which creep into ordinary criminal trials and often relieve for a few moments the most sordid tragedies. The scope of criminality presented here is beyond personal comprehension. It deals not with a husband poisoned, a lover stabbed, a child strangled by a drunken parent. It deals with the despoiling of whole nations, the slaughter of whole populations, the brutalizing of an entire world. For the first time men are being tried for the murder of millions—and the names and street addresses of single victims are not important enough to be separated from the grisly multitude in evidence.

The moving pictures which we and the defendants are shown of a bulldozer nosing and piling up huge stacks of unidentifiable bodies in a concentration camp, suggest that the nameless dead are cogs in Allied justice as the nameless living were cogs in Nazi aggression. It is all too big and cold to be picked out in terms of individual persons who had first names and were so old and had certain little hopes and habits and lived in such a house in this or that place.

Always, of course, the most interesting to watch are the prisoners. Always the drama centers around them, and upon the reactions of each man as his past overtakes and engulfs him. Perhaps the most theatrical moments come when high officers of the defunct Wehrmacht are witnesses. Entering, they must pass within brushing distance of Goering and Doenitz at the right end of the box. Hatred freezes on to each of 21 faces as they watch old colleagues walk diagonally across the court to the witness stand. Like 21 cobras they affix him with their eyes. Invariably the witnesses avoid looking at the prisoners. When, for pointing-out purposes, they have to do so, there is starkest intensity—old fears fingering the witnesses, unable to believe they are safe forever from the vengeance of these men.

The defendants are seated in the order of their naming in the indictment. Only 21 of the indicted 24 are here. Ley is dead, Bormann is missing, Krupp ill. No one can say how many will be here at the end of the trial. As every doctor and criminologist knows, when a man is cunning, resolute and courageous, even the most exacting precautions may not prevent his suicide.

These Were Once Arrogant Nazis

Many of these defendants I knew personally in the time of their power and glory. Looking down upon them now, shabby and shorn in their day of reckoning, seeing them in such different circumstances, brings a host of memory vignettes. The very shock of their changed appearance, plus the drugging effect upon the mind of the monstrous and unspeakable evidence, the dazzling lights and the slow buzz of voices held at "dictation speed" by court rules, induce a sense of unreality. The feeling of being a spectator at a weird photoplay, with its elasticity of time element, takes hold, and pondering upon the prisoners as they now are, I remember and compare, as in screen cutbacks, the last times I saw them.

Goering is Number One in the first row. He is also Number One both in his own estimation and that of his comrades. He is the kingpin of the box, his dominance being apparent to the entire courtroom. The other prisoners take their cues from him. He is restless with furtive energy; grimacing, shrugging, nodding approval or disapproval to every word spoken, yet keeping within the decorum of the court. More than once this upsets prosecutors and unnerves witnesses. A lot of nonsense has been written over the years about Goering.

There was never anything droll about these Nazis—and there isn't now. Hitler was the least funny man in the world. So was Goering—who is a born leader and a person of the keenest intelligence. "He will be a tartar on the witness stand," one prosecutor told me wryly.

Goering was never a stranger to those of us who worked in Berlin before the United States entered the war. He was the most visible of the Nazis. He had none of the secretiveness of his Fuehrer. He was jovial

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with the common German people to whom he was "Our Hermann" and he was customarily addressed by the familiar "Du," or Thou, which Germans use for children, dear friends and parents. This together with his medals was simply the trade-mark with which he made professional capital.

The last time I saw him he was waddling down the street named for him on the east rim of the Tiergarten on a spring afternoon in 1941. He often walked alone in the town, grinning at passers-by, saluting them with his diamond-encrusted field marshal's baton. Goering and his baton were inseparable. General Ernst Udet once told me that Goering took it to bed with him and when his valet came to awaken him each morning, saluted him with it.

Despite his fatness, he walked with a quick, light step and a suggestion of great physical strength. I was interested to espy him, a couple of hundred feet ahead of me that day, because I had an appointment for dinner with him and General Udet a few nights later.

As I watched, he stopped at a street excavation, rested one foot on a heap of rocks, leaned over and chatted with the workmen. After a few moments, they all laughed uproariously. Then Goering trotted on, waving the baton.

Early on the morning of the dinner engagement, Udet—who three months later died mysteriously—phoned and canceled it without explanation. But I found out the reason from the German newspapers that noon. Hess had just flown to England, and the Nazis weren't being very sociable until Hitler cooled off.

The Symbolic "Party" Man

Now Hess sits Number Two in the box. Longest Hitler's friend and accomplice, he emerges from years of conjecture and secrecy as a caricature of the tall, beetling man who used to be as well known to the Germans as Goering, and, together with him and Hitler, made up the Nazi Big Three. He was the symbolic "Party" man. I saw him last at a rally in Lichtenberg, a working-class district in the slummy east end of Berlin. He was shaking hands and frothing good will. "You know," he told me, "sometimes I think I am what you might call the Jim Farley of Germany. I am the one who kisses the babies for the newsreels."

Ribbentrop sits next to Hess and, of all the prisoners, seems the limpest in spirit. The man who had the curious ambassadorial taste to "heil" King George now looks misunderstood to the point of tears. If they would let him, he would bring apples to the judges every morning. Ribbentrop was one whom none of us knew or saw more than we had to. Studying his present timidity, I think of the last time I saw him. It was in June of 1941, just before the invasion of Russia. Lord Haw Haw, Bill Joyce—since hanged—had come to lunch with me that day at the Adlon Hotel. Afterward we stood on my balcony overlooking the garden of the Foreign Ministry and Propaganda Ministry residence compound, where a big underground *Luftschutzraum,* or air-raid shelter, was being constructed. The RAF's night visits were beginning to get a little tough. We saw Goebbels and Ribbentrop come out together to inspect the progress of the work. Goebbels stood quietly. On a still unforeseen day he would kill himself and his family in that shelter.

Ribbentrop strutted up and down, pompously giving orders to the foreman. "There," said Joyce, an expert in such matters, "is a first-class bastard."

Keitel sits next to Ribbentrop. His stripped uniform adds to, rather than detracts, from his Junker austerity. Occasionally he bends to speak to Goering or turns to Jodl behind him. The rest of the prisoners don't seem to exist for him. He is the most voluminous note taker in the box.

Kaltenbrunner, the bird of ill omen to Austria, is next to him. Then comes professorial Rosenberg, the superman philosopher. Hans Frank, scourge of Poland, is the most unpleasant-looking man in the line. Frick, bulky and gross in what appears to be a sports jacket, is the cartoon type of beer guzzler. Streicher, beside him, gets everybody's vote as the most unwholesome-looking man—a sentiment in which his fellow defendants evidently join, because none of them will have anything to do with him.

The guards say that this Coventryizing extends into prison life where he is ignored at meals and exercise. Streicher has one unenviable distinction. This is not the first time he has been on trial in this very courtroom. In the pre-Nazi era, he was hauled up here for more than one unsavory offense.

And when the Nazis reached power, he was their most vulgar mouthpiece and best showman. He was master of ceremonies at many of the Party Day rallies here in Nuremberg.

And the pictures he recalls are not alone of himself and the Nazi hierarchy on parade before the massed hysterics of the SA and SS stompers, but of the city of Nuremberg itself, which came in time even more than Munich to be the core of the Nazi orgy. Thus, it is ironic that the Nazi dream has reached the trail's end in Nuremberg—for men, Party and city. Nuremberg is more than 90 per cent in ruins.

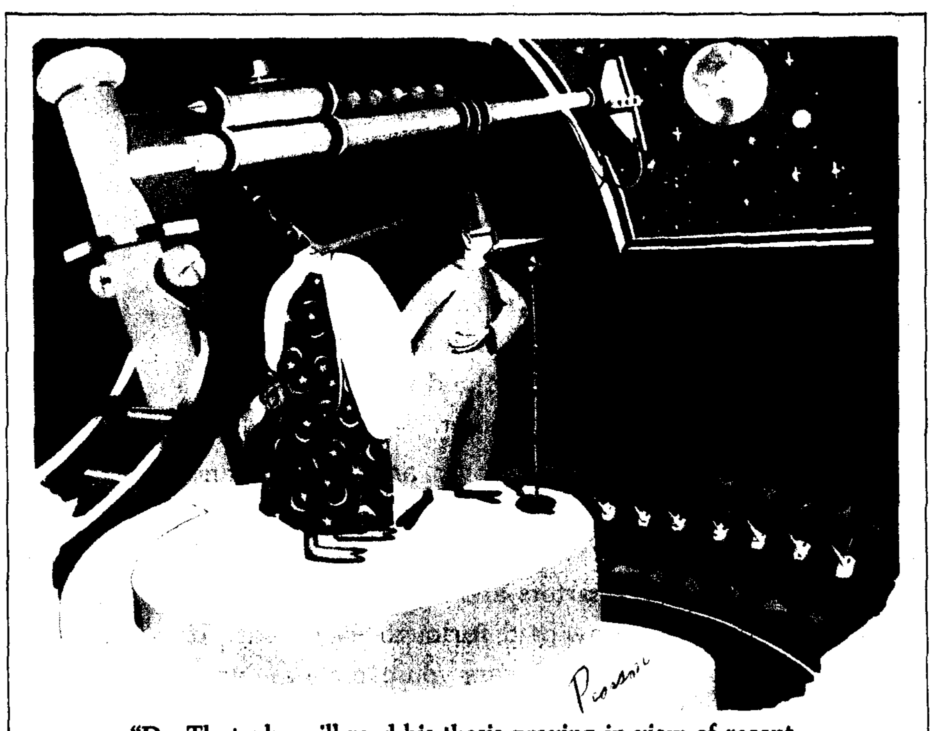
And now, here is Streicher—aged, bald, perspiring, ostracized and convinced, or so he tells his guards, that the judges and all the American and Russian prosecutors are Jews. He gets no satisfaction from the fact that his fine printing plant in a near-by village, where he used to publish dirty pictures as well as his anti-Jewish periodicals, is now, with most of his old workmen, turning out the G.I. newspaper Stars and Stripes which has several brilliant young American Jewish journalists on its staff.

The rest do not provoke much thought, for they were Party work horses and key job men. Funk was Interior Minister. Hjalmar Horace Greeley Schacht, the banker, looks naked without his old-fashioned five-inch choker collar. Now your eyes go to the second row and you start again from the left end, where Doenitz sits behind Goering. Doenitz, and Raeder next to him, are "Grand Admirals" but all the gold braid and trimmings are gone from their uniforms, which appear like plain dark blue suits. These two carry the calm air of the bridge into court and sit all day in stony alertness. Doenitz is one of many defendants who speak excellent English—Ribbentrop, Hess, Schacht, Von Papen, Neurath are some of the others—and seldom use earphones for that language.

Others Who Are on Trial

Von Schirach is next, a good-looking youngish man who seems out of place in this collection, but he was *Gauleiter* of Vienna as well as head of the Hitler *Jugend* and Leader of Reich Youth. He is the son-in-law of the man who made a profitable racket of photographing Hitler and his satellites—Henrich Hoffman, official Nazi cameraman. Sauckel, Jodl, the dapper Von Papen, Seyss-Inquart, the *Gauleiter* whose name will never be forgotten in Holland, Speer, the stately Von Neurath, and Fritzsche complete the back benchers.

SLIPPERY WHEN WET
COLLIER'S
JOHN JARVIS


"Dr. Thptcnho will read his thesis proving in view of recent disturbances that life on the planet Earth is impossible"

COLLIER'S CHARLES PEARSON

One last picture flashes into my mind as I think of the days of power of these men. It is the possible scene if, some day and by some magic, when they stepped into their box they found the room guarded, not by American soldiers, but by the stalwarts of their old SS—and themselves on top again. I discussed the idea at the noon recess with one of the medical officers who have been studying the prisoners for months.

He reflects a while and then says, "At first they'd fall to fighting among themselves. A lot of ill feeling and recrimination has generated in that gang. A few punches would fly and then Goering would bellow out and take command and they would be as sheep with him. They'd immediately shoot their own defense attorneys and the Russian and English judges and prosecutors and then try to convert the Americans and French. Lastly, they would give all the correspondents private jeeps and offer them radio jobs."

Criticizing the Procedure

Two features must, in all honesty, be noted to complete a full and unhypocritical view of Nuremberg. The first is widespread muttering here against the conduct of the trial. Its slowness is criticized for lessening its effect. The world will be sick and tired of Nuremberg and dismiss it from mind before the verdict is reached. Sufficient facilities have not been given to German press and radio to inform their people of its progress and meaning—and it is true that German civilians believe the defendants are being tried for losing the war, not for starting it.

The second and far more important feature is the fog of cynicism which shrouds the courtroom. You hear much talk of the "missing faces in the defendants' box, and not all of them German," of world statesmen who certainly were not blameless in the years in which the Nazis were allowed to prepare for war. You hear much questioning of the validity of prosecution here by nations which are still guilty of things of which they accuse the Nazis. There is comparison of the brutalities now revealed in the American Military Police Prison at Lichfield, England, with Gestapo methods; and comparison with Lidice of the burning of Bekasi in Java by the British, accompanied by the strafing of unarmed natives fleeing in trucks. There is constant reference to the rape of Latvia, Estonia and Lithuania by the Russians and their importation of slave laborers and the depredations and interferences current among their troops in the liberated countries.

All this criticism and cynicism seem to me to be petty in relation to the trial's essential greatness of character. Perfection of technique could not be expected in the first international trial ever held, with its blending of the dissimilar law patterns of many nations into a workable form. The fact that such a trial was voluntarily held at all by the victorious great nations is of itself, as the American chief prosecutor, Supreme Court Justice Jackson, said, "One of the most significant tributes that power has ever paid to reason."

It is the cynicism that falls shortest, however. It is precisely because none of the prosecuting nations has come to it with hands that have always been or are now entirely clean, that the trial has genuine beauty and hope and value. The fate of Goering and his mates is not the important thing here. They are just names on a docket. It is not even the trial itself that counts. It is the *idea* of such a trial. The truly important thing lies squarely in the courage of the great powers hereby to expose their future behavior both to precedent and to the scrutiny of humanity. It lies in the revelation that after all these centuries, world public opinion has become stronger than world rulers; and that the big people henceforth are answerable for the big crimes they commit in the name of states, as little people always have been answerable for the little crimes they commit against one another. The world does not become instantly perfect with Nuremberg. But it puts on record a long and irrevocable step toward public honesty. Nuremberg does not of itself guarantee lasting peace. But it does erect a warning that the next demagogue who criminally starts a war had better win it—or else.

THE END

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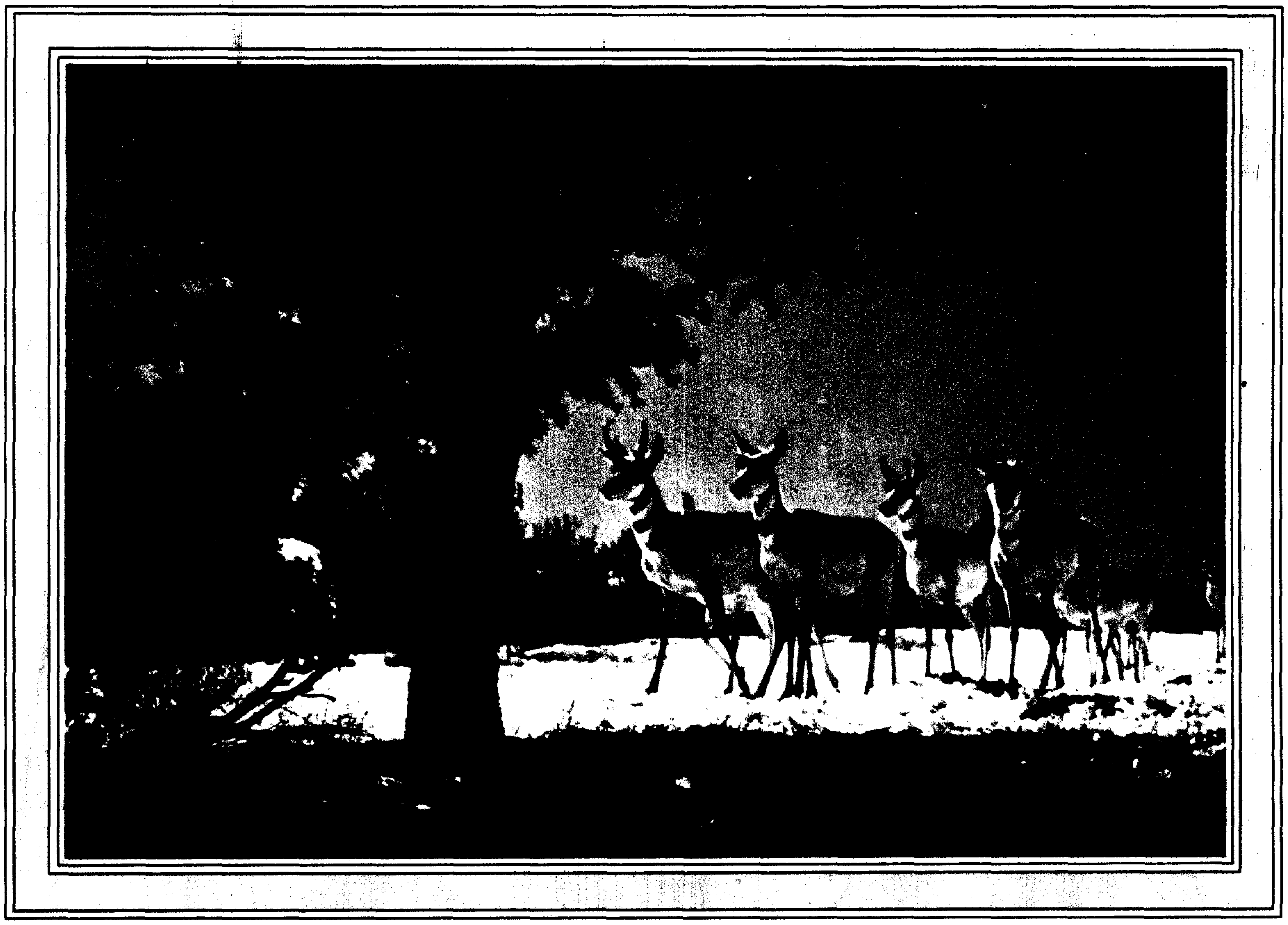


The Pronghorn Comes Back

BY FORBES PARKHILL

FOR the merest instant the startled pronghorn buck and his five does, spooked from their sagebrush draw, freeze motionless as they gaze at the automobile crawling along the unfenced road in Wyoming's Red Desert. Then they're off in a flash—a flash of the twin rosettes of white hair on their rumps, hair that bristles erect at the first sign of danger. Off—not like the wind, but like a hurricane blast, for the antelope is the fleetest wild animal in North America.

"Man, oh, man!" exclaims one of the eager hunters in the car. "Look at those babies shove the country behind 'em!"

But the men don't reach for their rifles—yet. At five hundred yards, their chance of hitting a target zipping past at from 40 to 50 miles an hour lacks ten cents of being worth a dime. Besides, the Wyoming game laws forbid shooting from car or road.

Any other game animal would beeline it directly away from the hunter, presenting only his hindside as a target. But not the pronghorn. Blessed with speed and cursed with inquisitiveness, he relies on the former to permit him to gratify the latter.

So the band does what, in antelope circles, is customary under the circumstances. While the driver steps her up to forty, the animals race swiftly along a parallel course. Suddenly they veer sharply and cut across the road well beyond rifle range, to halt, turn and stare.

As the automobile approaches, the band shoves off once more, to become submerged presently in the wavelike swells of the desert floor. Now the hunters reach for their rifles. They pile out as the car halts in a trough where it is hidden from their quarry.

Separating for the stalk, they inch forward, crouching, through the purple sage to the top of the swell—upwind, of course. One succeeds in creeping within three hundred yards before the band is spooked again. Once more the pronghorns are away as if shot from a catapult.

The nearest marksman's rifle cracks—once, twice and again. And to make the story typical of the average stalk, it must be acknowledged that the antelope speed away, unharmed.

The antelope—once, like the buffalo, almost exterminated—now is so plentiful in many parts of Wyoming that the average hunting party, once off the main highways, is seldom out of sight of one or more bands and may sight hundreds of animals in a single day. So, though the individual may miss out on nine out of ten shots, he still may take part in perhaps ten antelope stalks a day.

Once near extinction, the antelope is again fairly abundant in ten Western states. But you have got to be a first-class rifle shot to get one

During the 1945 season, sportsmen killed more than fifteen thousand antelope in Wyoming—approximately ten times the state's entire pronghorn population in the early twenties. And Wyoming is but one of ten states and two Canadian provinces that permit the hunting of this swiftest of all North American big game animals. The others are California, Colorado, Idaho, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, Texas, Utah, Alberta and Saskatchewan.

Now, with the herds larger than at any time since the turn of the century, pronghorn hunting is expected to attract a record number of hunters from Eastern states. No other type of big game hunting so closely approaches the hunting found on the South African veld. Few other types demand so much skill in marksmanship, yet few are so certain to assure the average hunter that he won't return empty-handed.

The novelty of pronghorn hunting, which differs so decidedly from deer, elk or moose hunting, in itself should lure many big game hunters to the range where the antelope play. Also the stalking of the pronghorn seems destined to become, within the next few years, the outstanding form of big game hunting for women. The sportswoman who accompanies her husband needn't spend chilly nights sleeping on the ground, nor must she fight her way from dawn to dusk through trees and undergrowth. Instead, she spends the night in the comfort of a hotel room and drives out each morning to the antelope range. Only when actually stalking the game must she leave her automobile.

The pronghorn, no kin of the antelope of Asia or Africa, is found only in North America. Its color is approximately buckskin tan, with white underparts, white bands across the throat, and a white "flag," or rump patch, conspicuous when the animal becomes alarmed.

Bucks average about one hundred pounds in weight, does somewhat less. Horns are found on both sexes, and their outer shells are shed each fall. Those of the male measure up to twenty inches in length, following the outside curve, with a spread of as much as seventeen inches. Horns of the older bucks frequently are tipped with white, and are known as "ivory tips." Does have horns shorter than their ears.

Unlike the young of deer, the antelope fawn is unspotted, but when it flattens itself in the sagebrush its protective coloring renders it virtually invisible. Three days after birth a fawn can outrun a man; in ten days can outdistance the average dog. A game warden clocked a pronghorn band at 45 miles an hour, racing the animals with his car over fairly smooth terrain. Some hunters claim that the pronghorn can make sixty when it really gets down to business. It runs close to the ground, with little up-and-down motion. Running pronghorns leave behind them a plume of dust, like a speeding automobile.

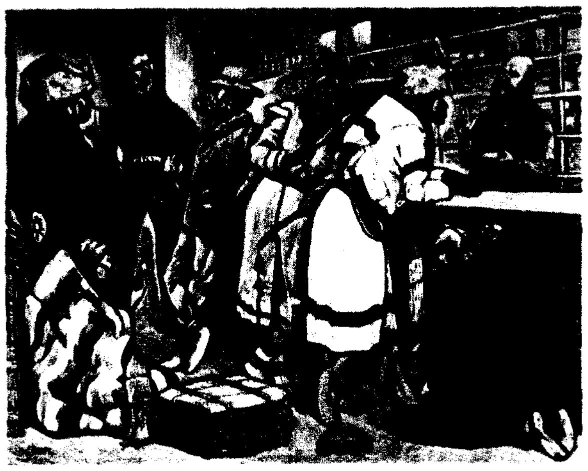
Hunters who have "spooked" antelope visible only through binoculars at a distance of as much as five miles, call them "the animals with the telescope eyes." The pronghorn's vision is far keener than that of man, and he's supposed to rely far more on his eyesight than on his sense of smell. Even so, the seasoned hunter always stalks against the wind.

Time was, before the coming of the white man, when the antelope numbered upward of twenty million and ranged the Western plains and high plateaus from central Canada to Mexico and from the Missouri almost to the Pacific.

The early settlers and the professional hunters slaughtered the antelope ruthlessly. When the Union Pacific railroad was built across Wyoming in the sixties, antelope meat

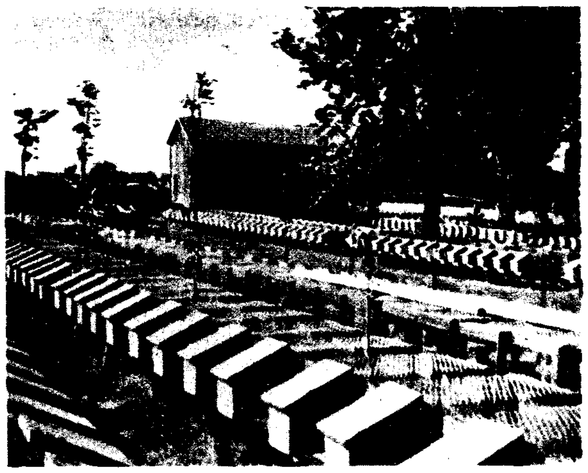
(Continued on page 76)

There's new magic in mink!



1840 FURS CAME from the wilds, mostly from trap lines in Canada. Free-roaming animals of the cold country furnished fine pelts; beaver for hats being a staple in trade in this decade just before Corby's whiskey appeared in Canada.

1912 THE PACIFIC nations saved the Bering Sea seal herds from extinction by signing a treaty in this 54th year of Corby's fame in Canada. Dark-furs . . . seal, fox and mink with rare light pelts dyed . . . were fashion's greatest luxuries.



1933 FUR RANCHES dotted the country . . . breeders met success with fox, mink and other pen-raised animals. As the name Corby's reached its 75th year in Canada, something new was added . . . specialized breeding for rare colors.

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1945 RANCHERS SCOOP nature with furs to fit your mood; witness this $30,000 white mink coat by Esther Dorothy, New York. Fine furs are luxuries, so is a light, sociable whiskey like Corby's . . . a reasonably priced blend you can enjoy more frequently as distribution is stepped up. Watch for the whiskey with the grand old Canadian name in your bar or store.

NATURAL WHITE MINK BY ESTHER DOROTHY, N.Y.

Look for me on every Corby's bottle

CORBY'S

A Grand Old Canadian Name

PRODUCED IN U.S.A. *under the direct supervision of our expert Canadian blender.*

86 Proof—68.4% Grain Neutral Spirits—Jas. Barclay & Co., Limited, Peoria, Illinois

The Moving Mirror

Continued from page 62

were soft and compassionate, meaning to spare him, there had been something else behind her words. And he had known it. He had sat there, by their last fire in the living room, seeming at ease, occupied with his pipe.

"Cat, are you mad at me?" he'd said.

And when she hadn't answered, he'd said, "Are you permanently mad at me?"

They sat there silently in the room that he had made so beautiful and so much their home. The dull white walls he'd painted, and the lovely brick fireplace that he had rebuilt, so that you could burn huge logs in the fire. She sat there, thinking about how he had reshaped the edge of the terrace. How he had worked all this time as though he, too, meant this to be their home forever.

"Answer me," he said to her.

"It isn't just the house," she said to him. She got up, then, and went upstairs, leaving him alone by the fire.

THE front door opened, and the moving men came in. Henry came in behind them. "Hello," he said. He looked at her swiftly, as though in stolen appraisal.

"Oh, you needn't have come," she said. "That's too bad. The Johansens could have taken us to the train."

"Nonsense," he said. "Here I am."

The foreman had a slip of paper in his hand, and Henry grabbed it and put it on the hall table to sign, as though he feared that she would do it first.

"Everything to go?" the foreman asked.

And Henry said, "Yes," hastily.

"All to storage," the foreman yelled back at the men. They came into the hall, walking silently past Tanny and Henry and herself. Anne went with them to the living room and began speaking and pointing. When she came back, Henry was standing in the hall, with Tanny in his arms.

"This is it, Tanaquil," he said.

"I don't want to go to a hotel," Tanny said. She hung limply against her father, her plump beautiful little legs dangling.

"It's only until you find a job to support us," Henry said to her.

"It's not," Tanny said. "It's because there're not any apartments."

Henry put her down. Now his smallness and thinness that were part of his wonderful charm made him seem useless and inadequate. His handsome face was empty, with all the wit and pleasure gone from it.

"You needn't have come," Anne said, repeating it like a reproach.

The moving men were breaking the house. They were a good-natured army of occupation, looting quietly, and slowly. She and Henry and Tanny were there, like a vanquished people who have lost a fight they were not brave enough or smart enough to win. They moved from room to room, pretending to pack, pretending there was something more to do. And the moving furniture let out squeals of anguish, screaming slowly across the floors . . .

Anne found Tanny in the kitchen with a big box. It was the box she'd kept in her cupboard for toys, and Anne saw that Tanny had punched holes in the top of it.

"Mummy," Tanny said, "we can take him in this, can't we?"

Her pigtails hung down her delicate cheeks, and she stared up at her mother. This was the bitter end for her. Life and death, the last try.

"It isn't that, darling," Anne said. "It's just that he wouldn't be happy in a hotel. He's used to running free."

And she thought: This is too much. This is the end.

Tanny didn't say anything more. She just stood, staring down at the box. And suddenly, Anne saw her own reflection. The men were carrying the big gold-framed living-room mirror past the kitchen door, and there was her face, looking back at her in the burning blue light. White and drawn, like a piece of crumpled paper. She thought: I am a ghost, being carried out of this house.

She went and sat in one of the canvas chairs by the dock. Away from the ruined garden, and the torn-up house. She heard the shouts of the men, and the long-drawn-out cry of the piano being pushed across the floor. Henry played the piano, wonderfully, easily, without working. The way he painted when he felt like it. The way he could do anything he wanted to do, softly, beautifully and easily . . .

He came out of the house now and stood looking at her. Then he picked up the other faded rain-soaked chair, and set it down beside her.

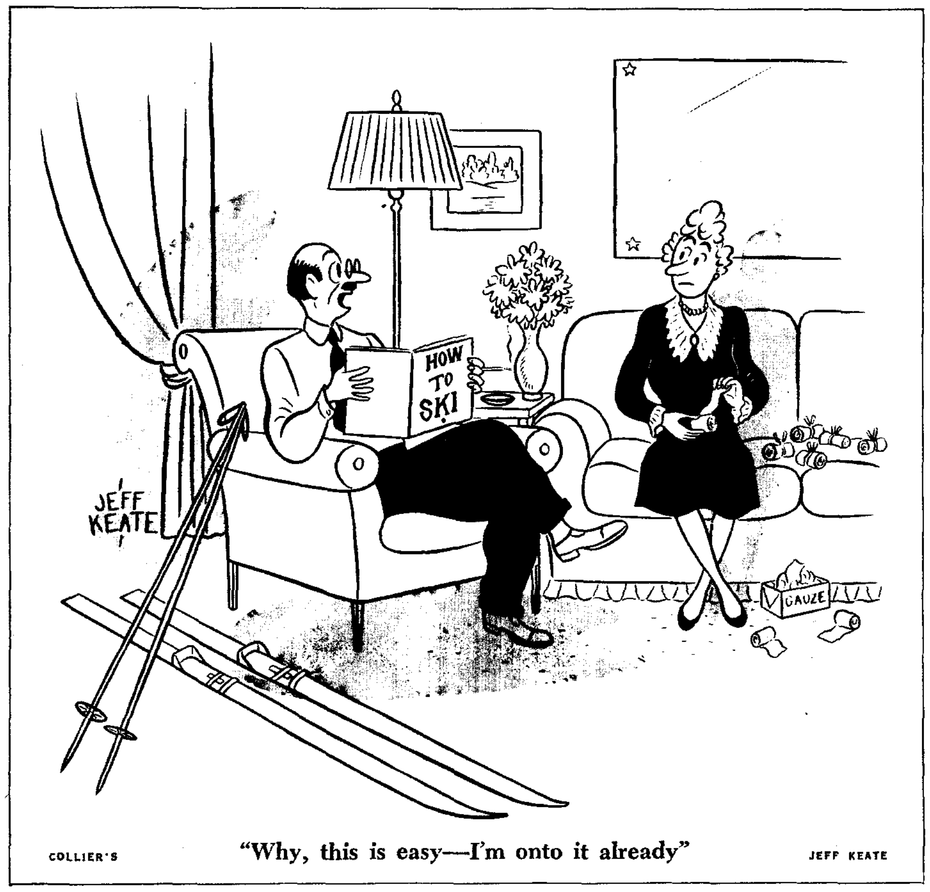
"Look," he said. "I wanted to give this up, because with my new job I'll have to work nights. You said yourself that Schmidt is a wonderful job. Nothing like it in commercial design. We said all that, didn't we?"

"Yes."

"But if I had known," he said, "how you felt about the house, and how Tanny would feel, I'd have managed anyhow. We could have gotten a room or something in New York. I didn't know you felt quite like this. If you'd said so, we wouldn't have let her have the place. We could have bought it, couldn't we? We could have paid the first installment on it."

"It isn't only that," she said.

"You think I'm selfish. You think—look, Cat, you're upset. This moving. And Tanny. You're upset about Tanny. But, darling, look here. We can get another house. And Tanny will be all right. She'll make friends in the new school. And someday we'll get an even better house."



COLLIER'S "Why, this is easy—I'm onto it already" JEFF KEATE

She hadn't meant to talk, or tell him, but now the flood of bitterness came out of her. She said, "It isn't that. Don't you see? It's you. It's me. You said, the first years, when we were married and moving around from hotel to hotel, you said then, 'I love you. I will find you a house.' And then we found this. You said, 'I love this. This is ours forever.' And you didn't mean it. I didn't understand that you never meant it. Now I see that I don't *know* you at all."

She saw his shocked, tight face, as though she had slapped him.

"But, Cat, a house *is* just a house," he said.

"But I didn't understand that, don't you see? Everything between us has just been words. I don't know where I am. I don't know anything. What else is true? Do you really care for me? Or Tanny? How do I know? It all sounded the same. It was all the same words of love. When is the real you, and when is the truth?"

"So that's it," he said.

He waited a minute. Then he said, "So you don't think I care a damn about you either?"

"I don't know," she said. "I don't know anything about you. I don't know what goes on inside you."

Her voice broke and she turned her face away from him.

Suddenly he was angry. "I know that this is the first time you've ever acted like a little ninny," he said.

He got up and put the chair back, carefully and foolishly, in the same place where he had gotten it. Then he went back into the house, without another word.

MRS. JOLAS was the only one who stood there, saying goodby to them. All their true friends had said goodby and were out of sight. Mrs. Jolas, tall in her black slacks, still a young woman, meaningful and possessed of vitality.

Tanny stood looking up at her, and Henry said something soft and appropriate about hoping she would find the house in order. And then they said goodby, using that word once more. And with the luggage and with Tanny sitting in the back, they drove off.

It was now dark, and the big highway into town was jammed with cars and trucks. Slow trucks, filled with household goods, moving into a darkness, a multiple strange future. Anne saw the great blind sides of the trucks and she thought of the furniture, roped and imprisoned inside. Like bodies, bound and gagged, silently shipped to exile, or prison, or death. She felt Henry beside her, driving the car, silently. And she could feel Tanny back there, in the darkness. Tanny didn't answer when Henry spoke to her.

"Are you asleep?" Anne asked, turning around.

"No," Tanny said.

Anne had thought that as soon as they were out of the house the suspense would lift. The thing would be finished, and in some way they would breathe again, and start in thinking about the hotel, the rooms they would have, the life they would now live. But instead, her sense of loneliness and desolation weighed still more heavily on her. She could not bring herself to speak or move, or even light a cigarette.

The small gray-white brick hotel where they had at last found rooms stood on a side street in the Village.

"I'll drive this around to the garage," Henry said, "and you go in and register."

A very old, broken man with white hair came out and took the bags with pain and slowness. Anne and Tanny stood in the lobby. Anne tried to take Tanny's hand, but she pulled away and stood, bravely tired and alone, in the middle of the ugly white-tiled place. Finally, as Anne was registering, she came and leaned against her, out of sheer fatigue. She was sunburned, with scratches and bites, small and beautiful and alive. As alive as Henry. Even in fatigue and despair, she was Henry, extended, another camera lens, swift, wonderful, all-encompassing. But she'll never be gay, the way he is, Anne thought. She has all the sorrow of somebody with roots.

Henry came in, whipped off his hat and said, "All right? Then come."

They went up in the elevator with the small old man, and Henry helped carry the baggage into two shabby rooms overlooking the kitchen. Anne waited, standing and looking at the ugly double bed, the spinsterish bureau and table and chairs. The atmosphere, that seemed priggish and self-righteous. She led Tanny into her little room, and Tanny was now too tired not to let herself be undressed. Anne put her into bed, and kissed her.

"Mummy?" Tanny said.

"What is it, darling?"

But there was a pause, and finally Tanny said, "Nothing."

Anne sat down on the bed. "Darling," she said. "You know that we'll always be together. And that we'll always have each other."

"I don't like it here."

Tanny's voice rose into a little squeal and then died down. She was quiet, lying there. Anne kissed her again, but Tanny did not respond to the kiss. Anne stood, looking down at her, longing to pick her up, and hug her and hold on to her.

She said, "Good night, darling. I'll leave the door open between us. Remember you always have us—we're the same."

She walked back into the bedroom, and stood facing Henry.

"Well, this is it," Henry said. He gestured at the walls as though he were giving them to her.

She sat down in one of the stiff ugly chairs and lighted a cigarette.

"We can get them to change the furniture a little," he went on.

"Yes, I suppose so," she said.

"Well, all right. Now I'll go for a little walk, and you unpack and settle down."

LEFT alone, she stared around her. The old ugly virginity of the room struck her afresh. The shabby prunes-and-prisms of the unloved, unlovable things. I have never been really possessed, the room said. No one has had me. I hate you all.

Yes, here we are, she thought. And she thought wearily and sadly of Tanny in the next room. Tanaquil. The name Henry wrote under from time to time. Pieces on design. Henry Tanaquil. Unreal. We will call her that, Henry said. It's fun. Yes, fun. The roller coaster. The Coney Island life. The homeless. . . . She thought of the dark trucks creeping along the road. All people, homeless. The whole world is lonesome and homeless everywhere. And everywhere love is a green flower that perishes with uprooting. You're talking nonsense, she said. And yet it's true. So often true. So much moving. So many divorces, so much inner secret breaking. So many people who move on, to new places, and new lovers, forever strange to one another.

She thought: I told Tanny we would always be the same and that's a lie. She must have felt the lie. We have already changed and she knows it. Someday we will get a nice apartment. And live in it, a bunch of strangers.

After she'd been in bed awhile, Henry came in. "Shall I put the light on?" he said.

She said yes, and he stood there, holding a bouquet of red roses in bright green paper.

"Why, where did you get those?" she asked.

"In the café downstairs. An old woman came in. Thérèse. She comes every night."

She got up and thanked him, and put the roses in the water pitcher. They bloomed red, lighting up the dressing table.

Then she got back into bed.

Henry sat down, and said, "There were two old men down there, who have been coming for years. Twenty years. They're down-and-out artists. And there's a woman who sits all

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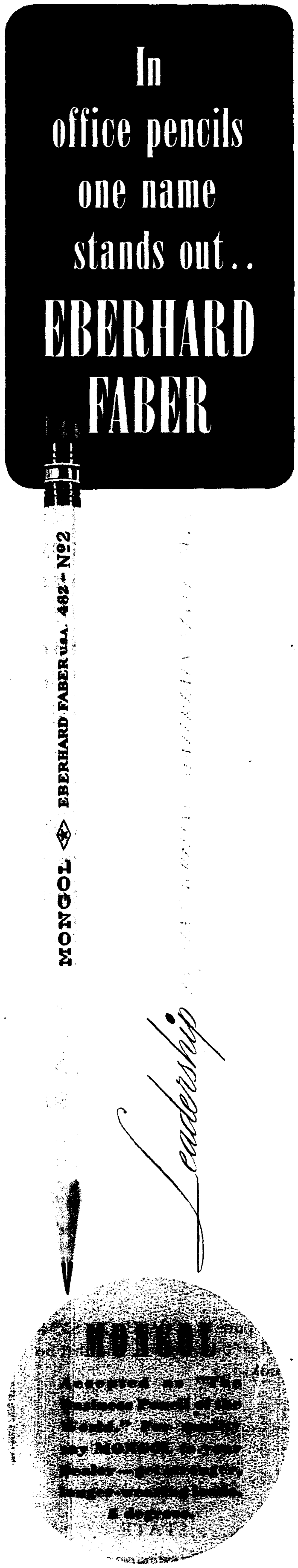
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alone. She gave me the eye, and I said, 'I'm sorry. But *malheureusement ma femme* is upstairs.' She really must have been beautiful when the Nile was young. The concierge is a Swiss. He comes from Basel. He wasn't always so old as he is now."

She lay listening to him, feeling a certain letdown, as though she were now past emotion.

"Outside is a full moon," he said. "The hotel looks like a very good set. Lovely powder-blue bricks and only three stories high. And a big vine, which is not correct in New York. It's wisteria, and it creeps up past the dining room. All the way up."

She said nothing, lying there. These were his quick little roots. He had already sent them out. He was already planted here. He was trying to win her over and charm her with his own acceptance.

"It sounds like fun," she said politely.

She looked at his face, with its easy expression. She thought: Someday he will find some other woman. Someone newer and more fun.

There was a silence in the room. He sat in a chair, smoking and reading an evening paper. She did not say, "Come to bed." She said nothing.

SOMETIME later, Tanny called them from the other room. "Mummy," she wailed. "Mummy. Daddy."

Anne got up and ran to Tanny and picked her up, holding her in her arms.

"Oh, Mummy," Tanny said, shrieking and weeping. "Mummy. Daddy. I want Daddy."

Anne carried Tanny into the other room, and Henry reached for her, almost grabbing her away from Anne. He sat on the edge of the bed holding her.

"You just sit right here, Mouse, and scream," he said.

He held her gently and comfortably, talking to her, saying things to her. "That's not loud enough," he said. "Nobody on the West Coast can hear you."

Now at last, Tanny had surrendered herself to weeping, and to being comforted. She clung to her father, as though she feared that he would get away. She screamed, wailing and weeping, and then, after each long scream, came a little break, broken notes, and then at last she laughed, crying and laughing, clinging to him.

"After all, if you're going to scream," Henry said, "it should be the best. Not second best."

Anne came over and Tanny put out her arms to her. "I want to stay here, with you," she said.

Anne kissed her silently and put her in the bed.

"Stay right here between us," Henry said. "And a good thing, too."

She let Anne tuck the covers around her. "Daddy, you're funny," she said. "Can we get a kitten when I go to school?"

"We'll get a wonderful kitten," Henry said. "Perhaps two kittens. Mr. and Mrs. They'll grow up big and fat and full of handsome rich fur." He looked across at Anne, and said, in an undertone, "They'll both be spaded like Mr. and Mrs. Jolas."

Anne felt the corners of her mouth jerk up.

"You're used to laughing at me," he said. "Ah, habit is a terrible thing."

Tanny was already asleep, her arms flung over her head like a ballet dancer's. Henry handed Anne another cigarette and lighted it for her.

"Don't you understand that you're everything I have?" he said.

She heard his bland, calm voice. As though he were telling her some trivial incident, something outside themselves. The way he always talked.

She sat, staring down at the carpet. Then she raised her eyes and looked at him, as one stares at a wall, trying to see through it. He looked back at her. Suddenly his mouth tightened. His eyes filled with tears. He got up and stood at the window with his back to the room. The shade was drawn down and he did not pull up the shade.

She sat there. Flashing into her mind with blue fire was the mirror. The big gold mirror from the living room. In that unaccustomed blinding light from the kitchen window, this morning she had seen her own face, betrayed and frightened. But she had also seen herself and Henry, when the mirror had hung in the living room for those five years. Had seen herself and him together, moving past, walking, standing, sitting, with the edge of the bookcase and the one lamp reflected too. There they had been, young and laughing together, and he had told her all those things. Those wonderful things.

Now the mirror was in storage, shrouded in burlap, leaning blindly against their other furniture, stored and huddled.

But someday the mirror would be in a room again, reflecting them, themselves moving on its surface. And underneath, unseen, was his love for her. Yes, his love. His words, his gaiety, these things were all the expression of something that he felt too deeply to talk about.

He's crying, she said to herself, staring at his back. You fool. You cruel little fool, you've made him suffer. It's you who never went below the surface. Little fool. You hurt Tanny. And yourself. You hurt us all.

After a while, she said to him, "I've been a fool. It is you who might perhaps forgive me? Would you, darling?"

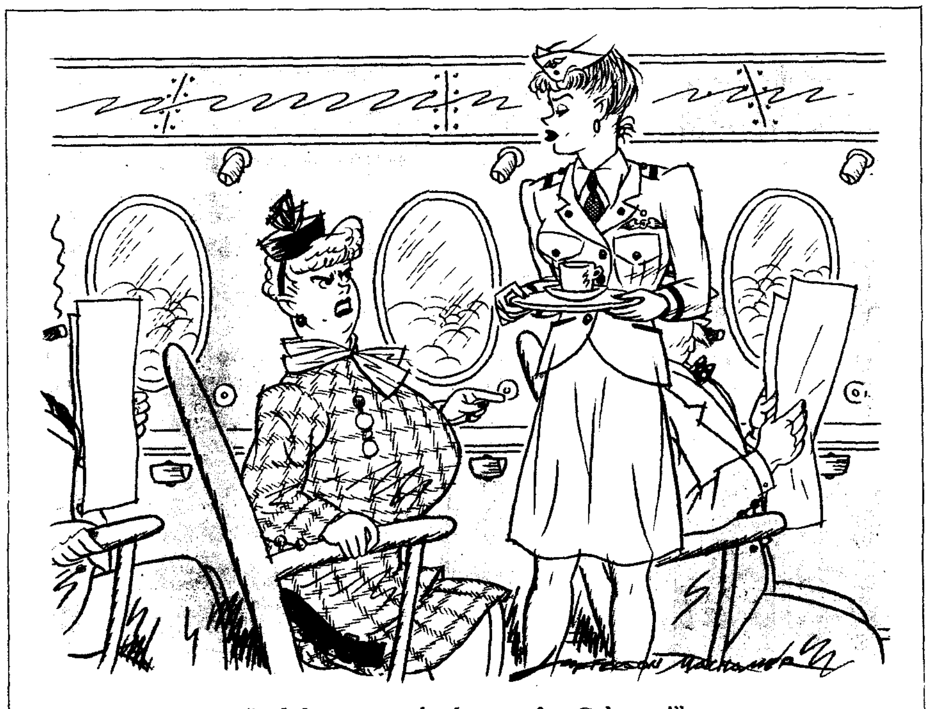
He turned and came over to her. She got up, and the chair overturned, clattering on the floor.

"It's just that I love you so much," she said.

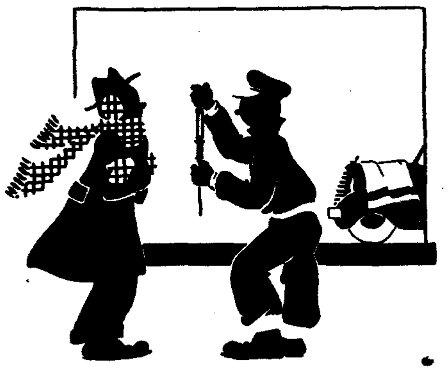
"Never mind," he said.

He put his arms around her. He held onto her. Tanny's eyelids fluttered. She moved in her sleep and was still again.

THE END



COLLIER'S "I did so press the buzzer for Calcutta!" JEFFERSON MACHAMER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Suffer Little Children

Continued from page 23

and water. They look like skeletons, are covered with lice and suffer from every imaginable disease. Doctors who have examined them say they have discovered diseases they had never met before except in medical books.

In Poland, at least two million of the six million under 14 are undernourished. An estimated 150,000 of them live in damp, heatless cellars, abandoned air-raid shelters and trenches. An idea of the number of orphans can be gained from the fact that in one primary school the father of only one child in one hundred was still living. Austria has an estimated 150,000 children of all nationalities herded into camps without sufficient food, clothing or medical care.

A Cargo of Ravaged Childhood

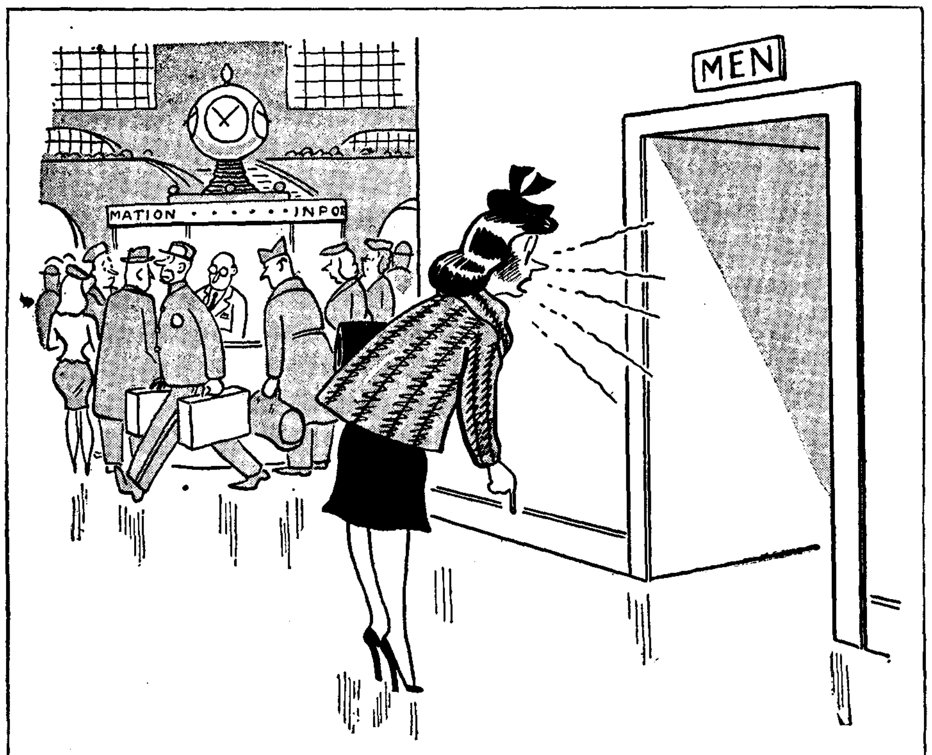
A report to the Red Cross from Berlin told how in July, 1945, an Oder River boat arrived from Pomerania. Its cargo was about three hundred children and 31 deaconesses, half dead from starvation. They came from a children's home of the Evangelic Church. The children, from two to fourteen years old, were lying almost without breathing in the bottom of the boat. They were covered with boils, scabies and lice and were too weak to drive away the swarms of flies that clustered at their noses, eyes and ears.

The condition of children of Hungary, Bulgaria and Russia is uncertain according to Elsie Thomas Culver, of the United Council of Church Women. "I hope the recently announced Russian policy of opening the gates to accredited correspondents will furnish us with a reassuring picture," she said. "But this we should remember: Whatever criticism we may have of what we find in Russian-occupied territories, our judgment must be made on a basis of comparison with that the Russian children are getting."

The United Nations Relief and Rehabilitation Administration is helping these children in some countries, but only some. At the time of writing it was active in Greece, Yugoslavia, Poland and among the displaced persons in Germany.

One of the saddest sights I have seen in Europe was at an old Catholic seminary in Katwijk, Holland. There, three hundred children were being cared for under the auspices of the military government. They were the children of collaborators awaiting trial.

Seventy of the three hundred were sick. The food was "sufficient"; those under four get milk every day. The children's attitudes toward their parents are never discussed by the workers, nor, apparently, among the children themselves. Some, however, do speak out. One youngster said, "Hitler was my ideal. Wouldn't it be wrong to change my ideal and disown my allegiance now that he has lost?" Wherever possible the children are placed with a noncollaborationist relative or in a foster home.



"Junior, come out. Mother forgives you for being naughty. Junior! Do you hear?"

COLLIER'S ELMER ATKINS

But this, of course, is only a small segment of the tremendous, widespread psychological readjustment that hundreds of thousands of European children must make. One of the simpler examples of this is found in youngsters who are too young ever to have known a peaceful world. The other day I took out a little French girl and bought her a chocolate éclair. She stared at it for several moments before she dared taste it. Many French children of five have never seen an orange or a banana.

Many boys—and some girls—in their late teens and early twenties have a much more difficult readjustment. They are the ones who lived with the Maquis. In the mountains and woods they almost reverted to the primitive: they learned all about killing, they ate when they could and what they could. They helped liberate their home towns but then were suddenly called upon to surrender their arms and return to the normal discipline of European home and school life. It's not easy.

There are girls who were married just before the war. After a few months the husbands left, some of them to spend the next five years in prison. Many haven't returned and many have come back with no desire to resume their marriage—they have met new girls in Germany or elsewhere.

Restoring Their Faith

There is far more to the problem of Europe's children than caring for their physical needs. These children have lived through the terrors of war. Somehow, someone must restore their faith that this is a friendly world. I realized this most one evening when I came to the Johanna Stichting home at Arnhem, in Holland. Here fifteen crippled children lived under the loving, trained and efficient care of the deaconesses. Most were missing an arm or a leg and some were in wheel chairs. One little girl lay on a tablelike apparatus which was wheeled around from playroom to dining hall, so she could eat with the others. The vocal chords of several were affected so that they talked with difficulty.

They were just finishing supper when we arrived, but they insisted that we have some bread and jam and milk with them. While the eldest youngsters cleared the table the youngest, Eve, put on her new artificial leg and showed us she could walk and run and even jump with it. Mary, the eldest, told me about the institution and about their studies. She was studying languages and already spoke French, German and English. She taught me a few words of Dutch, and as I watched her eager face I forgot about the crippled leg which will never allow her to walk and dance like other young girls.

Somehow, Mary had learned a sense of security here, a concern for others and the satisfaction that comes from being permitted to achieve that which one is capable of.

I knew then that somehow we must find the way to make these things a reality for the children of Europe.

THE END

Any Week

Continued from page 4

WELL, we've finally taken down the Christmas wreath that has been hanging in our office since a week before Christmas. A beautiful thing it was too—pine boughs, cones, red ribbons and little bells. We've just examined it closely. That's how we found, neatly printed inside the bells: Made in Japan.

ANOTHER angry gentleman who signs himself merely Lottz writes to us: "Dear sir: The —— stories is lies. Send me the name of the —— writer and what he says as it is all —— lies. I would not read it so send soon by mail as I am through with lies. Respectfully please send now as I will not read."

MAYBE it's us or maybe the country's going normal on us again. Anyway here's another Ohioan with a letter which seems to have something wrong with it: "I procured your address from a list of publishing addresses which are listed in a book concerning publishing addresses. I write bang poetry. I am enclosing a self-addressed envelope which you can return to me with details, if you have any, concerning an appointment with your person or any other possibilities of making a contact with your address."

FROM an unidentified Colorado newspaper: "Farm hand wanted. Nice spot for veteran tired of noise. Must be easy with cows. Good pay. Good food. Good bed. Owner will do hard work as usual."

A BROKEN arm kept our George Creel in the hospital for a few days recently. But Mr. Creel left the place, as Mr. Creel always leaves, in a towering rage. Just before he went he called the doctor. "What do you mean," demanded Mr. Creel, "by forcing these fragile nurses out into this bitter weather in their flimsy garments to hold my food until it is cold?"

A FELLOW named Jonas T. Leveritt who had just got over being a sergeant in the Army has just been in to say that he hopes this generous, warm-hearted country hurries up and gets all the forlorn peoples of Europe housed. "Because," said Mr. Leveritt, "maybe they'll get around to doing the same for us returned G.I.s."

ROADSIDE sign near Fort Smith, Arkansas: "Good news. Two miles to Black Market Café. Best food. Lowest prices." Another reported from San Francisco, California: "Try Joe's Hamburger Trap. Vets listened to courteously."...

W. D.

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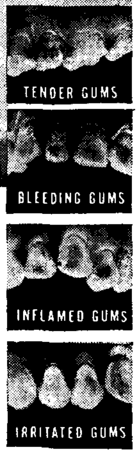

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FOR FIRMER GUMS—CLEANER TEETH

The Pronghorn Comes Back

Continued from page 70

formed a large part of the workers' food supply. In 1865, carcasses were sold in Denver for twenty-five cents each. By the close of the century, the pronghorn had been completely exterminated in some states and was nearing extinction in most others.

In 1901, Wyoming limited the number that might be killed to three annually for each resident, and two for each nonresident. Despite this limitation the already depleted herds continued to shrink. By 1904, only five thousand animals remained in the state. In 1909, the season was closed and remained closed for eighteen years. When it was reopened in 1927, the antelope population had increased to some twenty-two thousand, but the kill was so great that the season was closed again and wasn't reopened until 1933.

For the next five years, only two thousand permits were issued each year. The number of permits was increased until, in 1945, State Game and Fish Commissioner Lester Bagley reports, with an antelope population of fifty-five thousand, twenty thousand permits were authorized and more than fifteen thousand animals were killed.

The open season prevails only in designated counties. The bag limit is one antelope to each hunter, except in certain areas where an additional permit may be purchased. Because of the difficulty in distinguishing bucks from does at extreme rifle range, Wyoming, unlike most other states, places no limitation on the sex or age of the animals which may be killed. Telescope sights, barred in some states, are legal.

Wyoming's experience in rebuilding its herds has been duplicated substantially in other Western states. In 1944, Texas declared its first open season in forty-one years, and in 1945, Colorado permitted antelope hunting for the first time in five decades.

Today the antelope population is estimated at close to a quarter of a million. Though numerically small compared with the millions that once roamed the high plateaus, the herds now are sufficiently large to provide excellent hunting for sportsmen for years.

. . . Where the Antelope Roam

The greatest number of antelope now are found in Wyoming, New Mexico and Oregon. There are sizable herds in Montana, Nevada, Idaho, California and South Dakota, with lesser herds in Texas, Arizona and Colorado, as well as in Saskatchewan, Alberta and northern Mexico. Scattered bands are found in Utah, Nebraska, North Dakota, Oklahoma and Washington.

Antelope hunters may be divided into three categories—the meat hunter, the head hunter and the trophy hunter.

The meat hunter wants his money's worth in out-of-doors sport. He dreads coming home empty-handed. He's interested in heads only incidentally, but if he chances to drop a buck with a good pair of horns he'll take it to the taxidermist for mounting.

The head hunter's interest in meat is secondary, and as often as not he'll give most of it to his friends. He's looking primarily for a head with good horns—not necessarily a record-breaking head, but something that, mounted in his den, he'll be proud to show to his friends. He, too, dislikes to score a blank, and if by the closing day he fails to get as choice a pair of horns as he hoped for, he'll take the best buck he can get.

The trophy hunter—much rarer than the week-end meat or head hunter—seeks a noteworthy head, no less. He wants something worth permanent listing in the big game records. Interested only in a superlative head, he'll pass up a hundred shots that the meat hunter would jump at, and dozens that would lure the ordinary head hunter. He may spend days peering through his binoculars until he spots the antelope he wants, and additional days stalking it. He's interested not only in killing the animal, but in placing his bullet in a spot where it will not damage the head. Should he fail to sight a worth-while trophy, he may not fire a single shot.

Late in September, Deputy Game Wardens William Lackanen and Don S. Simpson piloted from Rawlins a party made up of three groups, each representing one of these categories. The party drove west on the Lincoln Highway some thirty miles to the crest of the continental divide, then headed north. Here the divide is a low, sagebrush ridge, 7,178 feet above sea level, and the road is little more than a trail.

Ten miles from the highway the party dropped off the western slope of the ridge and headed for the Chain Lakes Flat on the edge of the Red Desert Basin. Here, since their methods of hunting differed so decidedly, the three parties separated.

As might be expected, the meat hunters—Vern R. "Jug" Salisbury, operator of the Rawlins airport, Mrs. Salisbury and Roy Rasmussen of Rawlins—were the first to get their game, for they were prepared to shoot at the first animals within range.

On the first two stalks the pronghorns "outran their bullets," but shortly before noon Jug Salisbury dropped his buck with a single shot at close to 300 yards. Later in the day Rasmussen, with his third shot, drilled another at more than 400 yards. Mrs. Salisbury drew a blank, but returned the following week end, accompanied only by another woman, and "filled her permit" with two bucks.

During the morning J. M. Kerr and Harry Johnstone, both of Detroit—the head hunters—"spooked" several bands without spotting a buck that warranted a shot. Early in the afternoon the two "raised" a band containing a sizable buck, and Johnstone nailed it—an "ivory tip"—with his first shot.

Mr. and Mrs. Walter R. Peterson of Nashua, New Hampshire, were the trophy hunters. For twenty years they've hunted big game in Alaska, Yukon Territory, British Columbia and in the States. The volume entitled North American Big Game, compiled by the Boone and Crockett club, lists among the finest trophies ever taken, a number of animals killed by the Petersons, including Barren Ground caribou, Alaska moose, Stone sheep, white sheep, Rocky Mountain goat, and bear. The sixty heads in their New Hampshire home comprise one of the country's outstanding private collections of trophies.

Since 1899, no trophy hunter has bested the record set in Arizona by Wilson Potter, who shot a pronghorn whose horns measured 20-5/16 inches along the outside curve, although the spread of 16-3/16 inches has been bettered. The Petersons, hunting antelope for the first time, hoped for horns between sixteen and eighteen inches. For three days, aided by the two game wardens, they had scanned countless herds through their binoculars, but had discovered nothing warranting a trophy hunter's shot. Before the season ended, on October 1, they shot four bucks, all with good horns, but none of record-breaking proportions.

The two game wardens, Lackanen and Simpson, set out on November 1st to investigate a report of illegal beaver trapping in an isolated section ninety miles south of Rawlins. Several days later their bodies were found under three feet of snow near the ruins of a recently burned cabin. Both had been shot. The cabin, according to the Wyoming authorities, had been occupied by a trapper whom the wardens had arrested on a charge of illegal trapping several years ago. In the ruins of the cabin were found bones believed to be those of a human being, which led to the theory that the killer of the two wardens had set fire to the cabin and then committed suicide.

Preserving Coupon for Inspection

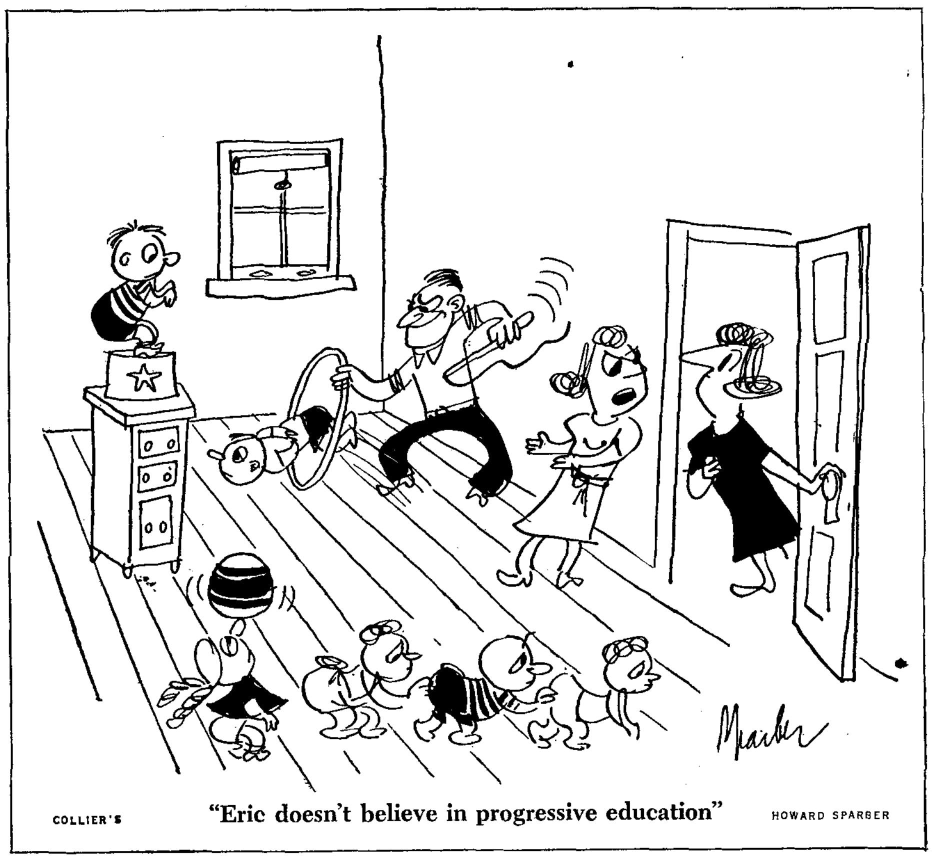
Wyoming law requires the hunter to attach a coupon from his permit to the carcass of the antelope. Customarily this coupon is tied about a foreleg, but sometimes, after the carcass has been loaded on an automobile fender, the wind may whip loose the coupon, leading to embarrassing explanations should the car be halted for inspection by a game warden. So the old-timer rolls his coupon inside an empty cartridge shell and inserts it under the foreleg skin, which seals itself, preventing loss and preserving the coupon easily available for inspection.

The experienced hunter wraps the carcass in cheesecloth or a tarpaulin to keep out flies and dust while it is being transported. The meat will keep fresh during a single cool night's drive, but the hunter who drives for a day or more in the hot sun is taking a chance on spoilage. Those living at a distance take the carcass to the nearest frozen food locker or butcher shop where it is skinned immediately, cooled thoroughly, and allowed to "case" by air drying. Then it may be quartered and shipped, either quick frozen or cooled with dry ice.

The taste of antelope meat has been likened to that of deer venison, lamb and young beef.

Epicures maintain that freezing robs the meat of some of its distinctive flavor. However, the sportsman might advise the "little woman" that antelope steaks or chops gain in tenderness if slapped into a skillet while still frozen. Under no circumstances should the meat be thawed and frozen a second time.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Eric doesn't believe in progressive education" HOWARD SPARBER

The Week's Work

HERRMANN-PIX

Bernard De Voto

Wilson Cutler

BERNARD DE VOTO, when he is introduced as an after-dinner speaker, is described as writer, lecturer, historian, editor and critic. If, after such a listing, the master of ceremonies didn't run out of breath, he could add that Mr. De Voto is several kinds of writer, with emphasis on essays and novels.

Beginning in this issue (p. 11) Collier's presents the latest De Voto novel, Mountain Time. In some ways, the author says, this novel was easier to produce than earlier ones. It does not contain a villain. De Voto says he has always had trouble with villains: "I have never known a real one, and I doubt if they exist outside the serials."

But Mountain Time took five years or so of preparation. "It is the second part of a trilogy I have had in mind for a dozen years," he says. "I completed the first novel of the three I planned about four years ago. I didn't like it and heaved it away. This is Part II.

"The fate of Parts I and III depend on the public. If there is a general uprising coupled with a demand to know the before and after history of these characters, we'll see what we can do to oblige."

De Voto has been a colorful item on the literary scene for many years. He was, he says, the child "of an apostate Catholic (Florian Bernard De Voto) and an apostate Mormon," which combination led him into a variety of philosophical bypaths. In his native Utah he attended first convents and then public schools, writing pieces for the local paper while he was in high school in Ogden, Utah.

By the time he was eight, he and his friends went for "daylong explorations of the foothills, miles from home . . ." and by the time he was fourteen, they went "camping for days at a time with or without tents, in canyons . . ."

At the University of Utah, he was disgusted because the faculty would not tolerate his youthful socialist notions, and he departed to enroll in Harvard. There he made much noise as a pacifist, but when World War I started he was quick to enlist. Later, he was a teacher at Northwestern University, where he married the girl who was, he said, the brightest co-ed in his freshman composition class. He was a popular instructor at Harvard, but eventually gave up teaching (to the accompaniment of a little valedictory entitled Farewell to Pedagogy) and since has devoted himself to writing and editing.

He was editor of the Saturday Review of Literature for two years, and now writes The Easy Chair in Harper's.

He and his wife and two young sons live in Cambridge, Massachusetts, in a neighborhood "inhabited by genial crackbrains."

Naomi John White

TWO women writers making their first appearance in Collier's are Naomi John White (A Very Valuable Quality, p. 18) and Mina Lewiton (Vicious Circle, p. 36). Of Miss White we know only that she lives in Oklahoma and is pleased at "the delighted gasps of newcomers when they first glimpse an Oklahoma prairie on a golden October afternoon, or a misty June morning." She does not commit herself about July and August.

Miss Lewiton, it seems, once was a professional Spanish dancer, voyaging down to Caracas on a dancing job, but she gave all that up in favor of writing and marriage to Howard Simon, illustrator and wood engraver. She and her husband have worked together on several books, including a biography of John Philip Sousa titled The March King.

This week's cover: Artist Wilson Cutler was bound for his Saturday golf game, out near his Los Angeles home, when two very bored-looking G.I.s whizzed past in a jeep. It occurred to him what a quirk of fate it would be if Johnny came home from overseas and found his dad the possessor of, of all things, a jeep for the old farm.

Then he decided to put Johnny in a jeep beside his dad and kid brother and give them a ride home from the station, the thrilling like of which Johnny had never had overseas.

Cutler skipped the golf, knocked out a quick sketch, and shortly had a wire of approval from W. O. Chessman, Collier's art editor.

. . . A. P.

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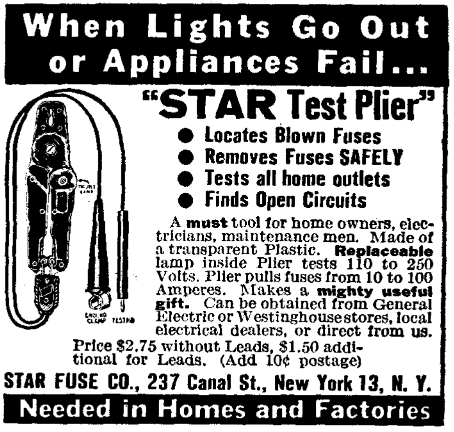

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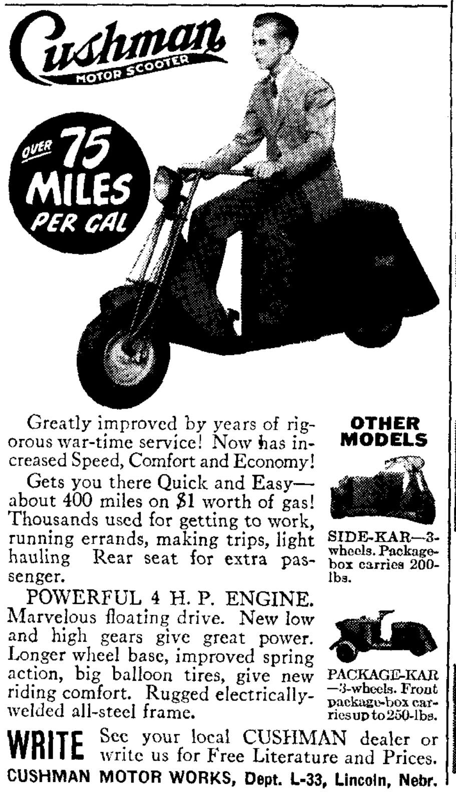

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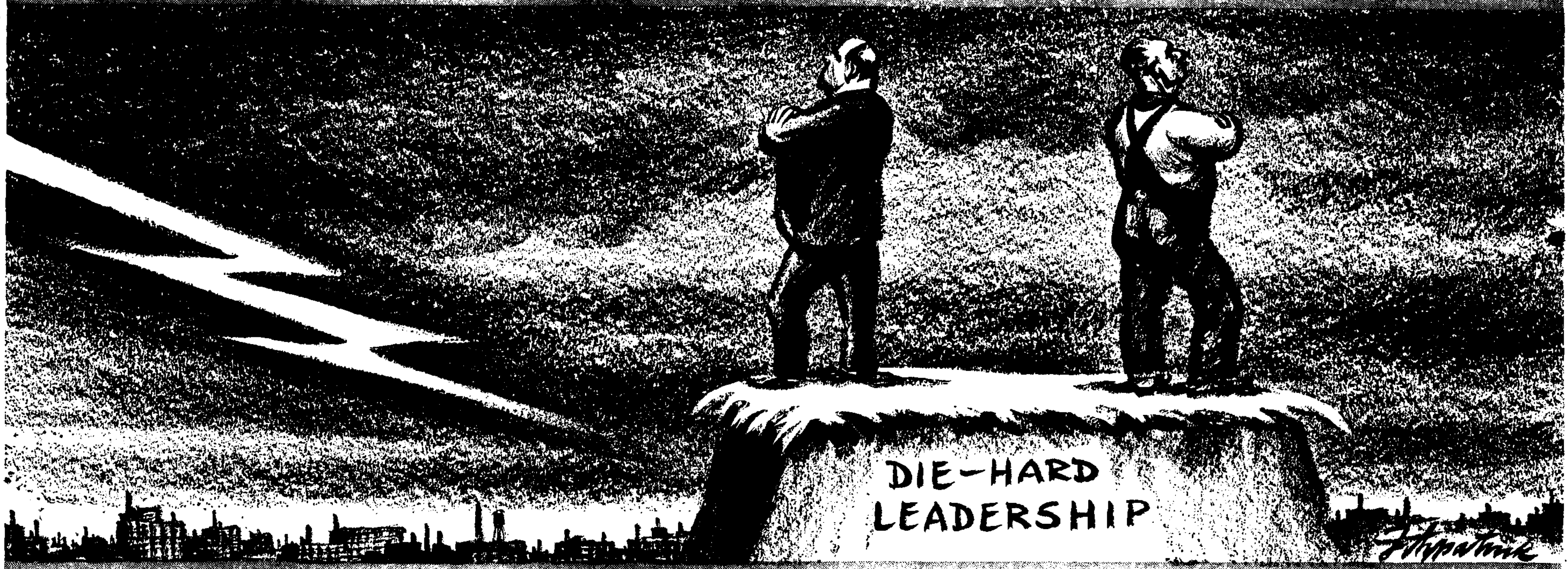

COOL OFF AND GET THE FACTS

WHEN President Truman proposed recently to introduce 30-day cool-off periods and fact-finding boards into big-industry labor disputes, you would have supposed from the screams of some labor leaders and a few industrialists that he had suggested the adoption of a full-fledged Fascist dictatorship at one swoop.

He had of course done nothing of the kind. There is nothing undemocratic in requiring that would-be strikers count 30 days before they strike. There is only the plainest horse sense in a requirement that all the facts pertinent to any important industrial dispute be unveiled, so that everybody may know what the shouting is about. It is a matter of record that both of these devices have worked admirably on the railroads since the Railway Labor Act was adopted in 1926.

The best tip to organized labor and industry alike seems to us to be that they will serve their own interests by being reasonably polite when responsible persons such as the President of the United States offer suggestions for improving labor-capital relations in this country.

More and more people are getting fed up to the teeth with the present state of affairs. They do not want any more inflation than we have now. They do want an end to wildcat strikes, jurisdictional strikes, and all other strikes which cannot be justified on rock-bottom grounds. And they do not want union regulations to bar war veterans unduly from available jobs.

Americans are a people of almost saintly patience and fortitude. But they do not habitually keep taking it on the chin forever, from any person or group. They finally rose up, peaceably but with historic firmness, and checked capitalists of the more piratical type via the New Deal reforms. They stood for federal prohibition for 13 years, and then they squared away and punched it into the middle of next week. They are equally capable of throwing the labor-capital pendulum back to where it started from.

The great danger is that the reversal may go too far in the opposite direction from the Wagner Act and other prolabor laws of recent years. It is that danger which President Truman and kindred moderates are trying to avert, by urging middle-ground reforms such as fact-finding and cool-off intervals. Die-hard labor leaders and industrialists alike had better be forced by their followers and stockholders, respectively, either to fall in line or quit their present position of power.

SOMETIMES I'M UP, SOMETIMES I'M DOWN

SOMETIMES, as the old Negro spiritual goes on to report, I'm almost to the ground; oh, yes, Lord. All of which is leading up to the fact that science has discovered some encouraging facts concerning this subject of human swings from happiness to misery for no external reasons.

According to a couple of persistent research experts—Drs. Rexford B. Hersey and Michael J. Bennett, of the University of Pennsylvania and Philadelphia Doctors' Hospital respectively—it is a matter of emotional cycles depending mainly on the activities of the thyroid gland.

What happens to us all, according to these gentlemen, is that the thyroid and, to a lesser degree, various other glands like to build up energy a little faster than we use it. Consequently, we feel better and better for a time, emotionally and physically. But after a while we feel so full of zingo that we take to spending physical and emotional energy at a faster rate than the glands can produce. Comes the inevitable near-exhaustion of energy, and we feel as if life were hardly worth living any longer. Then the process starts all over again.

The average emotional cycle—low spirits to high to low—is 33 days. A more than normally active thyroid can cut it as short as 21 days; a sluggish one can push it several weeks beyond 33 days. You can determine the length of your own emotional cycle by noting your prevailing mood of each day on a calendar for two months or so: "super," "so-so," "terrible," and the like.

Having learned the average duration of your various moods, you can run your daily life accordingly—or at least try to do so. Don't overdo when you feel on top of the world; don't give up in despair when you're at your emotional nadir. It's your glands in either case, according to Drs. Hersey and Bennett, and no fault of yours.

This may not be the whole story of people's inner exaltations and miseries. But it does look like a valuable contribution to the art and science of getting along with oneself and with the rest of the human race.

OUR DIPLOMACY AND OUR AVIATION

THE current squabbles over what U.S. airlines are to carry how many passengers per week to and from England at what fares, are only samples of things to come.

It all means, as we see it, that if U.S. airlines are to get a fair break competing with other countries' commercial aviation, they will need government diplomatic aid.

Suppose similar disputes should arise with regard to merchant shipping. Suppose, for example, American ship men should say to British ship men: "You have the Queen Mary and several other merchant ships that are faster than anything we've got. But we insist that you keep those ships' schedules and rates on a par with what we can deliver in that line. Fair competition, you know."

It wouldn't be fair, and it wouldn't advance the art of navigation or help the traveling public. Yet much the same misfortunes may overtake international commercial aviation if these squabbles go on.

We have an Assistant Secretary of War for Air, and an Assistant Secretary of the Navy for Air; and both are necessary and useful public officials in this air age.

We have the Civil Aeronautics Board in the Department of Commerce, to help civilian aviation inside this country. But we haven't as yet an Undersecretary of State for Air to handle the international diplomatic angles of commercial aviation.

The State Department needs to become air-minded, in the same way as did the British government long ago, when it set up a Secretary of State for Air. Far be it from us to urge indiscriminate multiplication of government jobs and jobholders. But this is one new government job that is seriously needed; and it needs to be filled with the best-qualified man we can find for it.

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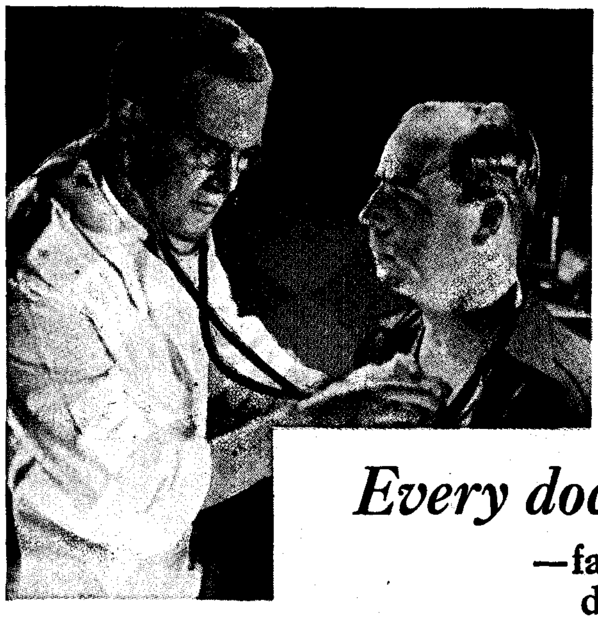
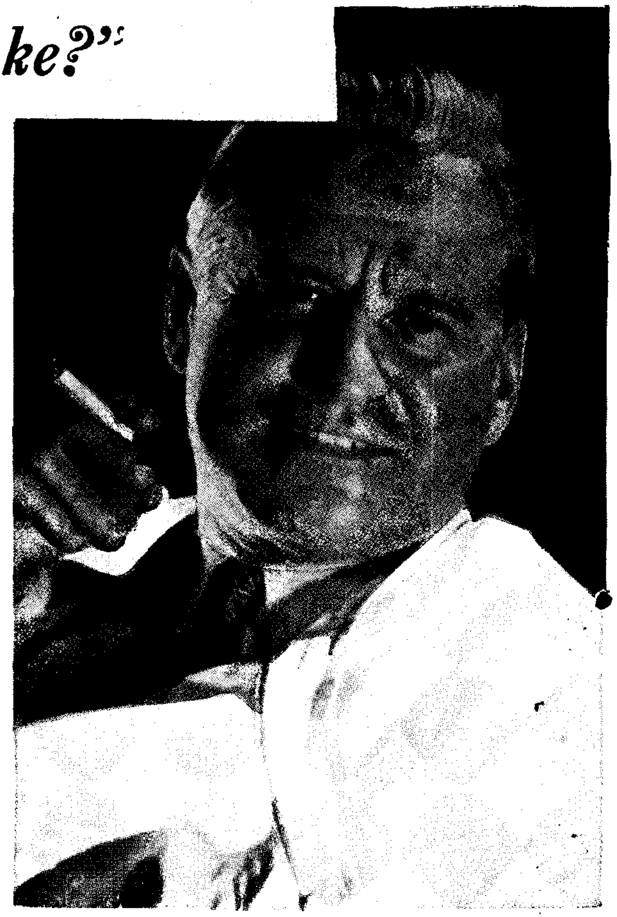


Every doctor in private practice was asked:

—family physicians, surgeons, specialists...
doctors in every branch of medicine—

"What cigarette do you smoke?"



R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

According to a recent Nationwide survey:

More Doctors Smoke Camels

than any other cigarette!

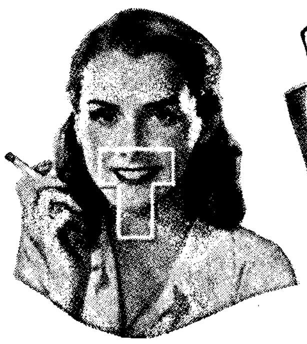
Not a guess, not just a trend... but an *actual fact* based on the statements of doctors themselves to 3 nationally known independent research organizations.

YES, your doctor was asked...along with thousands and thousands of other doctors from Maine to California.

And they've named their choice—the brand that more doctors named as their smoke is *Camel!* Three nationally known independent research organizations found this to be a fact.

Nothing unusual about it. Doctors smoke for pleasure just like the rest of us. They appreciate, just as you, a mildness that's cool and easy on the throat. They too enjoy the full, rich flavor of expertly blended costlier tobaccos. And they named Camels...more of them named Camels than any other brand. Next time you buy cigarettes, try Camels.

THE "T-ZONE" TEST WILL TELL YOU



The "T-Zone"—T for taste and T for throat—is your own laboratory, your proving ground, for any cigarette. For only your taste and your throat can decide which cigarette tastes best to *you*... and how it affects your throat. On the basis of the experience of many, many millions of smokers, we believe Camels will suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."